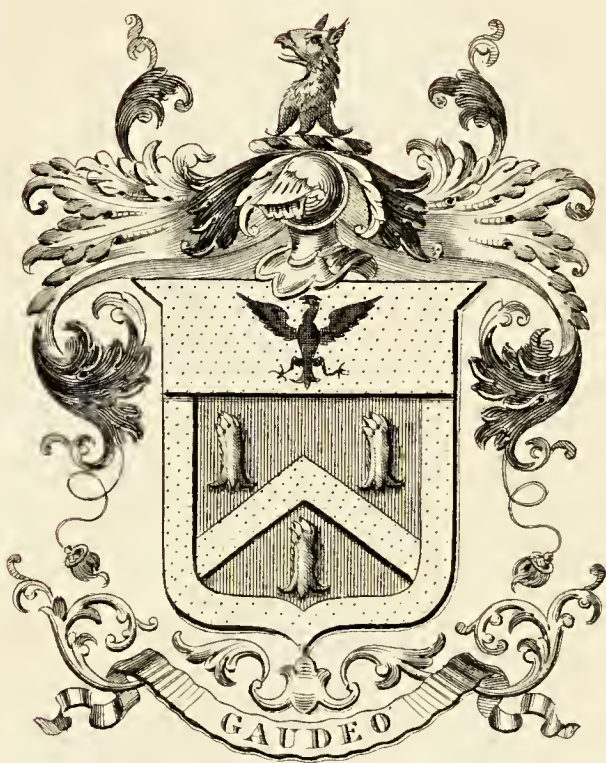


M. B. Brown



John Carter Brown
Library
Brown University

*The Gift of
The Associates of
The John Carter Brown Library*

Mr. Bishop

There is a copy of the book
mentioned by J. T. Smith
in "Hollister and his friends"
The Chandler book was at
20 Charles St. Boston, Mass.
(Charles St. has now disappeared)
(cf. 1813 under Sancho)



RPJCB



Ignatius. Sancho.

had as the Act direct. July 2^d 1781, by J. Nichols Red Lion Passage Fleet

L E T T E R S

OF THE LATE

IGNATIUS SANCHO,

AN AFRICAN.

To which are prefixed,

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

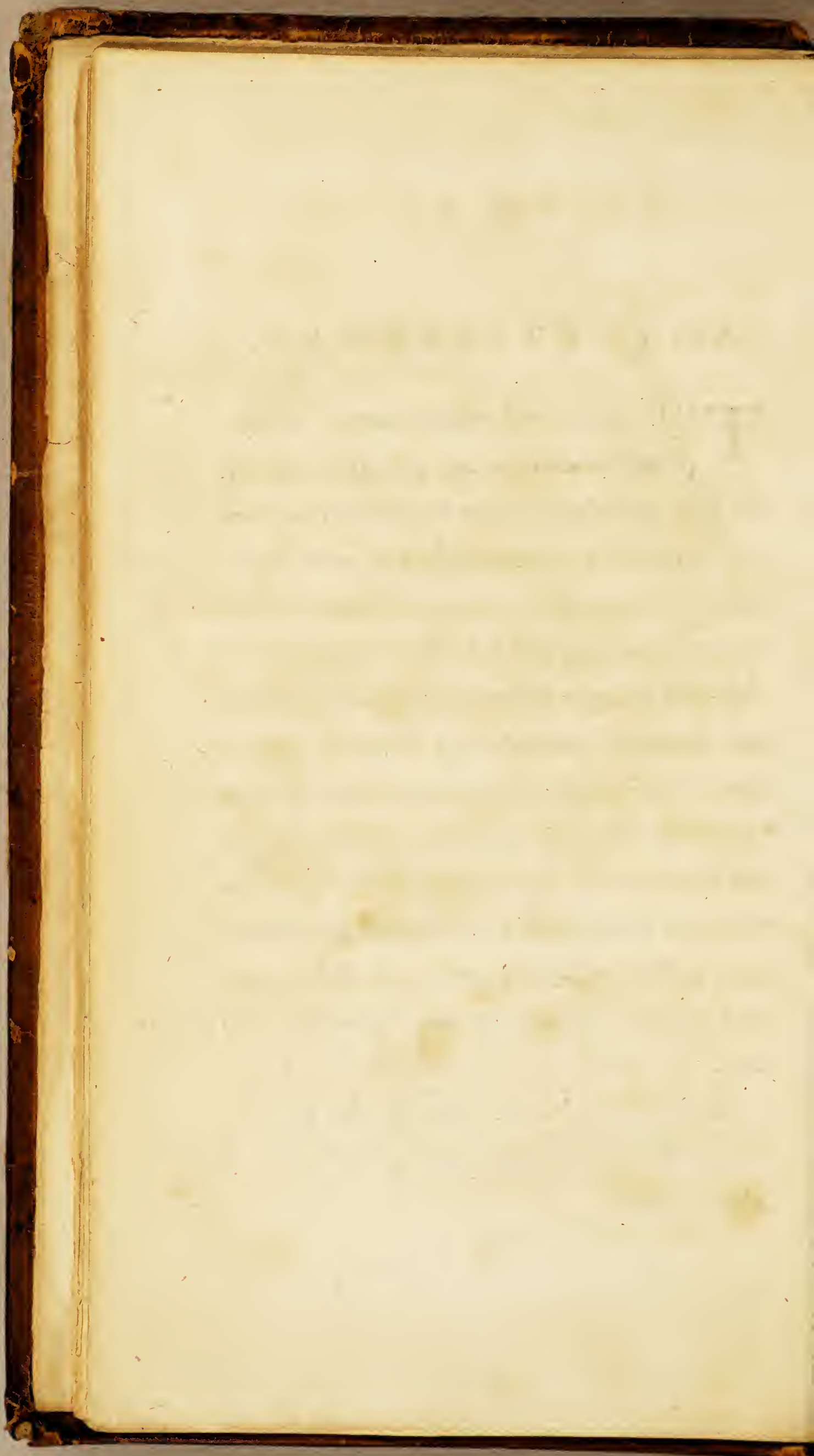
AND SOLD BY C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

MDCCLXXXIV.

RPJC

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of these Letters thinks proper to obviate an objection, which she finds has already been suggested, that they were originally written with a view to publication. She declares, therefore, that no such idea was ever expressed by Mr. Sancho; and that not a single letter is here printed from any duplicate preserved by himself, but all have been collected from the various friends to whom they were addressed. Her motives for laying them before the publick were, the desire of shewing that an untutored African may possess abilities equal to an European; and the still superior motive, of wishing to serve his worthy family. And she is happy in thus publicly acknowledging she has not found the world inattentive to the voice of obscure merit.



[v]

T H E L I F E
O F
IGNATIUS SANCHE.

“Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses.”

VIRGIL.

THE extraordinary Negro, whose Life I am about to write, was born A. D. 1729, on board a ship in the Slave-trade, a few days after it had quitted the coast of Guinea for the Spanish West-Indies; and, at Cartagena, he received from the hand of the Bishop, Baptism, and the name of Ignatius.

A disease of the new climate put an early period to his mother's existence; and his father defeated the miseries of slavery by an act of suicide.

At little more than two years old, his master brought him to England, and gave him to three maiden sisters, resident at Greenwich; whose prejudices had unhappily taught them, that African ignorance was the only security for his obedience, and that to enlarge the mind of their slave would go near to emancipate his person. The petulance of their disposition surnamed him Sancho, from a fancied resemblance to the 'Squire of Don Quixote.

But a patron was at hand, whom Ignatius Sancho had merit enough to conciliate at a very early age.

The late Duke of Montagu lived on Blackheath: he accidentally saw the little Negro, and admired in him a native frankness of manner as yet unbroken by servitude, and unrefined by education—he brought him frequently home to the Duchess, indulged

His turn for reading with presents of books, and strongly recommended to his mistresses the duty of cultivating a genius of such apparent fertility.

His mistresses, however, were inflexible, and even threatened on angry occasions to return Ignatius Sancho to his African slavery. The love of freedom had increased with years, and began to beat high in his bosom.—Indignation, and the dread of constant reproach arising from the detection of an amour, infinitely criminal in the eyes of three Maiden Ladies, finally determined him to abandon the family.

His noble patron was recently dead.—Ignatius flew to the Duchess for protection, who dismissed him with reproof.—He retired from her presence in a state of despondency and stupefaction.

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Enamoured still of that liberty, the scope of whose enjoyment was now limited to his last five shillings, and resolute to maintain it with life, he procured an old pistol for purposes which his father's example had suggested as familiar, and had sanctified as hereditary.

In this frame of mind the futility of remonstrance was obvious. The Duchess secretly admired his character; and at length consented to admit him into her household, where he remained as butler till her death, when he found himself, by her Grace's bequest and his own œconomy, possessed of seventy pounds in money, and an annuity of thirty.

Freedom, riches, and leisure, naturally led a disposition of African texture into indulgences; and that which dissipated the mind of Ignatius completely drained the purse. In his attachment to women, he dis-

played a profuseness which not unusually characterizes the excess of the passion.—Cards had formerly seduced him; but an unsuccessful contest at cribbage with a Jew, who won his cloaths, had determined him to abjure the propensity which appears to be innate among his countrymen.—A French writer relates, that in the kingdoms of Ardrah, Whydah, and Benin, a Negro will stake at play his fortune, his children, and his liberty. Ignatius loved the theatre to such a point of enthusiasm, that his last shilling went to Drury-Lane, on Mr. Garrick's representation of Richard.—He had been even induced to consider the stage as a resource in the hour of adversity, and his complexion suggested an offer to the manager of attempting Othello and Oroonoko; but a defective and incorrigible articulation rendered it abortive.

He turned his mind once more to service, and was retained a few months by the

* THE LIFE OF

Chaplain at Montagu-house. That roof had been ever auspicious to him; and the present Duke soon placed him about his person, where habitual regularity of life led him to think of a matrimonial connexion, and he formed one accordingly with a very deserving young woman of West-Indian origin.

Towards the close of the year 1773, repeated attacks of the gout and a constitutional corpulence rendered him incapable of farther attendance in the Duke's family.

At this crisis, the munificence which had protected him through various vicissitudes did not fail to exert itself; with the result of his own frugality, it enabled him and his wife to settle themselves in a shop of grocery, where mutual and rigid industry decently maintained a numerous family of children, and where a life of domestic vir-

ture engaged private patronage, and merited public imitation.

In December, 1780, a series of complicated disorders destroyed him.

Of a Negro, a Butler, and a Grocer, there are but slender anecdotes to animate the page of the biographer; but it has been held necessary to give some sketch of the very singular man, whose letters, with all their imperfections on their head, are now offered to the public.

The display those writings exhibit of epistolary talent, of rapid and just conception, of wild patriotisin, and of universal philanthropy, may well apologize for the protection of the great, and the friendship of the literary.

The late Duchesses of Queensberry and Northumberland pressed forward to serve

the author of them. The former intrusted to his reformation a very unworthy favourite of his own complexion.—Garrick and Sterne were well acquainted with Ignatius Sancho.

A commerce with the Muses was supported amid the trivial and momentary interruptions of a shop; the Poets were studied, and even imitated with some success;—two pieces were constructed for the stage;—the Theory of Music was discussed, published, and dedicated to the Princess Royal;—and painting was so much within the circle of Ignatius Sancho's judgment and criticism, that several artists paid great *deference* to his opinion.

Such was the man whose species philosophers and anatomists have endeavoured to degrade as a deterioration of the human;

and such was the man whom Fuller, with a benevolence and quaintness of phrase peculiarly his own, accounted

“God’s Image, though cut in Ebony.”

To the harsh definition of the naturalist, oppressions political and legislative have been added; and such are hourly aggravated towards this unhappy race of men by vulgar prejudice and popular insult. To combat these on commercial principles, has been the labour of Labat, Ferman, and Bennezet—such an effort here would be an impertinent digression.

Of those who have speculatively visited and described the slave-coast, there are not wanting some who extol the mental abilities of the natives. D’Elbée, Moore, and Bosman, speak highly of their mechanical powers and indefatigable industry. Desmarchais does not scruple to affirm, that their ingenuity rivals the Chinese.

He who could penetrate the interior of Africa, might not improbably discover negro arts and polity, which could bear little analogy to the ignorance and grossness of slaves in the sugar islands, expatriated in infancy, and brutalized under the whip and the task-master.

And he who surveys the extent of intellect to which Ignatius Sancho had attained by self-education, will perhaps conclude, that the perfection of the reasoning faculties does not depend on a peculiar conformation of the skull or the colour of a common integument, in defiance of that wild opinion, “which,” says a learned writer of these times, “restrains the operations of the mind to particular regions, and supposes that a luckless mortal may be born in a degree of latitude too high or too low for wisdom or for wit.”

[1]

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R I.

TO MR. J—W——E.

Charles Street, Feb. 14, 1768.

MY WORTHY AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,

P O P E observes,

“ Men change with fortune, manners change with climes;
“ Tenets with books, and principles with times.”

Y O U R friendly letter convinced me that you are still the same—and gave in that conviction a ten-fold pleasure :—you carried out (through God’s grace) an honest friendly heart, a clear discerning head, and a soul impressed with every humane feeling.—That you are still the same—I repeat it—gives me more joy—than the certainty would of your being worth ten Jaghires :—I dare say you

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will ever remember that the truest worth is that of the mind—the best rectitude of the heart—the conscience unfulled with guilt—the undaunted noble eye, enriched with innocence, and shining with social glee—peace dancing in the heart—and health smiling in the face—May these be ever thy companions!—and for riches you will ever be more than vulgarly rich—while you thankfully enjoy—and gratefully assist the wants (as far as you are able) of your fellow-creatures. But I think (and so will you) that I am preaching. I only meant in truth to thank you, which I most sincerely do, for your kind letter:—believe me, it gratifies a better principle than vanity—to know that you remember your dark-faced friend at such a distance. But what would have been your feelings—could you have beheld your worthy, thrice worthy father—joy fitting triumphant in his honest face—speeding from house to house, amongst his numerous friends, with the pleasing testimonials of his son's love and duty in his hands—every one congratulating him, and joining in good wishes—while the starting

tear plainly proved that over-joy and grief give the same livery?

You met with an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. G———. I am glad to hear he is well; but, when I knew him, he was young, and not so *wise* as *knowing*: I hope he will take example by what he sees in you—and you, young man, remember, if you should unhappily fall into bad company, that example is only the fool's plea, and the rogue's excuse, for doing *wrong* things:—you have a turn for reflection, and a steadiness, which, aided by the best of social dispositions, must make your company much coveted, and your person loved.—Forgive me for presuming to dictate, when I well know you have many friends much more able, from knowledge and better sense—though I deny—a better will.

You will of course make Men and Things your study—their different genius, aims, and passions:—you will also note climes, buildings, soils, and products, which will be neither tedious nor unpleasant. If you adopt the rule of writing every evening your remarks on the past day, it will be a kind of

friendly *tête-a tête* between you and yourself, wherein you may sometimes happily become your own Monitor;—and hereafter those little notes will afford you a rich fund, whenever you shall be inclined to re-trace past times and places.—I say nothing upon the score of Religion—for, I am clear, every good affection, every sweet sensibility, every heart-felt joy—humanity, politeness, charity—all, all, are streams from that sacred spring;—so that to say you are good-tempered, honest, social, &c. &c. is only in fact saying, you live according to your DIVINE MASTER's rules, and are a Christian.

Your B—— friends are all well, excepting the good Mrs. C——, who is at this time but so, so. Miss C—— still as agreeable as when you knew her, if not more so. Mr. R——, as usual, never so happy, never so gay, nor so much in true pleasure, as when he is doing good—he enjoys the hope of your well-doing as much as any of your family. His brother John has been lucky—his abilities, address, good nature, and good sense, have got him a surgeoncy in the batalion

IGNATIUS SANCHO. 5

of guards, which is reckoned a very good thing.

As to news, what we have is so incumbered with falsehoods, I think it, as Bobadil says, “a service of danger” to meddle with: this I know for truth, that the late great Dagon of the people has totally lost all his worshipers, and walks the streets as unregarded as Ignatius Sancho, and I believe almost as poor—such is the stability of popular greatness:

“One self-approving hour whole years outweighs

“Of idle starers, or of loud hezza’s,” &c.

Your brother and sister C—d sometimes look in upon us; her boys are fine, well, and thriving; and my honest cousin Joe increases in sense and stature; he promises to be as good as clever. He brought me your first letter, which, though first wrote, had the fate to come last; the little man came from Red-Lion Court to Charles Street by himself, and seemed the taller for what he had done; he is indeed a sweet boy, but I fear every body will be telling him so. I know the folly of so doing, and yet am as guilty as any one.

There is sent out in the Besborough, along with fresh governors, and other strange commodities, a little Blacky, whom you must either have seen or heard of; his name is S——. He goes out upon a rational well-digested plan, to settle either at Madras or Bengal, to teach fencing and riding—he is expert at both. If he should chance to fall in your way, do not fail to give the rattlepate what wholesome advice you can; but remember, I do strictly caution you against lending him money upon any account, for he has every thing but—principle; he will never pay you; I am sorry to say so much of one whom I have had a friendship for, but it is needful. Serve him, if you can—but do not trust him.—There is in the same ship, belonging to the Captain's band of music, one C—L—n, whom I think you have seen in Privy Gardens: he is honest, trusty, good-natured, and civil; if you see him, take notice of him, and I will regard it as a kindness to me. I have nothing more to say. Continue in right thinking, you will of course act well; in well-doing, you

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will insure the favour of God, and the love of your friends, amongst whom pray reckon.

Yours faithfully,

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

L E T T E R II.

TO MR. M——.

August 7, 1768.

LORD! what is Man?—and what business have such lazy, lousy, paltry beings of a day to form friendships, or to make connexions? Man is an absurd animal—yea, I will ever maintain it—in his vices, dreadful—in his few virtues, silly—he has religion without devotion—philosophy without wisdom—the divine passion (as it is called) love too oft without affection—and anger without cause—friendship without reason—hate without reflection—knowledge (like Ashley's punch in small quantities) without judgement—and wit without discretion.—Look into old age, you will see avarice joined to poverty—

B. 4.

letchery, gout, impotency, like three monkeys, or London bucks, in a one-horse whisky, driving to the Devil.—Deep politicians with palsied heads and relaxed nerves—zealous in the great cause of national welfare and public virtue—but touch not—oh! touch not the pocket—friendship—religion—love of country—excellent topics for declamation!—but most ridiculous chimera to suffer either in money or ease—for, trust me, my M——, I am resolved upon a reform.—Truth, fair Truth, I give thee to the wind!—Affection, get thee hence! Friendship, be it the idol of such silly chaps, with aching heads, strong passions, warm hearts, and happy talents, as of old used to visit Charles Street, and now abideth in fair G——h House.

I give it under my hand and mark, that the best receipe for your aching head (if not the only thing which will relieve you) is cutting off your hair—I know it is not the *ton*; but when ease and health stand on the right—ornament and fashion on the left—it is by no means the Afs between two loads of hay—why not ask council about it? Even the young part of the faculty were formerly

obliged to submit to amputation, in order to look wise.—What they sacrificed to appearances, do thou to necessity.—Absalom had saved his life, but for his hair. You will reply, “Cæsar would have been drowned, “but his length of hair afforded hold to the “friendly hand that drew him to shore.”

Art, at this happy time, imitates Nature so well in both sexes, that in truth our own growth is but of little consequence. Therefore, my dear M—, part with your hair and head-achs together; and let us see you spruce, well-shorn, easy, gay, debonnair—as of old.

I have made enquiry after L——’s letter. My friend R——went to demand the reason for omitting to publish it, and to reclaim the copy. The publisher smiled at him, and bid him examine the M. C. of J. 13, where he would find L. and the same paper of the 20th instant, where he would also find P—— B——’s very angry answer.—Indeed the poor fellow foams again, and appears as indecently dull as malice could wish him. I went to the coffee-house to examine the file, and was greatly pleased upon the second reading of your work, in which is blended

the Gentleman and the Scholar. Now, observe, if you dare to say I flatter, or mean to flatter, you either impeach my judgement or honesty—at your peril then be it.—For your letter of yesterday, I could find in my conscience not to thank you for it—it gave a melancholy tint to every thing about me. Pope had the head-ach vilely—Spenser, I have heard, suffered much from it—in short, it is the ail of true Geniuses.—They applied a thick wreath of laurel round their brows—do you the same—and putting the best foot foremost—duly considering the mansion—what it had suffered through chance, time, and hard use—be thankfully resigned, humble, and say, “It is well it is no worse!”

I do not wish you to be any other than nice in what new acquaintance you make. As to friendship, it is a mistake—real friendships are not hastily made—friendship is a plant of slow growth, and, like our English oak, spreads—is more majestically beautiful, and increases in shade, strength, and riches, as it increases in years. I pity your poor head, for this confounded scrawl of mine is enough to give the head-ach to the strongest.

IGNATIUS SANCHE. 11

brain in the kingdom—so remember I quit the pen unwillingly, having not said half what I meant; but, impelled by conscience, and a due consideration of your ease, I conclude, just wishing you as well as I do my dear self,

Yours, I. SANCHE.

Your cure, in four words, is

CUT—OFF—YOUR—HAIR!

LETTER III.

TO MR. M——.

Sept. 17, 1768.

I AM uneasy about your health—I do not like your silence—let some good body or other give me a line, just to say how you are.—I will, if I can, see you on Sunday;—it is a folly to like people, and call them friends, except they are blest with health and riches.—A very miserable undone poor wretch, who has no portion

in this world's goods but honesty and good temper, has a child to maintain, and is very near in a state of nature in the article of covering, has applied to me.—I do know something of her—no greater crime than poverty and nakedness.—Now, my dear M——, I know you have a persuasive eloquence among the women—try your oratorical powers.—You have many women—and I am sure there must be a great deal of charity amongst them—Mind, we ask no money—only rags—mere literal rags.—Patience is a ragged virtue—therefore strip the girls, dear M——, strip them of what they can spare—a few superfluous worn-out garments—but leave them pity—benevolence—the charities—goodness of heart—love—and the blessings of yours truly with affection, or something very like it,

I SANCHO.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. M——.

Sept. 20, 1768.

O H! my M——, what a feast! to a mind fashioned as thine is to gentle deeds!—Could'st thou have beheld the woe-worn object of thy charitable care receive the noble donation of thy blest house!—the lip quivering, and the tongue refusing its office, thro' joyful surprize—the heart gratefully throbbing—overwhelled with thankful sensations—I could behold a field of battle, and survey the devastations of the Devil, without a tear—but a heart o'ercharged with gratitude, or a deed begotten by sacred pity—as thine of this day—would melt me, although unused to the melting mood. As to thy noble, truly noble, Miss ——, I say nothing—she serves a Master—who can and will reward her as ample—as her worth exceeds the common nonsensical dolls of the age;—but for thy compeers, may they never taste any thing less in this world—

than the satisfaction resulting from heaven-born Charity! and in the next, may they and you receive that blest greeting—"Well done, thou good and faithful," &c. &c. Tell your girls that I will kiss them twice in the same place—troth, a poor reward;—but more than that—I will respect them in my heart, amidst the casual foibles of worldly prejudice and common usage.—I shall look to their charitable hearts, and that shall spread a crown of glory over every transient defect.—The poor woman brings this in her hand;—she means to thank you—your noble L——, your good girls—her benefactors—her favours. I too would thank—but that I know the opportunity I have afforded you of doing what you best love, makes you the obliged party—the obliger,

Your faithful friend,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER V.

TO MR. K——.

Richmond, Oct. 20, 1769.

WHAT, my honest friend K——, I am heartily glad to see you, quoth I—long look'd for, come at last.—Well, we will have done with that;—you have made ample amends for your silence—have approved yourself, what I ever esteemed you—an honest, hearty, good lad.—As to your apologizing about your abilities for writing—'tis all a humm—you write sense;—and verily, my good friend, he that wishes to do better must be a coxcomb.—You say you was thrown from your horse but once—in my conscience, I think once full oft enough—I am glad, however, you escaped so well.—The description of your journey I return you thanks for—it pleased me much—and proved that you looked rather farther than your horse's head.—A young man should turn travel—home—leisure—or employment—all to the one grand end of improving

himself. From your account of Dalkeith, I now view it “in my mind’s eye” (as Hamlet says), and think it a delightful spot.—I was wrong, I find, in my notions of the Edinburghers—for I judged them the grand patterns for—cleanliness—politeness—and generosity. Your birth-day entertainments made a blaze in our papers, which said, amongst other things, that the punchons of rum stood as thick in your park as the trees—oh; how I licked my lips, and wished the distance (400 miles) less between us.—You do not say a word about coming back again.—Poor Pat has paid his last debt—peace and bliss to his spirit! rest to his bones!—his wife and daughter (both with child) and his youngest child all came down;—what a scene had I to be spectator of!—trust me, James, I cry’d like a whipt school-boy!—But then my noble master—Great God, reward him!—Tell me not of ninety covers—splendour—and feasting—To wipe away the tears of distress, to make the heart of the widow to sing for joy—may such actions ever (as they have long been) be the characteristic of the good Duke

of M———! Dr. James, thy favourite,
 twice came here:—at his first visit he gave
 no hope—the next day he came, and poor
 Pat had resigned up his spirit two hours
 before he got here;—his Grace paid him
 the tribute, the rich tribute, of many tears
 —and ordered me to get a lodging for his
 widow and children:—in the evening he or-
 dered me to go to them for him—and ac-
 quaint Mrs. W——— how very sensible he
 was of her great loss, as well as his own—
 that he would ever be a friend to her—and
 as to the boy—though he was perfectly well
 satisfied with his conduct in his place—yet,
 if he would like any trade better than con-
 tinuing his servant—he would put him out,
 and support him through his apprenticeship;
 —and he would give him a year to con-
 sider it.—Pat has chose to stay, and his Grace
 promises whoever uses him ill shall be no
 servant here:—on the night of his inter-
 ment, after all was over, the Duke wrote
 to the widow himself, and inclosed a twenty-
 pound bill—and repeated his promises.—
 Your own heart, my dear James, will
 make the best comment—which is grandest

—one such action—or ten birth-days;—though in truth the latter has his merit—it creates business, and helps the poor.—I suppose you will expect me to say something of our family. Her Grace, I am truly sorry to say it, has been but poorly for some time—and indeed is but indifferent now—God of his mercy grant her better health! and every good that can contribute to her happiness!—The good Marquis is with us—Are not you tired? This is a deuced long letter.—Well, one word more, and then farewell. Mrs. M—— is grown generous—has left off swearing and modelling. S—— is turned Jew, and is to be circumcised next Passover. W—— is turned fine gentleman—and left off work—and I your humble friend, I am for my sins turned Methodist.—Thank God! we are all pretty hobbling as to health.—Dame Sancho will be much obliged to you for your kind mention of her—she and the brats are very well, thank Heaven! Abraham gives up the stockings—and monkey Tom his box—they both, with all the rest, join in love and best wishes to your wor-

ship.—I, for my own share, own myself obliged to you—and think myself honoured in your acknowledging yourself my pupil; were I an ambitious man, I should never forgive you,—for in truth you by far excel your master:—go on, and prosper, “Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s;”—laugh at all the tall boys in the kingdom.—I rest, dear Jemmy, thy true friend and obliged fellow-servant,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER VI.

TO MRS. F——.

Richmond, Oct. 20, 1769.

I SENT you a note in Mrs. Sancho’s name this day fortnight—importing that she would hope for the pleasure of seeing you at Richmond before the fine weather takes its leave of us:—neither hearing from nor seeing you—though expecting you every day—we fear that you are not well—or that Mr. F—— is unhappily ill—in either

case we shall be very forry—but I will hope you are all well—and that you will return an answer by the bearer of this that you are so—and also when we may expect to have the pleasure of seeing you;—there is half a bed at your service.—My dear Mrs. Sancho, thank God! is greatly mended. Come, do come, and see what a different face she wears now—to what she did when you kindly proved yourself her tender, her assisting tender friend.—Come and scamper in the meadows with three ragged wild girls.—Come and pour the balm of friendly converse into the ear of my sometimes low-spirited love! Come, do come, and come soon, if you mean to see Autumn in its last livery.—Tell your coachman to drive under the hill to Mr. B——'s on the common, where you will be gladly received by the best half of your much and greatly obliged friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER VII.

TO EDWARD YOUNG, ESQ.

On the death of Lord ———, Son
to the Duke of ———.

Richmond, April 21, 1770.

HONOURED SIR,

IBLESS God, their Graces continue in good health, though as yet they have not seen any body—I have duly acquainted his Grace with the anxious and kind enquiries of yourself and other of his noble friends.—Time will, I hope, bring them comforts. Their loss is great indeed; and not to them only. The public have a loss—Goodness — Wisdom — Knowledge — and Greatness—were united in him. Heaven has gained an Angel; but earth has lost a treasure. Hoping you are as well as you wish your friends, I am, honoured Sir,

Your most obedient and grateful
humble servant to command,

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. M——.

March 21, 1770.

“He, who cannot stem his anger’s tide,
“Doth a wild horse without a bridle ride.”

IT is, my dear M——, the same with the rest of our passions; we have Reason given us for our rudder—Religion is our sheet anchor—our fixed star Hope—Conscience our faithful monitor—and Happiness the grand reward.—We all in this manner can preach up trite maxims:—ask any jackass the way to happiness—and like me they will give vent to picked-up common-place sayings—but mark how they act—why just as you and I do—content with acknowledging a slight acquaintance with Wisdom, but ashamed of appearing to act under her sacred guidance.—You do me much more honour than I deserve, in wishing to correspond with me—the balance is entirely in your favour—but I fancy you were under the malady of your country,

hypp'd for want of fresh air and exercise—
 so, sitting in a pensive attitude, with lack-
 lustre eye, and vacant countenance—the
 thought obtruded on your fancy to give
 Sancho a letter—and after a hard conflict
 'twixt laziness and inclination—the deed
 was done.—I verily believe you commit er-
 rors—only for the sake of handsomely apo-
 logizing for them, as tumblers oft make
 slips to surprize beholders with their agility
 in recovering themselves.—I saw Mr. B—
 last night—who by the way I like much
 —the Man I mean—and not the Genius
 (tho' of the first rate) he chattered and
 laughed like a foul ignorant of evil. He
 asked about a motley creature at ———.
 I told him with more truth than wit—that
 you was hypp'd.—I inclose you a proof
 print:—and how does Mad. M——, &c.
 &c.? Is Miss S—— better?—Is Mrs.
 H——, Mrs. T——, Mrs. H——? Lord
 preserve me! what in the name of mischief
 have I to do with all this combustible mat-
 ter? Is it not enough for me that I am
 fast sliding down the vale of years? Have
 not I a gout? six brats, and a wife?—Oh!

Reason, where art thou? you see by this how much easier it is to preach than to do! But stop—we know good from evil; and, in serious truth, we have powers sufficient to withstand vice, if we will choose to exert ourselves. In the field, if we know the strength and situation of the enemy, we place out-posts and centinels—and take every prudent method to avoid surprize. In common life, we must do the same;—and trust me, my honest friend, a victory gained over passion, immorality, and pride, deserves *Te Deums*, better than those gained in the fields of ambition and blood.—Here's letter for letter, and so farewell,

Yours—as you behave,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R IX.

TO MR. K——.

Dalkeith, July 16, 1770.

Sunday.

A L I V E; alive ho!—my dear boy, I am glad to see you?—Well, and how goes it?—Badly, sayest thou—no conversation, no joy, no felicity!—Cruel absence, thou lover's hell! what pangs, what soul-felt pangs, dost thou inflict! Cheer up, my child of discretion—and comfort yourself that every day will bring the endearing moment of meeting, so much nearer—chew the cud upon rapture in reverſion—and indulge your fancy with the ſweet food of intellectual endearments;—paint in your imagination the thouſand graces of your H——, and believe this abſence a lucky trial of her conſtancy.—I don't wonder the cricket-match yielded no amuſement—all ſport is dull, books unentertaining—Wiſdom's ſelf but folly—to a mind under Cupidical influence.—I think I behold you with

supple-jack in hand—your two faithful happy companions by your side—complimenting like courtiers every puppy they meet—yourself with eyes fixed in a lover-like rumination—and arms folded in sorrow's knot—pace slowly thro' the meadows.—I have done—for too much truth seldom pleases folks in love.—We came home from our Highland excursion last Monday night, safe and well—after escaping manifold dangers.—Misdames H——, D——, and self, went into the post-coach, and were honour'd with the freedom of Dumbarton. By an oversight, the ladies shewed their—delicacy—and I my activity*—Mr. B—— his humanity;—all was soon to rights—nothing broke—and no one hurt—and laughter had its fill.—Inverary is a charming place—the beauties various—and the whole plan majestic;—there are some worthy souls on the spot, which I admire more than the buildings and prospects.—We had herrings in perfection—and would

* Mr. Sancho was remarkably unwieldy and inactive, and never gave a greater proof of it than at this oversight, when he and a goose-pye were equally incapable of raising themselves.

have had mackarel ; but the scoundrels were too sharp for us--and would not be caught. The Loch-Loman—Ben-Loman—Domiquith—and Arsenhoe—with Hamilton and Douglas houses—are by much too long for description by letter.—We paraded to Edinburgh last Friday in a post coach and four;—H—— D——, Mrs. M——, housekeeper, and self, were the party ;—we saw the usual feelings, and dined at Lord Chief Baron's, but—dare I tell you?—H—'s figure attracted universal admiration.—True!—Alas, poor K——!—but, man, never fret—my honesty to a rotten egg—we bring her home sound.—We read a shocking account in the papers of a storm of rain at Richmond Gardens, and distress, &c. &c. is it true? if so, why did not you mention it? H—— sends her service to you, M—— his best respects—and all their best wishes to you and birds.—Your confounded epistle cost me seven pence ;—deuce take you, why did not you inclose it?—So you do not like Eloisa—you are a noddy for that—read it till you do like it.—I am glad you have seen Cymon ;—that you like it, does but little credit to your taste—for every

body likes it—I can afford you no more time—for I have three letters to write besides this scrawl.—I hear nothing of moving as yet—pray God speed us southward! though we have fine weather—fine beef—fine ale—and fine ladies.

Lady Mary grows a little angel;—the Dutchess gets pretty round—they all eat—drink—and seem pure merry—and we are all out of mourning this day—farewell.

Yours, &c. &c

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R X.

TO MISS L——.

August, 31, 1770.

DO not you condemn me for the very thing that you are guilty of yourself;—but before I recriminate—let me be grateful, and acknowledge that heartfelt satisfaction which I ever feel from the praise of the good.—Sterne says—‘every worthy mind loves ‘praise’—and declares that he loves it too—but then it must be sincere.. Now I protest

that you have something very like flattery ;—
 no matter—I honestly own, it pleases me—
 Vanity is a shoot from self-love—and self-love
 Pope declares to be the spring of motion in
 the human breast.—Friendship founded upon
 right judgement takes the good and bad with
 the indulgence of blind love ;—nor is it wrong
 —for as weakness and error is the lot of huma-
 nity—real friendship must oft kindly overlook
 the undefining frailties of undisguised nature.
 —My dear Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons
 for the dull sermon I have been preaching :—
 You may well yawn.—So the noble ! the hu-
 mane ! the patron ! the friend ! the good Duke
 leaves Tunbridge on Monday—true nobility
 will leave the place with him—and kindness and
 humanity will accompany Miss L—— when-
 ever she thinks fit to leave it.—Mrs. Sancho
 is pretty well, pretty round, and pretty tame !
 she bids me say, Thank you in the kindest
 manner I possibly can—and observe, I say,
 Thank you kindly.—I will not pretend to
 enumerate the many things you deserve our
 thanks for :—you are upon the whole an
 estimable young woman—your heart is the
 best part of you—may it meet with its like—

ness in the man of your choice!—and I will pronounce you a happy couple.—I hope to hear in your next—(that is, if—) that you are about thinking of coming to town—no news stirring but politics—which I deem very unfit for ladies.—I shall conclude with John Moody's prayer—"The goodness of goodness bless and [preserve you!]"—I am dear Miss L——'s most sincere servant and friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. S——N.

Dalkeith, Sept. 15, 1770.

IT was kindly done of my worthy old friend to give me the satisfaction of hearing he was well and happy.—Believe me, I very often think of and wish to be with you;—without malice, I envy you the constant felicity of being with worthy good children—whose regards and filial tenderness to yourself—and christian behaviour to each other—re-

fleet honor to themselves and credit to you:
 But the thing I have much at heart you are
 provokingly silent about—is my sweet Polly
 married yet? has she made Mr. H——
 happy? May they both enjoy every comfort
 God Almighty blesses his children with!
 And how comes it my dear Tommy does not
 give me a line? I hope he is well, hearty, and
 happy—and honest downright Sally also;—
 tell Tommy he has disappointed me in not
 writing to me.—I hope Mrs. Sancho will be
 as good as her word, and soon pay you a
 visit.—I will trust her with you, though she
 is the treasure of my soul.—We have been a
 week in the Highlands, and a fine country it
 is.—I hear nothing of coming home as yet
 —but I fancy it will not be long now.—Mrs.
 H—— sends her love to you and yours—and
 I my double love to self and the four young
 ones—with my best wishes and respects to
 Mrs. B——y, and tell her I am half a Me-
 thodist:—here is a young man preaches here,
 one of those five who were expelled from
 Oxford—his name is M——n; he has a
 good strong voice—much passion—and
 preaches three times a day—an hour and a

half each time ;—he is well-built—tall—genteel—a good eye—about twenty-five—a white hand, and a blazing ring—he has many converts amongst the ladies ;—I cannot prevail on Mrs. H—— to go and hear him—I have been four or five times, and heard him this day—his text was the epistle in the communion service. —I am, dear friend, yours sincerely, and all your valuable family's sincere well-wisher, and, were it in my power, I would add friend,

IGNATIUS SANCHO:

Their Graces are all well—and Lady Mary grows every day—she is a sweet child.—Remember me to Mrs.——, and tell her Mrs. M—— is quite the woman of fashion :—she is pretty well in every thing except her eyes, which are a little inflamed with cold—and she does not forget they are so. Once more my cordial love to the girls ; and to the worthies, Tommy, Mr. H——B——, and self. Adieu.

L E T T E R XII.

TO MRS. H——.

Richmond, Dec. 22, 1771.

YOU cannot conceive the odd agreeable mixture of pleasure and pain I felt on the receipt of your favor;—believe me, good friend, I honor and respect your nobleness of principle—but at the same time greatly disapprove of your actions.—My dear Madam, bribery and corruption are the reigning topics of declamation;—and here, because I happen to be a well-wisher, you are loading us with presents.—One word for all, my good Mrs. H—— must not be offended when I tell her it hurts my pride—for pride I have—too much, God knows. I accept your present this time—and do you accept dame Sancho's and my thanks—and never aim at sending aught again—Your daughter Kate brought me your letter: she seemed a little surprized at my being favoured with your correspondence—and I am sure wished to see the contents.—As I from my soul honor filial feelings—in

hurt me not to gratify her honest curiosity—
but I do not chuse to let her know any thing
of the matter—to save her the anxiety of
hope and fear. She is very well, and rules
over us—not with an iron sceptre—but a
golden one. We tell her we love her too
well—in truth I can never return her a tithe of
the kindnesſes ſhe has ſhewn my family—but
what's all this to you?—I ſhall tire you with
a jargon of nonſenſe; therefore I ſhall only
wiſh you all many happy returns of this ſea-
ſon—good ſtomachs—good cheer—and good
fires.—My kind remembrance to Madam
Tilda—tell her, if ſhe's a good girl, I will try
to recommend her to Mr. G—the painter,
for a wife;—he is really, I believe, a firſt-rate
genius—and, what's better, he is a good
young man—and I flatter myſelf will do
honor to his ſcience, and credit to his friends.
—Kitty looks like the Goddeſs of Health—
I am ſure, every drop of blood in her honeſt
heart beats for the welfare and happineſs of
her parents.—Believe me ever your obliged
ſervant and friend,

L E T T E R XIII.

TO MR. B——.

London, July 18, 1772.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NOTHING could possibly be more welcome than the favor of your truly obliging letter, which I received the day before yesterday.—Know, my worthy young man—that it's the pride of my heart when I reflect that, through the favor of Providence, I was the humble means of good to so worthy an object.—May you live to be a credit to your great and good friends, and a blessing and comfort to your honest parents!—May you, my child, pursue, through God's mercy, the right paths of humility, candour, temperance, benevolence—with an early piety, gratitude, and praise to the Almighty Giver of all your good?—gratitude—and love for the noble and generous benefactors his providence has so kindly moved in your behalf! Ever let your actions be such as your own heart can approve—always think before you.

ſpeak, and pauſe before you act—always ſuppoſe yourſelf before the eyes of Sir William—and Mr. Garrick.—To think juſtly, is the way to do rightly—and by that means you will ever be at peace within.—I am happy to hear Sir W—— cares ſo much about your welfare—his character is great, becauſe it is good ;—as to your noble friend Mr. Garrick—his virtues are above all praiſe—he has not only the beſt head in the world, but the beſt heart alſo ;—he delights in doing good.—Your father and mother called on me laſt week, to ſhew me a letter which Mr. Garrick has wrote to you—keep it, my dear boy, as a treaſure beyond all price—it would do honor to the pen of a divine—it breathes the ſpirit of father—friend—and chriſtian !—indeed I know no earthly being that I can reverence ſo much as your exalted and noble friend and patron Mr. Garrick.—Your father and mother, I told you, I ſaw lately—they were both well, and their eyes overflowed at the goodneſs of your noble patrons—and with the honeſt hope that you would prove yourſelf not unworthy of their kindneſs.

I thank you for your kindness to my poor black brethren—I flatter myself you will find them not ungrateful—they act commonly from their feelings: I have observed a dog will love those who use him kindly—and surely, if so, negroes in their state of ignorance and bondage will not act less generously, if I may judge them by myself—I should suppose kindness would do any thing with them;—my soul melts at kindness—but the contrary—I own with shame—makes me almost a savage.—If you can with conveniency—when you write again—send me half a dozen cocoa-nuts, I shall esteem them for your sake—but do not think of it if there is the least difficulty.—In regard to wages, I think you acted quite right—don't seek too hastily to be independent—it is quite time enough yet for one of your age to be your own master.—Read Mr. Garrick's letter night and morning—put it next your heart—impress it on your memory—and may the God of all Mercy give you grace to follow his friendly dictates!—I shall ever truly rejoice to hear from you—and your well-doing will be a comfort to me ever; it is not in your own power and op-

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tion to command riches—wisdom and health are immediately the gift of God—but it is in your own breast to be good—therefore, my dear child, make the only right election—be good, and trust the rest to God; and remember he is about your bed, and about your paths, and spieth out all your ways. I am, with pride and delight,

Your true friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XIV.

TO MR. S——E.

Richmond, Oct. 11, 1772.

YOUR letter gave me more pleasure than in truth I ever expected from your hands—but thou art a flatterer;—why dost thou demand advice of me? Young man, thou canst not discern wood from trees;—with awe and reverence look up to thy more than parents—look up to thy almost divine benefactors—search into the motive of every glorious action—retrace thine own history—

and when you are convinced that they (like the All-gracious Power they serve) go about in mercy doing good—retire abashed at the number of their virtues—and humbly beg the Almighty to inspire and give you strength to imitate them.—Happy, happy lad! what a fortune is thine!—Look round upon the miserable fate of almost all of our unfortunate colour. Superadded to ignorance, see slavery, and the contempt of those very wretches who roll in affluence from our labours superadded to this woful catalogue—hear the ill-bred and heart-racking abuse of the foolish vulgar.—You, S——e, tread as cautiously as the strictest rectitude can guide you—yet must you suffer from this—but, armed with truth—honesty—and conscious integrity—you will be sure of the plaudit and countenance of the good;—if, therefore, thy repentance is sincere—I congratulate thee as sincerely upon it—it is thy birth-day to real happiness.—Providence has been very lavish of her bounty to you—and you are deeply in arrears to her—your parts are as quick as most mens; urge but your speed in the race of virtue with the same ardency of zeal as you have

exhibited in error—and you will recover, to the satisfaction of your noble patrons—and to the glory of yourself.—Some philosopher—I forget who—wished for a window in his breast—that the world might see his heart;—he could only be a great fool, or a very good man:—I will believe the latter, and recommend him to your imitation.—Vice is a coward.—;—to be truly brave, a man must be truly good; you hate the name of cowardice—then, S——e, avoid it—detest a lye, —and shun lyars—be above revenge;—if any have taken advantage either of your guilt or distress, punish them with forgiveness—and not only so—but, if you can serve them any future time, do it—you have experienced mercy and long-sufferance in your own person—therefore gratefully remember it, and shew mercy likewise.

I am pleased with the subject of your last—and if your conversion is real, I shall ever be happy in your correspondence—but at the same time I cannot afford to pay five pence for the honour of your letters;—five pence is the twelfth part of five shillings—the forty-eighth part of a pound—it would

IGNATIUS SANCHE. 41

keep my girls in potatoes two days.—The time may come, when it may be necessary for you to study calculations;—in the meanwhile, if you cannot get a frank, direct to me under cover to his Grace the Duke of ———. You have the best wishes of your sincere friend (as long as you are your own friend)

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

You must excuse blots and blunders—for I am under the dominion of a cruel headache—and a cough, which seems too fond of me.

L E T T E R XV.

TO MR. M——.

Nov. 8, 1772.

BR A V O! my ingenious friend!—to say you exceed my hopes, would be to lye.—At my first knowledge of you—I was convinced that Providence had been partial in the talents entrusted to you—therefore I ex-

pected exertion on your side—and I am not disappointed; go on, my honest heart, go on!—hold up the mirror to an effeminate gallimawfry——insipid, weak, ignorant, and dissipated set of wretches—and scourge them into shame—the pen—the pencil—the pulpit—oh! may they all unite their endeavours—and rescue this once manly and martial people from the filken slavery of foreign luxury and debauchery!—Thou, my worthy M——, continue thy improvements; and may the Almighty bless thee with the humble mien of plenty and content!—Riches ensnare—the mediocrity is Wisdom's friend—and that be thine!—When you see S——, note his behaviour—he writes me word that he intends a thorough and speedy reformation;—I rather doubt him, but should be glad to know if you perceive any marks of it—You do not tell me that you have seen Mr. G——; if you have not, I shall be angry with you—and attribute your neglect to pride:—pray render my compliments most respectful and sincere to Mrs. H——, and the little innocent laughing rose-bud—my love to my son.—I am heartily tired of

the country;—the truth is—Mrs. Sancho and the girls are in town;—I am not ashamed to own that I love my wife—I hope to see you married, and as foolish.

I am yours, sincerely, &c. &c.

IGN. SANCHE.

L E T T E R XVI.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, Nov. 1, 1773.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAM,

I HAVE sincere pleasure to find you honour me in your thoughts—to have your good wishes, is not the least strange, for I am sure you possess that kind of soul, that Christian philanthropy, which wishes well—and, in the sense of Scripture, breathes peace and good-will to all.—Part of your scheme we mean to adopt—but the principal thing we aim at is in the tea, snuff, and sugar way, with the little articles of daily domestic use.—In truth, I like your scheme, and I think

the three articles you advise would answer exceedingly well—but it would require a capital—which we have not—so we mean to cut our coat according to our scanty quantum—and creep with hopes of being enabled hereafter to mend our pace.—Mrs. Sancho is in the straw—she has given me a fifth wench—and your worthy Kate has offered her the honour of standing for her sponzor, but I fear it must be by proxy.—Pray make my respects to Mrs. Matilda—I hope she enjoys every thing that her parents wish her.—I shall dine with Mr. Jacob some day this week—I saw him at Dodd's chapel yesterday—and, if his countenance is to be believed, he was very well—I could not get at him to speak to him.—As soon as we can get a bit of house, we shall begin to look sharp for a bit of bread—I have strong hope—the more children, the more blessings—and if it please the Almighty to spare me from the gout, I verily think the happiest part of my life is to come—soap, starch, and blue, with raisins, figs, &c.—we shall cut a respectable figure—in our printed cards.—Pray make my best wishes

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to Mr. H——; tell him I revere his whole family, which is doing honor to myself.—I had a letter of yours to answer, which I should have done before, had my manners been equal to my esteem.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in respectful love and thanks. I remain ever your much obliged servant to command,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

LETTER XVII.

TO MRS. H——.

February 9, 1774.

IT is the most puzzling affair in nature, to a mind that labours under obligations, to know how to express its feelings;—your former tender sollicitude for my well-doing—and your generous remembrance in the present order—appear friendly beyond the common actions of those we in general style good

fort of people;—but I will not teaze you with my nonsensical thanks—for I believe such kind of hearts as you are blest with have sufficient reward in the consciousness of acting humanely. — I opened shop on Saturday the 29th of January—and have met with a success truly flattering;—it shall be my study and constant care not to forfeit the good opinion of my friends.—I have pleasure in congratulating you upon Mrs. W——'s happy delivery and pleasing increase of her family;—it is the hope and wish of my heart—that your comforts in all things may multiply with your years—that in the certain great end—you may immerge without pain—full of hope—from corruptible pleasure—to immortal and incorruptible life—happiness without end—and past all human comprehension;—there may you and I—and all we love (or care for) meet!—the follies—the parties—distinctions—feuds of ambition—enthusiasm—lust—and anger of this miserable motley world—all totally forgot—every idea lost, and absorbed in the blissful mansions of redeeming love.

I have not seen Sir Jacob near a fortnight—but hope and conclude him well. — R—— is well, and grows very fat—an easy mind—full purse—and a good table—great health—and much indulgence—all these conduce terribly to plumpness.—I must beg, when you see Mr. ——, if not improper or inconvenient, that you will inform him—that where there is but little—every little helps;—I think he is too humane to be offended at the liberty—and too honest to be displeased with a truth.—I am, with greatful thanks to Mr. H——, your sincerely humble servant and poor friend,

I. SANCHE.

My best half and Sanchonetta's are all well.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MR. S——.

Charles Street, Nov. 26, 1774.

YOUNG says, “A friend is the balsam of life” — Shakespear says, — but why should I pester you with quotations?—to shew you the depth of my erudition, and strut like the fabled bird in his borrowed plumage. In good honest truth, my friend—I rejoice to see thy name at the bottom of the instructive page—and were fancy and invention as much my familiar friends as they are thine—I would write thee an answer—or try, at least, as agreeably easy—and as politely simple.—Mark that; simplicity is the characteristic of good writing—which I have learnt, among many other good things, of your Honor—and for which I am proud to thank you;—in short I would write like you—think like

you (of course); and do like you; but, as that is impossible, I must content myself with my old trick;—now what that trick is—thou art ignorant—and so thou shalt remain—till I congratulate you upon your recovery.—*A propos*, you began your letter ill, as we do many things in common life;—ten days elapsed before you finished it—consequently you finished it well.—My dear friend, may you, thro' God's blessing, ever finish happily what you undertake—however unpromising the beginning may appear to be!—I want you much in town—for my one sake—that's a stroke of self-love.—And do you mean to bring any candles up with you?—that's another!—I do not wonder at your making your way amongst the folks of Hull—although there are four of the same profession;—we love variety.—I will give them credit for admiring the Artist;—but if they—that is two or three of them—have penetration to look deeper—and love the Man—then I shall believe that there are souls in Hull.—So—my cramp epistle fell into the hands of thy good and reverend farther—*tant pis*—why, he must think me blacker than I am.

D

—Monf. B—— goes on well:—I suppose you know he has opened an Academy in St. Alban's Street—at two guineas a year—naked figures three nights a week—Mr. Mortimer and several eminent names upon his list—and room left for yours—he hops about with that festivity of countenance which denotes peace and good-will to man.—I have added to my felicity—or Fortune more properly has—three worthy friends—they are admirers and friends of Mortimer and Sterne;—but of this when we meet.—You are expected at B—— House upon your return—and I hope you will call on them, if consistent with your time—and agreeable to you.—My friend L—— is in town, and intends trying his fortune among us—as teacher of murder and neck-breaking—alias—fencing and riding.—The Tartars, I believe, have few fine gentlemen among them—and they can ride—though they have neither fencing nor riding masters;—and as to genteel murder—we are mere pedlars and novices—for they can dispatch a whole caravan—or a hoorde—and eat and drink—wench and laugh—and, in truth,

so far they can match our modern fine gents.;
—they have no acquaintance with conscience
—but what's all this to you?—nothing—it
helps to fill up the sheet—and looks like mo-
ralizing;—the good-natured partiality of thy
honest heart will deem it—not absolutely
nonsense.—Alas!—thus it often happens—
that the judgement of a good head is—bum-
fiddled—and wrong-bias'd by the weakness
of a too kind heart;—under that same weak-
ness let me shelter my failings and absurdities
—and let me boast at this present writing—
that my heart is not very depraved—and has
this proof of not being dead to virtue;—it
beats stronger at the sound of friendship—and
will be sincerely attached to W—— S——,
Esq; while its pulsations continue to throb
in the breast of your obliged

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

Do pray think about returning—the cap-
tain—the girls—the house—the court, stand
all—just where they did—when you left them.
—Alas! Time leaves the marks of his rough
fingers upon all things—Time shrivels fe-
male faces—and sours small-beer—gives in-

significance, if not impotency, to trunk-hose
—and toughness to cow-beef.—Alas! alas!
alas!—

LETTER XIX.

TO MRS. C——.

Charles Street, July 4, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

IT would be affronting your good-nature to offer an excuse for the trouble I am going to give you—my tale is short.—Mrs. O—— is with us—she was, this day, observing poor Lydia with a good deal of compassion—and said, she knew a child cured by roses boiled in new milk;—observed, that you had, at this very time, perhaps bushels of rose-leaves wasting on the ground.—Now my petition is—that you would cause a few of them to be brought you—(they will blush to find their sweetness excelled by your kindness)—they are good dried, but better fresh—so when you come to town think of honest Lydia.—Mrs. O—— this morning saw your pic-

ture in Bond Street.—She approves much—and I fancy means to fit—she thinks that you enriched me with the strongest likeness—but the whole length the best.—I have the honor to transmit the compliments of Mesdames A——and Sancho—to which permit me to add mine, with the most grateful sensibility for the recent favor of favors.—I am, dear madam,

Your most obliged,
humble servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER XX.

TO MISS L——.

July 26, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE just now had the pleasure of seeing a Gentleman who is honoured in calling you sister.—He suspended the pain in my foot for full five minutes, by the pleasing account he gave of your health.—I de-

livered my charge * safe into his hands—he viewed it with an eye of complacency—from which I conclude he is not unworthy your sister's hand;—we commonly behold those with a sort of partiality who bring good tidings from our friends—in that view I could not forbear thinking him a very good kind of man. I have to thank you for a very obliging and friendly letter—which I should have done much sooner, could I have complied with your kind wishes in giving a better account of myself;—my better self has been but poorly for some time—she groans with the rheumatism—and I grunt with the gout—a pretty concert!—Life is thick-sown with troubles—and we have no right to exemption.—The children, thank God! are well—your name-fake gets strength every day—and trots about amazingly.—I am reading Bossuet's Universal History, which I admire beyond any thing I have long met with: if it lays in your way, I would wish you to read it, if you have not already—and if you have, it is worth a second perusal. Mrs. Sancho rejoices to hear

* Miss L——'s picture.

you are well—and intrusts me to send you her best wishes.—I hope you continue your riding—and should like to see your *etiquette* of hat, feather, and habit. Adieu.—May you enjoy every wish of your benevolent heart—is the hope and prayer of your much obliged humble servant,

IGN. SANCHE.

If the Universal History of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Preceptor to Louis XV. should be difficult to find at Tunbridge—when you return to town, and give us the pleasure of seeing you—he will be exceeding proud of the happiness (and what Frenchman would not,—although a bishop?) of riding to Bond Street in your pockets.

LETTER XXI.

TO MISS L——.

Charles Street, June 20, 1775.

I PROTEST, my dear Madam, there is nothing so dangerous to the calm philosophic temper of fifty—as a friendly epistle from a pretty young woman;—but when worth—benevolence—and a train of amiabilities—easier felt than described—join in the attack,—the happy receiver of such an epistle must feel much in the same manner as your humble servant did this day;—but I did not mean to write a starch complimentary letter—and I believe you will think I have flourished rather too much;—here then I recover my wits—and the first use I make of them is to thank you, in Mrs. Sancho's name, for your friendly enquiries—and to assure you, we both rejoice that you had so pleasant a passage—and that you enjoy your health.

We hope also, that your young gallant will repay your humane attentions—with grateful regard—and dutiful attachment.—I beg your pardon, over and over, for my blundering forgetfulness of your kind order—it was occasioned by being obliged to say good-bye.—Taking leave of those we esteem is, in my opinion, unpleasant!—the parting of friends is a kind of temporary mourning. Mrs. Sancho is but indifferent—the hot weather does not befriend her—but time will, I hope;—if true worth could plead an exemption from pain and sickness—Miss L——— and Mrs. Sancho would, by right divine, enjoy the best health—but, God be blessed! there is a reward in store for both, and all like them—which will amply repay them for the evils and cross accidents of this foolish world. I saw Miss and Mrs. S——, and Johnny, at church last Sunday—they all looked pleasant, and told me they had heard you were well.—I would recommend a poem, which, if you have not, you should read—it is called *Almeria*; I have not read it—but have heard such an account of it as makes me suspect it will be worth your notice.

This end of the town is fairly Regatta-mad—and the prices they ask are only five shillings each seat.—They are building scaffoldings on Westminster-hall—and the prayers of all parties is now for a fine evening—May your evenings be ever fair—and mornings bright! I should have said nights happy—all in God's good time! which, you must be convinced, is the best time.—Lydia mends—she walks a little—we begin to encourage hope—Kitty is as lively as ever—and almost goes alone—the rest are well.—Mrs Sancho joins me in cordial wishes for your health and wealth.—I am, dear Madam,

Your most sincere friend,
and obliged humble servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. R——.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOU hast an honest sympathizing heart —and I am sure will feel sorrow to hear poor Mr. W—— has paid the debt to Nature:—last Sunday heaven gained a worthy soul—and the world lost an honest man!—a Christian!—a friend to merit—a father to the poor and society—a man, whose least praise was his wit—and his meanest virtue, good-humour;—he is gone to his great reward;—may you, and all I love and honor, in God's good time, join him!—I wish to hear about you—how you all do—when you saw Johnny—and whether Mrs. O—— holds in the same mind—if so, she is on the road for London, and Johnny on the road for B——. Pray have you heard from Mr. L——? A spruce Frenchman brought me a letter from him on Thursday; he left him

well and in spirits—he wishes we would enquire for a place for him—he longs to be in England;—he is an honest soul, and I should feel true pleasure in serving him;—pray remember he wants a place.—I know not what words to use in way of thanks to Mrs. C——, for the very valuable present of her picture.—I have wrote to her—but my pen is not able to express what I feel—and I think M. Gardner has hit off her likeness exceeding well;—my chimney-piece now—fairly imitates the times—a flashy fine outside—the only intrinsic nett worth, in my possession, is Mrs. Sancho—whom I can compare to nothing so properly as to a diamond in the dirt—but, my friend, that is Fortune's fault, not mine—for had I power, I would case her in gold.—When heard you from our friend Mr. J—— N——? when you see or write to him—tell him we still care for him—and remember his easy good-nature and natural politeness,—I will trouble you with the inclosed without any ceremony—for I have been so often obliged to you, that I begin now to fancy I have a right to trouble you. Commend me to squire

IGNATIUS SANCHO. 61

S——, and all worthy friends.—Lydia sends her love to you—she trots about amazingly—and Kitty imitates her, with this addition, that she is as mischievous as a monkey.—Mrs. Sancho, Mrs. M——, and Mrs. B——, all think well of you, as well as yours.

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XXIII.

TO MRS. C——.

Charles Street, July 31, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

IF aught upon earth could make mortals happy—I have the best right to believe myself so.—I have lived with the great—and been favoured by beauty—I have cause to be vain—let that apologize for my boasting. I am to thank you for the best ornament of my chimney-piece—your picture, which

I had the joy to receive from Mr. Gardner, and which (exclusive of the partiality I have to your resemblance) I think a very good one;—it proves, unquestionably, three things — your goodness — Mr. Gardner's skill—and my impudence!—in wishing so pleasing a prize.—If Kitty should live to woman's estate—she will exultingly tell folks —that's my godmother's picture!—and the next generation will swear the painter was a flatterer—and scarce credit there was ever a countenance so amiably sweet—in the days of George the Third—except a Hamilton or Lady Sarah.—Mrs. Sancho desires her thanks may be joined with mine—as the thanks of one flesh.—Mr. M—— is well—and hopes, in concert with the Sanchos, that you had a pleasant journey—and good health your companion.—That health and pleasure—with love and friendship in its train—may ever accompany you—is the wish, dear Madam, of your greatly obliged humble servant,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

L E T T E R XXIV.

TO MISS L——.

Charles Street, August, 7, 1775.

I NEVER can excuse intolerable scrawls—and I do tell you, that for writing conversable letters you are wholly unfit—no talent—no nature—no style;—stiff—formal and unintelligible;—take that—for your apology—and learn to be honest to yourself.—The Dutches of Kingston and Mr. Foote have joined in a spirited paper-war—(I should have said engaged)—but I fear her Grace will have the worst of it:—had she either the heart or head of our friend Miss L——, I should pity her from my soul—and should muster up gallantry enough to draw a pen (at least) in her defence; as it is—I think—in principles they are well-matched;—but as her Grace appears to me to want temper—I think the Wit will be too hard for her. I am pleased

with the Tunbridgians for their respectful loyalty on his Royal Highness's birth day;—it is too much the fashion to treat the Royal Family with disrespect.—Zeal for politics has almost annihilated good manners.—Mrs. Sancho feels the kindness of your good wishes;—but we hope you will be in town before she tumbles in the straw, when a Benjamin mews of caudle will meet your lips with many welcomes.—Mrs. Sancho is so, so—not so alert as I have known her;—but I shall be glad she holds just as well till she is down—My silly gout is not in haste to leave me—I am in my seventh week—and in truth am peevish—and sick of its company.—As to Dr. D——, the last I heard of him was, that he was in France;—he has not preached for these nine Sundays at Pimlico.—You did not tell me the name of your Suffolk preacher;—I fancy it is Dr. W——ton—who is reckoned equal to D——; I am glad you have him—as I would wish you to have every thing that God can give you conducive to your love and pleasure.—Mrs.

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Sancho joins me in respects and thanks—
good wishes, &c. &c.

I am, dear Madam,

Your ever obliged, humble servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER XXV.

TO MR. B——.

August 12, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

IF I knew a better man than yourself—
you would not have had this application—
which is in behalf of a merry, chirping,
white-toothed, clean, tight, and light, little
fellow!—with a woolly pate—and face as
dark as your humble;—Guiney-born, and
French-bred—the sulky gloom of Africa
dispelled by Gallic vivacity—and that sof-
tened again with English sedateness—a rare

fellow!—rides well—and can look upon a couple of horses—dresses hair in the present taste—shaves light—and understands something of the arrangement of a table and side-board;—his present master will authenticate him a decent character—he leaves him at his own (Blacky's) request:—he has served him three years—and, like Teague, would be glad of a good master—if any good master would be glad of him.—As I believe you associate chiefly with good-hearted folks—it is possible your interest may be of service to him.—I like the rogue's looks, or a similarity of colour should not have induced me to recommend him.—Excuse this little scrawl from your friend, &c.

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

“ For conscience, like a fiery horse,
“ Will stumble if you check his course;
“ But ride him with an easy rein,
“ And rub him down with worldly gain,
“ He'll carry you through thick and thin,
“ Safe, although dirty, to your Inn.”

LETTER XXVI.

TO MRS. C——,

August 14, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM happy in hearing that the bathing and drinking has been of real service to you.—I imagine you rise out of the waves another Venus—and could wish myself Neptune, to have the honor of escorting you to land.—Mr. P—— has sent me a pretty turtle, and in very good condition.—I must beg you will do me the honor to accept of it;—it will attend you at Privy Gardens, where (had turtles a sense of ambition) it would think itself happy in its destination.—Pray my best respects to their honors R—— and Squire S——. I live in hopes of seeing you all next week.

I am, dear Madam,

Your much obliged,

humble servant,

IGN. SANCHEO.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MISS L——.

August 27, 1775.

JUST upon the stroke of eleven—as I was following (like a good husband) Mrs. Sancho to bed—a thundering rap called me to the street-door—A letter from Tunbridge, Sir!—thanks many thanks—good night.—I hugged the fair stranger—and—as soon as up stairs—broke open the seal with friendly impatience—and got decently trimmed, for what? why, truly, for having more honesty than prudence.—Well, if ever I say a civil thing again to any of your sex—but it is foolish to be rash in resolves—seriously, if aught at any time slips from my unguarded pen, which you may deem censurable—believe me truly and honestly—it is the error of uncultivated nature—and I will trust the candour of friendship to wink at undesigned offence;—not but I

could defend—and would against any but yourself—the whole sad charge of flattery—but enough.—I paid a visit in Bond Street this morning.—Your sister looked health itself—she was just returned from the country, and had the pleasure to hear from you at her first entrance.

Your friendly offer for the little stranger is in character—but if I was to say what my full heart would dictate—you would accuse me of flattery.—Mrs. Sancho is more than pleased—I won't say what I am—but if you love to give pleasure, you have your will.—Are you not pleased to find Miss Butterfield innocent?—It does credit to my judgement, for I never believed her guilty—her trial proves undeniably that one half of the faculty are very ignorant.—I hear she intends suing for damages—and if ever any one had a right to recover, she certainly has;—and were I to decree them—they should not be less than 400 l. a year for life, and 5000 pound down by way of smart-money.—In my opinion, the D——s of K——— is honoured, to be mentioned in the same paper with Miss Butterfield—

You should read the St. James's Evening papers for last week—you will easily get them at any coffee-house—the affair is too long for a letter—but I will send you some black poetry upon the occasion:

With Satire, Wit, and Humour arm'd,
Foote opes his exhibitions;
High-titled Guilt, justly alarm'd,
The Chamberlain petitions.

My Lord, quoth Guilt, this daring fiend
Won't let us sin in private;
To his presumption there's no end,
Both high and low he'll drive at.

Last year he smoak'd the cleric * gown;
A D——s now he'd sweat.
The insolent, for half a crown,
Would libel all the Great.

What I can do, his Lordship cries,
Command you freely may:
Don't licence him, the Dame replies,
Nor let him print his play.

Poor Lydia is exceedingly unwell.—
They who have least sensibility are best off

* Dr. Dodd.

for this world.—By the visit I was able to make this morning—you may conclude, my troublesome companion is about taking leave. May you know no pains but of sensibility!—and may you be ever able to relieve where you wish!—May the wife and good esteem you more than I do—and the object of your heart love you, as well as you love a good and kind action!—These wishes—after the trimming you gave in your last—is a sort of heaping coals on your head—as such, accept it from your sincere—aye, and *honest* friend,

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

Mrs. Sancho says little—but her moistened eye expresses—that she feels your friendship.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

TO MISS. L——.

Sept. 12, 1775.

TH E R E is nothing in nature more vexatious than contributing to the uneasiness of those, whose partiality renders them anxious for our well-doing—the honest heart dilates with rapture when it can happily contribute pleasure to its friends. You see by this that I am coxcomb enough to suppose me and mine of consequence!—but if it is so—it is such as you whose partial goodness have grafted that folly on my natural trunk of dulness. —I am, in truth, in a very unfit mood for writing—for poor Lydia is very so, so—Mrs. Sancho not very stout;—and for me, I assure you, that of my pair of feet—two are at this instant in pain! This is the worst side—but courage! Hope! delusive cheating Hope! beckons Self-love, and enlists him

of her side—and, together, use their friendly eloquence to persuade me that better times are coming.—Your beloved wife (cries Self-love) will have a happy time, and be up soon, strong and hearty.—Your child (cries Hope) will get the better of her illness—and grow up a blessing and comfort to your evening life—and your friend will soon be in town, and enliven your winter prospects.—Trust, trust in the Almighty—his providence is your shield—'tis his love, 'tis his mercy, which has hitherto supported and kept you up.—See, see! cries Hope! look where Religion, with Faith on her right, and Charity on her left, and a numerous train of blessings in her rear, come to thy support.—Fond foolish mortal, leave complaining—all will be right—all is right.—Adieu, my good friend—write me something, to chase away idle fears, and to strengthen hope.—Too true it is, that where the tender passions are concerned, our sex are cowards.

Yours sincerely,

I. SANCHO.

Mrs. Sancho sends her best wishes.

E

LETTER XXIX.

TO MISS L——.

Charles Street, Oct. 4, 1775.

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd,
'Tis education forms the tender mind.

So says POPE.

Children like tender offers take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned, always grow.

DRYDEN.

THE sense of each is just the same, and they both prove an opinion which I have long been grounded in—that the errors of most children proceed in great part from the ill cultivation of the first years.—Self-love, my friend, bewitches parents to give too much indulgence to infantine foibles;—the constant cry is, “Poor little soul, it knows no better!”—if it swears—that’s a sign of wit and spirit;—if it fibs—it’s so cunning and comical;—if it steals—’tis

only a paw trick—and the mother exult-
 ingly cries — My Jacky is so sharp, we
 can keep nothing from him!—Well! but
 what's all this to you?—You are no mo-
 ther.—True, my sincerely esteemed friend,
 but you are something as good—you are
 perhaps better—much better and wiser I
 am sure than many mothers I have seen.
 —You, who believe in the true essence
 of the gospel—who visit the sick, cover
 the naked, and withdraw not your ear
 from the unfortunate:—but I did not in-
 tend to write your elogium—it requires
 the pen of one less interested—and perhaps
 less partiality and more judgement would
 also be requisite.—Jacky S—— is the occasion
 of this prefatory vast shew of learning. I do
 believe him a fine child spoil'd for want of pro-
 per management—he is just now in high dis-
 grace—he is wrong enough in all conscience,
 I believe—but are they, who are about him,
 right?—We will talk about this matter when
 I have the pleasure of seeing you;—
 you shall forgive my impertinent meddling—
 I will ask pardon, and sin again—so we
 serve Heaven—so complain, if you dare.—

Mrs. Sancho is yet up;—if I pray at all, it's for the blessing of a happy moment, with little pain for her;—as to what she brings, I care not about its sex—God grant health to the mother!—and my soul and lips shall bless his holy name.—We cannot remove till after Mrs. Sancho is up.—The house will not be ready till towards Christmas, which is not the most desirable time of the year for moving—but we must do as we can, not as we would.

At Charlotte Chapel, we had last Sunday a most excellent discourse from Mr. H———n, whom I suppose you have heard preach—if not, he is well worth hearing—to please me—for to the best of my knowledge, he reads prayers better than most—Mr. B—— not excepted; there is a dignity of expression in his Psalms, which catches the whole attention—and such an animated strength of devotion in his Litany, as almost carries the heart to the gates of Heaven—he is fine in the pulpit;—but comparisons are unfair—if H——— reads prayers, and D—— preaches, at the same church—I should suppose greater perfection

could not be found in England.—I have to thank you for the honor of your correspondence—and can laugh in my sleeve like a Dutch Jew—to think that I get sterling sense for my farrago of absurdities—but you will, I hope, soon be in town.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in every sentiment of gratitude and sincerity.—I am, as much as a poor African can be, sincerely

Yours to command,

IGN. SANCHO

We are in great hopes about poor Lydia.—An honest and ingenious motherly woman in our neighbourhood has undertaken the perfect cure of her—and we have every reason to think, with God's blessing—she will succeed—which is a blessing we shall owe entirely to the comfort of being poor—for, had we been rich, the doctors would have had the honor of killing her a twelvemonth ago.—Adieu.

L E T T E R XXX.

TO MISS L——.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 16, 1775.

MY worthy and respected friend, I hear, has protracted her stay.—I am greatly obliged to Miss L——'s goodness, who has given me this opportunity of addressing my good friend.—I am very low in heart—poor Mrs. Sancho is so indifferent—and Lydia, though upon the whole better, yet weak and poorly.—I am sufficiently acquainted with care—and I think fatten upon calamity.—Philosophy is best practised, I believe, by the easy and fluent.—One ounce of practical religion is worth all that ever the Stoics wrote.—Mrs. Sancho smiles in the pains which it has pleased Providence to try her with—and her belief in a better existence is her cordial drop,—Adieu; bring health with you, and the sight of you will glad us all.

Yours,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MR. R——.

Oct. 18, 1775.

I BEGIN to fear with you that our friend L—— is sick or married—or—what I would rather hope—is on his way to England.—Thanks to our Suffolk friends—you take care we shall not starve.—I was for five minutes, when dinner was on table, suspended, in inclination, like the ass between the two loads of hay—the turtle pulled one way, and a sweet loin of pork the other—I was obliged to attack both in pure self-defence;—Mrs. Sancho eat—and praised the pork—and praised the giver.—Let it not, my worthy R——, mortify thy pride—to be obliged to divide praise with a pig; we all echoed her—O—— and R—— were the toasts—I know not in truth two honefter or better men—were your incomes as enlarged as your hearts, you would be the two greatest fortunes in

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Europe. But I wrote merely to thank you—and to say Mrs Sancho and Mrs. M—— are both better than when I wrote last night—in short, Mrs. M—— is quite well—I pray God to send my dear Mrs. Sancho safe down and happily up—she makes the chief ingredient of my felicity—whenever my good friend marries—I hope he will find it the same with him—My best respects to Mesdames C. and C. and take care of my brother.—I fear this will be a raking week.—Compliments to Master S—— and the noble Mr. B——.

Yours, &c.

IGN. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XXXII.

TO MR. L——.

Friday, Oct. 20, 1774.

I N obedience to my amiable friend's request—I, with gratitude to the Almighty—and with pleasure to her—(I am sure I am right)

—acquaint her, that my ever dear Dame Sancho was exactly at half past one this afternoon delivered of a—child. — Mrs. Sancho, my dear Miss L——, is as well as can be expected—in truth, better than I feared she would be—for indeed she has been very unwell for this month past—I feel myself a ton lighter:—In the morning I was crazy with apprehension—and now I talk nonsense through joy.—This plaguy scrawl will cost you I know not what—but it's not my fault—'tis your foolish godson's—who, by me, tenders his dutiful respects. I am ever yours to command, sincerely and affectionately,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

TO MISS L——.

Charles Street, Dec. 14, 1775.

THERE is something inexpressibly flattering in the notion of your being warmer—from the idea of your much obliged friend's caring

for you;—in truth we could not help caring about you—our thoughts travelled with you over-night from Bond Street to the Inn.—The next day at noon—“Well, now she’s above half way—alas! no, she will not get home till Saturday night—I wonder what companions she has met with—there is a magnetism in goodnature, which will ever attract its like—so if she meets with beings the least social—but that’s as chance wills!”—Well, night arrives—“And now our friend has reached the open arms of parental love—excess of delightful endearments gives place to tranquil enjoyments—and all are happy in the pleasure they give each other!”—Were I a Saint or a Bishop, and was to pass by your door, I would stop, and say, “Peace be upon this dwelling!”—and what richer should I leave it?—for I trust, where a good man dwells, there peace makes its sweet abode.—When you have read Bossuet, you will find at the end, that it was greatly wished the learned author had brought the work down lower—but I cannot help thinking he concluded his design as far as he originally meant.—Mrs. Sancho, thank Heaven, is as well as

you left her, and your godson thrives ;—he is the type of his father—fat—heavy—sleepy ;—but as he is the head of the noble family, and your godson, I ought not to disparage him.—The Dutchess of K—— is so unwell, that she has petitioned for a longer day :—they say that her intellects are hurt ;—though a bad woman, she is entitled to pity.—Conscience, the high chancellor of the human breast, whose small still voice speaks terror to the guilty—Conscience has pricked her ;—and, with all her wealth and titles, she is an object of pity.—Health attend you and yours !—Pleasure of course will follow.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in all I say, and the girls look their assent.—I remain—God forgive me ! I was going to conclude, without ever once thanking you for your goodness in letting us hear from you so early :—there is such a civil coldness in writing, a month perhaps after expectation has been snuffed out, that the very thought is enough to chill friendship ;—but you—like your sister Charity, as Thomson sweetly paints her (smiling through tears)—delight in giving pleasure, and joy in doing good.—And now

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farewell—and believe us, in truth, our dear
Miss L——'s

obliged and grateful friends,

ANNE and I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

TO MR. M——.

Jan. 4, 1776.

I KNOW not what predominates in my
worthy friend—pride or good-nature;—don't
stare—you have a large share of both:—
happy it is for you—as well as your ac-
quaintance—that your pride is so well ac-
companied by the honest ardor of youthful
benevolence.—You would, like the fabled
pelican—feed your friends with your vitals.
Blessed Philanthropy!—Oh! the delights of
making happy—the bliss of giving comfort
to the afflicted—peace to the distressed mind
—to prevent the request from the quivering

lips of indigence!—But, great God!—the
 inexpressible delight—the not-to-be-described
 rapture, in soothing, and *convincing* the tender
 virgin that “*You alone,*” &c. &c. &c. (Prior’s
 Henry and Emma see.)—But I think you
 dropt a word or two about flattery.—Sir,—
 honest friend,—know, once for all—I never
 yet thought you a coxcomb:—a man of sense
 I dare not flatter, my pride forbids it;—a
 coxcomb is not worth the dirty pains.—
 You have (through the bounty of your great
 Creator) strong parts, and, thank the Al-
 mighty Goodness, an honest sincere heart;—
 yes, you have many and rare talents, which
 you have cultivated with success:—you have
 much fire, which, under the guidance of a
 circumspect judgement, stimulates you to
 worthy acts;—but do not say that I flatter in
 speaking the truth;—I can see errors even in
 those I half reverence;—there are spots in the
 Sun—and perhaps some faults in Johnny
 M——, who is by far too kind, generous,
 and friendly, to his greatly obliged friend,

IGN. SANCHE.

P. S. I tell you what—(are you not coming to town soon?)—F—— and venison are good things; but by the manes of my ancestors—I had rather have the pleasure of gossipation with your sublime highness.—What sketches have you taken?—What books have you read?—What lasses galanted?—The venison is exceeding fine, and the cleanest I ever saw;—to-morrow we dress it;—a thankful heart shall be our sweet sauce:—were you in town, your partaking of it would add to its relish.—You say I was not in spirits when you saw me at G——; why, it might be so—in spite of my philosophy—the cares and anxieties attendant on a large family and small finances sometimes overcloud the natural chearfulness of yours truly,

I. SANCHE.

N. B. A very short P—— S——.

L E T T E R XXXV.

TO MR. R——.

June 25, 1776.

Y OU had a pleasant day for your journey—and after five or six miles ride from town—you left the dust behind you;—of course the road and the country also improved as you drew nearer B——. I will suppose you there—and then I will suppose you found Mrs. C—— well in health, and the better for the preceding day's motion;—she and Miss C—— meet you with the looks of a Spring-morning—I see you meet in fancy;—I wish I could see you in reality;—but of that hereafter.—I want to know how Mrs. C—— does—and what Miss C—— does;—what you intend to do—and what Mr. S—— will never do.—This letter is a kind of much-ado-about—what—I must not say nothing—because the ladies are mentioned in it.—Mr. and Mrs. B—— have a claim to my best

respects.—Pray say what's decent for me—and to the respectable table also—beginning with my true friend Mrs. C——, and then steering right and left—ending at last with your worship. Tell Mrs. C—— that Kitty is as troublesome as ever; that Billy gets heavier and stronger.—Mrs. Sancho remains, thank God, very well—and all the rest ditto.—Let me know how you all do—and how brother O—— does.—As to news, all I hear is about Wilkes;— he will certainly carry his point—for Administration are all strongly in his interest:—betts run much in his favor:—for my part, I really think he will get it—if he can once manage so—as to gain the majority.—I am, my dear R——, yours—(much more than Wilkes's—or indeed any man's, O——'s excepted) in love and zeal,

Ever faithfully,

I. SANCHO

L E T T E R XXXVI.

TO MR. STERNE.

July, 1776.

REVEREND SIR,

IT would be an insult to your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking.—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call “*Negurs*.”—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been—through God’s blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of the best families in the kingdom.—My chief pleasure has been books.—Philanthropy I adore.—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable

uncle Toby!—I declare, I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest corporal.—Your Sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point.—In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume—is this very affecting passage:—“Consider how great a part of our species—in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink it!”—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black-brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellifon.—I think you will forgive me;—I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour’s attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many;—but if only of one—Gracious God!—what a feast to a benevolent heart!—and, sure I am,

IGNATIUS SANCHE. 91

you are an Epicurean in acts of charity.—
 You, who are universally read, and as uni-
 versally admired—you could not fail.—Dear
 Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted
 hands of thousands of my brother Moors.—
 Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent;
 —figure to yourself their attitudes;—hear
 their supplicating addresses!—Alas!—you
 cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—
 in which hope I beg permission to subscribe
 myself,

Reverend Sir, &c.

IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MR. M——.

August 12, 1776.

“We have left undone the things we should have
 “done,” &c. &c.—

THE general confession—with a deep
 sense of our own frailties—joined to penitence
 —and strong intentions of better doing—in-

fures poor finners forgiveness, obliterates the past, sweetens the present, and brightens the future;—in short, we are to hope that it reconciles us with the Deity;—and if that conclusion is just, it must certainly reconcile us in part to each other.—Grant me that, dear M——, and you have no quarrel towards me for epistolary omissions:—look about you, my dear friend, with a fault-searching eye—and see what you have left undone!—Look on your chair!—those cloaths should have been brushed and laid by—that linen sent to wash—those shoes to be cleaned.—Zooks! why you forget to say your prayers—to take your physick—to wash your ——.

Pray how does Mrs. H——? Lord what a deal of rain! I declare I fear it will injure the harvest.—And when saw you Nancy?—Has the cat kittened?—I suppose you have heard the news:—great news!—a glorious affair! (and is two *ff*'s necessary?)—O! Lord, Sir!—very little bloodshed—pity *any* should—how!—do not you admire!—How so?—Why this, Sir, is writing, 'tis the true sublime—and this the stuff that gives my friend M—— pleasure:—thou vile flatterer!

blush ! blush up to thine eyelids !—I am
 happy to think I have found a flaw in thee :—
 thou art a flatterer of the most dangerous
 sort, because agreeable.—I have often ob-
 served—there is more of value in the manner
 of doing the thing—than in the thing itself
 —my mind's eye follows you in the selecting
 the pretty box—in arranging the pickled
 fruit.—I see you fix on the lid, drive the last
 nail, your countenance lit up with glee, and
 your heart exulting in the pleasure you were
 about giving to the family of the Sancho's—
 and then snatch the hat and stick, and walk
 with the easy alacrity of a soul conscious of
 good.—But hold, Sir, you were rather saucy
 in a part or two of your letter :—for which
 reason I shall not thank you for the fruit ;—
 the good woman and brats may—and with
 reason ; for they devoured them : the box,
 indeed, is worth thanks ; which, if God,
 gout, and weather permit, you may probably
 hear something of on Sunday next, from
 yours, with all your sins, &c. &c.

IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MR. K——.

August 28, 1776

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I SHOULD have answered your billet as soon as received—but I wanted to know the quantum that I was to wish you joy of—as nothing has yet for certainty transpired.—I will hope your legacy from Mrs. —— is handsome:—you can easily imagine the pleasure I felt—in finding she had so amply remembered poor Mrs. M——. That one act has more true generosity in it, aye, and justice perhaps, than any thing I ever knew of her in her long life:—it has removed an anxiety from me which (in spite of self-felt poverty—and the heart-felt cares of a large family) troubled me greatly;—as to myself, she used to promise largely formerly, that she would think of me:—as I never believed—I

was not disappointed.—More and more convinced of the futility of all our eagerness after worldly riches, my prayer and hope is only for bread, and to be enabled to pay what I owe. I labour up hill against many difficulties; but God's goodness is my support, and his word my trust.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in her best wishes, and gives you joy also: the children are well—William grows, and tries his feet briskly—and Fanny goes on well in her tambour-work;—Mary must learn some business or other—if we can possibly achieve money;—but we have somehow no friends—and, bless God!—we deserve no enemies. Trade is duller than ever I knew it—and money scarcer;—foppery runs higher—and vanity stronger;—extravagance is the adored idol of this sweet town.—You are a happy being;—free from the cares of the world in your own person—you enjoy more than your master—or his master into the bargain.—May your comforts know no diminution, but increase with your years!—and may the same happen, when it shall please God, to your sincere friend I. Sancho and his family!

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MR. M——.

September 1, 1776.

YOU have the happiest manner of obliging! —How comes it that —without the advantages of a twentieth generationship of noble blood flowing uncontaminated in your veins —without the customary three years dissipation at college—and the (nothing to be done without) four years perambulation on the Continent—without all these needful appendages—with little more than plain sense—sheer good-nature—and a right honest heart—thou canst—

“Like low-born Allen, with an awkward shame,
“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame!”

Now, by my grandame's beard—I will not thank you for your present—although my ears have been stunned with your goodness and kindness—the best young man!—and, good Lord! how shall we make him amends?

&c. &c.—Pshaw! simpleton, quoth I, do you not plainly ken, that he himself has a satisfaction in giving pleasure to his friends, which more than repays him?—so I strove to turn off the notion of obligation—though, I must confess, my heart at the same time felt a something—sure it was not envy—no, I detest it—I fear it was pride—for I feel within myself this moment, that I could turn the tables in repaying principal with treble interest—I should feel gratified—though perhaps not satisfied.—I have a long account to balance with you—about your comments upon the transcript:—you are a pretty fellow, to dare put in your claim—to better sense—deeper thinking—and stronger reasoning than my wife self.—To tell you the truth (though at my own expence) I read your letter the first time with some little chagrin;—your reasoning, though it hurt my pride—yet almost convinced my understanding.—I read it carefully a second time—pondered—weighed—and submitted--Whenever a spark of vanity seems to be glowing at my heart—I will read your letter—and what then?—Why then, humbled by a proper

sense of my inferiority, I shall still have cause for pride—triumph—and comfort—when I reflect that my valued Censor—is the true friend of his sincerely affectionate

IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER XL.

TO MR. M——.

Déc. 4, 1776.

I FORGOT to tell you this morning—a jack-ass would have shewn more thought—(are they rationals or not?)—the best recipe for the gout, I am informed—is two or three stale Morning-Posts;—reclined in easy chair—the patient must sit—and mull over them—take snuff at intervals—hem—and look wise;—I apply to you as my pharmacopolist—do not criticize my orthography—but, when convenient, send me the medicine—which, with care and thanks, I will return.

Yours,

Dismal SANCHE.

Pray how do you do?

L E T T E R XLI.

TO MR. M———*.

January 4, 1777.

I HAVE read, but have found nothing of the striking kind of sentimental novelty—which I expected from its great author—the language is good in most places—but never rises above the common pitch.—In many of our inferior tragedies—I have ever found here and there a flower strewn, which has been the grace and pride of the poetic parterre, and has made me involuntarily cry out, Bravo!—From dress—scenery—action—and the rest of play-house garniture—it may shew well and go down—like insipid fish with good sauce;—the Prologue is well—the Epilogue worth the whole—such is my criticism—read—stare—and conclude your friend mad—though a more Christian supposition would be—what's true at the same time—that my ideas are frozen, much more

* On reading the Tragedy of Semiramis, from the French of Monsr. Voltaire.

frigid than the play;—but allowing that—
and although I confess myself exceeding cold,
yet I have warmth enough to declare myself
yours sincerely,

I. SANCHO.

Love and many happy new years to the
ladies.

L E T T E R XLII.

TO MR. M——.

February 9, 1777.

ZOUNDS! if alive—what ails you?
if dead—why did you not send me word?—
Where's my Tristram?—What, are all
bucks alike!—all promise, and no—but I
won't put myself in a passion—I have but one
foot, and no head—go-to—why, what a
devil of a rate dost thou ride at anathematiz-
ing and reprobating poor ——! pho! thou
simpleton—he deserves thy pity—and who-
ever harbours a grain of contempt for his
fellow-creatures — either in the school of

poverty or misfortune—that Being is below contempt—and lives the scorn of men—and shame of devils.—Thou shalt not think evil of ——; nor shall he, either by word or thought, dispraisingly speak or think of M——.

In regard to thy N——, thou art right—guard her well—but chiefly guard her from the traitor in her own fair breast, which, while it is the seat of purity and un sullied honor—fancies its neighbours to be the same—nor sees the serpent in the flowery foliage—till it stings—and then farewell sweet peace and its attendant riches.

I have only time to thank you for the leaves, and to lament your want of perspicuity in writing.—My love to George when you see him—and two loves to Nancy—tell her I could fold her to my bosom with the same tender pressure I do my girls—shut my eyes—draw her to my heart—and call her Daughter!—and thou, monkey-face, write me a decent letter—or you shall have another trimming from yours,

I. SANCHEO.

Look'ye Sir, I write to the ringing of the shop-door bell—I write—betwixt serving—gossiping—and lying. Alas! what cramps to poor genius!

For THE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

The outline of a plan for establishing a most respectable body of Seamen to the number 20,000, to be ever ready for the manning a fleet upon twelve days notice.

THE proposer is humbly of opinion, that his plan is capable of many wholesome improvements, which he thinks would prove no unprofitable study, even to the Lords of the Admiralty.

Ist, Let the number of seamen, now upon actual service, be each man inrolled upon his Majesty's books, at the rate of 5*l.* *per annum* for life; let them also receive the same quarterly, or half-yearly, upon personal application.

IIdly, Let books be opened for them in all his Majesty's different yards and sea ports, and there their dwelling, age, time they

have served, &c. to be fairly entered; each man to bring a certificate from his ship, signed by the captain, or some one he shall please to depute.

IIIIdly, As an encouragement to his Majesty's service and population at the same time, let there be instituted in each of the ship-yards, or ports, &c. of these Kingdoms, a kind of asylum, or house of refuge, for the sons of these honest tars, to be received therein at the age of six years; there to be taught navigation, or, after the common school learning, to be bound to such parts of ship-building as they by nature are most inclined to; such as chuse sea service, to be disposed on board his Majesty's ships at fifteen years old, and to be enrolled upon the pension-books after ten years faithful service, unless better provided for.

Might not there be some plan hit on to employ the daughters, as well as sons of poor sailors? Does not our Fisheries (if they should ever happen to be attended to) open many doors of useful employment for both sexes?

To defray the above, I would advise the following methods:

First, The pension of 5*l.* *per* man for 20,000, amounts only to 100,000*l.*: let this be taken from the Irish list; it will surely be better employed, than in the present mode for Pensioners of noble blood.

Secondly, Let the book and office keepers at the different yards, ports, &c. be collected from under-officers who have served with reputation; it will be a decent retreat for them in the evening of life, and only a grateful reward for past service.

May some able hand, guided by a benevolent heart, point out and strongly recommend something of this sort, that the honoured name of England may be rescued from the scandalous censure of man-stealing, and from the ingratitude also of letting their preservers perish in the time of peace!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AFRICANUS.

L E T T E R XLIII.

TO MR. M——.

July 27, 1777.

GO-TO!—the man who visits church twice in one day, must either be religious—curious—or idle—whichever you please, my dear friend;—turn it the way which best likes you, I will cheerily subscribe to it.—By the way, H——-n was inspired this morning; his text was from Romans—chapter the—verse the—both forgot;—but the subject was to present heart, mind, soul, and all the affections—a living sacrifice to God;—he was most gloriously animated, and seemed to have imbibed the very spirit and manners of the Great Apostle. Our afternoon Orator was a stranger to me—he was blest with a good, clear, and well-toned articulate voice:—he preached from the Psalms—and took great pains to prove that

God knew more than we—that letters were the fountain of our knowledge—that a man in Westminster was totally ignorant of what was going forward in Whitechapel—that we might have some memory of what we did last week—but have no sort of conjecture of what we shall do to-morrow, &c. &c. — Now H——n's whole drift was, that we should live the life of angels here—in order to be so in reality hereafter:—the other good soul gave us wholesome matter of fact;—they were both right— (but I fear not to speak my mind to my M——, who, if he condemns my head, will, I am sure, acquit my heart.)—You have read and admired Sterne's Sermons—which chiefly inculcate practical duties, and paint brotherly love—and the true Christian charities—in such beauteous glowing colours—that one cannot help wishing to feed the hungry—cloathe the naked, &c. &c.—I would to God, my friend, that the great lights of the church would exercise their oratorical powers upon Yorick's plan:—the heart and passions once lifted under the banners of blest philanthropy—would naturally ascend to the redeeming God—flaming with grateful rapture.—Now

I have observed among the modern Saints
 —who profess to pray without ceasing—
 that they are so fully taken up with pious
 meditations—and so wholly absorbed in the
 love of God—that they have little if any
 room for the love of man:—if I am wrong,
 tell me so honestly—the censure of a friend
 is of more value than his money—and to
 submit to conviction, is a proof of good
 sense.—I made my bow to-night to Mrs.
 H———; the rest of the rogues were out
 —bright-eyed S——— and all.—Mrs.
 H——— says that you are hypped—non-
 sense!—few can rise superior to pain—and
 the head, I will allow, is a part the most
sensible, if affected;—but even then you
 are not obliged to use more motion than
 you like—though I can partly feel the auk-
 ward sensations and uneasy reflections,
 which will often arise upon the least ail of
 so precious a member as the eye—yet cer-
 tain I am; the more you can be master of
 yourself (I mean as to cheerfulness, if not
 gaiety of mind) the better it will of course
 be with you.—I hope G——— is well—

and that you ride often to see him I make no doubt.—I like the monkey—I know not for why, nor does it signify a button—but sure he is good-tempered and grateful;—but what's that to me?—Good-night:—the clock talks of eleven.

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R XLIV.

TO MR. M——,

July 23, 1777.

Y E S—too true it is—for the many (aye, and some of those many carry their heads high) too true for the miserable—the needy—the sick—for many, alas! who now may have no helper—for the child of folly poor S——, and even for thy worthless friend Sancho.—It is too true, that the Almighty has called to her rich reward—she who,

whilst on earth, approved herself his best delegate.—How blind, how silly, is the mortal who places any trust or hope in aught but the Almighty!—You are just, beautifully just, in your sketch of the vicissitudes of worldly bliss.—We rise the lover—dine the husband—and too oft, alas! lay down the forlorn widow.—Never so struck in my life;—it was on Friday night, between ten and eleven, just preparing for my concluding pipe—the Duke of M——’s man knocks.—“Have you heard the bad news?”—No.—“The Dutchess of Queensbury died last night!”—I felt fifty different sensations—unbelief was uppermost—when he crushed my incredibility, by saying he had been to know how his Grace did—who was also very poorly in health.—Now the preceding day, Thursday (the day on which she expired) I had received a very penitential letter from S——, dated from St. Helena;—this letter I inclosed in a long tedious epistle of my own—and sent to Peterham, believing the family to be all there.—The day after you left town her Grace died;—that day week she was at my door—

the day after I had the honour of a long audience in her dressing-room.—Alas! this hour blessed with health—crowned with honors—loaded with riches, and encircled with friends—the next reduced to a lump of poor clay—a tenement for worms!—Earth re-possesses part of what she gave—and the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:—her disorder was a stoppage—she fell ill the evening of the Friday that I last saw her—continued in her full senses to the last.—The good she had done reached the skies long before her lamented death—and are the only heralds that are worth the pursuit of wisdom:—as to her bad deeds, I have never heard of them.—Had it been for the best, God would have lent her a little longer to a foolish world, which hardly deserved so good a woman;—for my own part, I have lost a friend—and perhaps 'tis better so.—“Whatever is,” &c. &c.—I wish S—— knew this heavy news, for many reasons.—I am inclined to believe her Grace's death is the only thing that will most conduce to his reform.—I fear neither his gratitude nor sensibility will be much

hurt upon hearing the news—it will act
 upon his fears, and make him do *right*
 upon a *base* principle.—Hang him ! he teases
 me whenever I think of him.—I supped last
 night with St——; he called in just now,
 and says he has a right to be remembered
 to you.—You and he are two old monkeys
 —the more I abuse and rate you, the bet-
 ter friend you think me.—As you have found
 out that your spirits govern your head—
 you will of course contrive every method
 of keeping your instrument in tune;—sure
 I am that bathing—riding—walking—in
 succession—the two latter not violent—will
 brace your nerves—purify your blood—in-
 vivorate its circulation:—add to the rest
continency—yes, again I repeat it, *continency*;
 —before you reply, think—re-think—and
 think again—look into your *Bible*—look in
Young—peep into your own breast—if your
 heart warrants what your head counsels—
 act then boldly.—Oh ! *apropos*—pray thank
 my noble friend Mrs. H—— for her friend-
 ly present of C— J—; it did Mrs Sancho
 service, and does poor Billy great good—
 who has (through his teeth) been plagued

with a cough—which I hope will not turn to the whooping sort;—the girls greet you as their respected school-master.—As to your spirited kind offer of a F——, why when you please—you know what I intend doing with it.

Poor Lady S——, I find, still lingers this side the world.—Alas! when will the happy period arrive, that the sons of mortality may greet each other with the joyful news, that sin, pain, sorrow, and death, are no more; skies without clouds, earth without crimes, life without death, world without end!—peace, bliss, and harmony, where the Lord God—All in all—King of kings—Lord of lords—reigneth—omnipotent—for ever—for ever!—may you, dear M——, and all I love—yea the whole race of Adam, join with my unworthy weak self, in the stupendous—astonishing—soul-cheering Hallelujahs!—where Charity may be swallowed up in Love—Hope in Bliss—and Faith in glorious Certainty!—We will mix, my boy, with all countries, colours, faiths—see the countless multitudes of the first world—the myriads descended from the—

Ark — the Patriarchs — Sages—Prophets—
and Heroes! My head turns round at the
vast idea! we will mingle with them, and
try to untwist the vast chain of blessed Provi-
dence—which puzzles and baffles human
understanding. Adieu.

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R XLV.

TO MR. M——.

August 8, 1777.

“ Know your own self, presume not God to scan;

“ The only science of mankind, is man.”

TH E R E is something so amazingly
grand—so stupendously affecting—in the
contemplating the works of the Divine
Architect, either in the moral or the intel-
lectual world, that I think one may rightly
call it the cordial of the soul—it is the
physic of the mind—and the best antidote
against weak pride—and the supercilious

murmurings of discontent.—Smoaking my morning pipe, the friendly warmth of that glorious planet the sun—the leniency of the air—the chearful glow of the atmosphere—made me involuntarily cry, “Lord, what
“is man, that thou in thy mercy art so
“mindful of him! or what the son of man,
“that thou so parentally carest for him!” David, whose heart and affections were naturally of the first kind (and who indeed had experienced blessings without number), pours forth the grateful sentiments of his enraptured soul in the sweetest modulations of pathetic oratory;—the tender mercies of the Almighty are not less to many of his creatures—but their hearts, unlike the royal disposition of the Shepherd King, are cold, and untouched with the sweet ray of gratitude.—Let us, without meanly sheltering our infirmities under the example of others—perhaps worse taught—or possessed of less leisure for self-examination—let us, my dear M———, look into ourselves—and, by a critical examination of the past events of our lives, fairly confess what mercies we have received—what God

in his goodness hath done for us—and how our gratitude and praise have kept pace in imitation of the son of Jesse.—such a research would richly pay us—for the end would be conviction—so much on the side of miraculous mercy—such an unanswerable proof of the superintendency of Divine Providence, as would effectually cure us of rash despondency—and melt our hearts—with devotional aspirations—till we poured forth the effusions of our souls in praise and thanksgiving.—When I sometimes endeavour to turn my thoughts inwards, to review the power or properties the indulgent all-wise Father has endow'd me with, I am struck with wonder and with awe—worm, poor insignificant reptile as I am, with regard to superior beings—mortal like myself.—Amongst, and at the very head of our riches, I reckon the power of reflection:—Where? where, my friend, doth it lie?—Search every member from the toe to the nose—all—all ready for action—but all dead to thought—it lies not in matter—nor in the blood—it is a party, which though we feel and acknowledge, quite past

the power of definition—it is that breath of life which the Sacred Architect breathed into the nostrils of the first man—image of his gracious Maker—and let it animate our torpid gratitude—it rolls on, although diminished by our cruel fall, through the whole race.—“We are fearfully and wonderfully made,” &c. &c. were the sentiments of the Royal Preacher upon a self-review—but had he been blessed with the full blaze of the Christian dispensation—what would have been his raptures?—The promise of never, never-ending existence and felicity, to possess eternity—“glorious, dreadful thought!” to rise, perhaps, by regular progression, from planet to planet—to behold the wonders of immensity—to pass from good to better—increasing in goodness—knowledge—love—to glory in our Redeemer—to joy in ourselves—to be acquainted with prophets, sages, heroes, and poets of old times—and join in symphony with angels!—And now, my friend, thou smilest at my futile notions—why preach to thee?—For this very good and simple reason, to get your thoughts in return.—You shall be

my philosopher—my Mentor—my friend;—you, happily disengaged from various cares of life and family, can review the little world of man with steadier eye, and more composed thought, than your friend, declining fast into the vale of years, and beset with infirmity and pain.—Write now and then, as thought prompts, and inclination leads—refute my errors—where I am just, give me your plaudit.—Your welfare is truly dear in my sight;—and if any man has a share in my heart, or commands my respect and esteem, it is I——M——.

Witness my mark,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MR. M——.

August 14, 1777.

MY dear M——, I know full well thy silence must proceed from ill health. To say it concerns me, is dull nonsense—self-love without principle will inspire even Devils with affection;—by so much less, as thou apprehendest thy friend has diabolical about him—so may'st thou judge of his feelings towards thee.—Why wilt thou not part with thy hair? most assuredly I do believe it would relieve thee past measure—thou dost not fancy thy strength (like Sampson's the Israelite) lieth in thy hair. Remember he was shorn thro' folly—he lost his wits previous to his losing his locks—do thou consent to lose thine, in order to save thy better judgement,—I know no worse soul sinking pain than the head-ach, though (thank heaven) I am not often visited with it.—

I long to see thee—and will soon, if in my power:—some odd folks would think it would have *been* but good manners to have thanked you for the fawn—but then, says the punster, that would have *been* so like *fawn-ing*—which J. M—— loves not, *no*, nor Sancho either;—’tis the hypocrite’s key to the great man’s heart—’tis the resource of cowardly curs—and deceitful b—p—s—it is the spaniel’s fort—and man’s disgrace—it is—in short, the day is so hot—that I cannot say at present any more about it—but that the fawn was large, fresh, and worthy the giver, the receiver, and the joyous souls that eat it.—Billy has suffered much in getting his teeth—I have just wished him joy by his mother’s desire, who says that he took resolution at last, and walked to her some few steps quite alone. Albeit it gave me no small pleasure—yet, upon consideration, what I approve of now, perhaps, (should I live to see him at man’s estate) I might then disapprove—unless God’s grace should as ably support him through the quick-sands—rocks—and shoals of life—as it has happily the honest being I am now

writing to.—God give you health!—your own conduct will secure peace—your friends bread.—As to honors, leave it with titles—to knaves—and be content with that of an honest man,

“the noblest work of God.”

Shave—shave—ihave.

Farewell, yours sincerely,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MISS C——.

August 15, 1777.

I WAITED, in hopes that time or chance might furnish me with something to fill a sheet, with better than the praises of an old man.—What has youth and beauty to do with the squabbling contentions of mad ambition?—Could I new-model Nature—your sex should rule supreme:—there should be no other ambition but that of

pleasing the ladies—no other welfare but the
 contention of obsequious lovers—nor any
 glory but the blifs of being approved by
 the Fair.—Now, confefs that this epistle
 opens very gallant, and allow this to be a
 decent return to one of the beft and moft
 fenfible letters that L—— Wells has pro-
 duced this century paft.—I much wifh for
 the pleasing hopes raifed by your obliging
 letter—that my good friend's health is re-
 ftored fo fully, that ſhe has by this time
 forgot what the pains in the ftomach mean,
 —that ſhe has ſent all her complaints to
 the lake of Lethe—and is thinking ſoon
 to enliven our part our world, en-
 riched with health—ſpirits—and a certain
 bewitching benignity of countenance—which
 cries out—‘Diſlike me if you can!’—I want
 to know what conqueſts you have made—
 what ſavages converted—whom you have
 ſmiled into felicity, or killed by rejection;
 —and how the noble Maſter of Ceremonies
 acquits himſelf, John S—— Eſq; I mean.
 —I hear my friend R—— will be in town
 this week, to my great comfort;—for, upon
 my conſcience, excepting my family, the

^town to me is quite empty.—Mrs. R—— is gone to Bury—and the good man is toiling a lonely and forlorn object.—Mrs. Sancho joins in every good and grateful wish for your amiable friend, with, dear Miss C——, your obliged friend and humble servant,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

TO MR. M——.

August 25, 1777.

JACK-ASSES.

MY gall has been plentifully stirred—by the barbarity of a set of gentry, who *every morning* offend my feelings—in their cruel parade through Charles Street, to and from market:—they vend potatoes in the day—and thief in the night season.—A tall lazy villian was bestriding his poor beast (although loaded with two panniers of potatoes at the same time), and another of his companions

was good-naturedly employed in whipping the poor sinking animal—that the gentleman-rider might enjoy the two-fold pleasure of blasphemy and cruelty:—this is a too common evil—and, for the honor of rationality, calls loudly for redress.—I do believe it might be in some measure amended—either by a hint in the papers, of the utility of impressing such vagrants for the king's service—or by laying a heavy tax upon the poor Jack-asses.—I prefer the former, both for thy sake and mine:—and, as I am convinced we feel instinctively the injuries of our *fell.w creatures*; I do insist upon your exercising your talents in behalf of the honest sufferers.—I ever had a kind of sympathetic (call it what you please) for that animal—and *do I not love you?*—Before Sterne had wrote them into respect, I had a friendship for them—and many a civil greeting have I given them at casual meetings:—what has ever (with me) stamped a kind of uncommon value and dignity upon the long-ear'd kind of the species, is that our Blessed Saviour, in his day of worldly triumph, chose to use that in preference to the rest

of his own blessed creation—"meek and lowly, riding upon an ass." I am convinced that the general inhumanity of mankind proceeds—first, from the cursed false principle of common education;—and, secondly, from a total indifference (if not disbelief) of the Christian faith;—a heart and mind impressed with a firm belief of the Christian tenets, must of course exercise itself in a constant uniform general philanthropy:—such a being carries his heaven in his breast!—and such be thou! therefore write me a bitter Philippick against the misusers of Jackasses;—it shall honor a column in the Morning Post—and I will bray—bray my thanks to you:—thou shalt figure away the champion of poor friendless asses here—and hereafter shalt not be ashamed in the great day of retribution.

Mrs. Sancho would send you some tamarinds.—I know not her reasons;—as I hate contentions, I contradicted not—but shrewdly suspect she thinks you want cooling.—Do you hear, Sir? send me some more good news about your head.—Your letters will not be the less welcome for talk-

ing about J— M——; but pray do not let vanity so master your judgement—to fancy yourself upon a footing with George for well looking:—if you were indeed a proof-sheet—you was marred in the taking-off—for George (ask the girls) is certainly the fairest impression.

I had an order from Mr. H—— on Thursday night to see him do Falstaff;—I put some money to it, and took Mary and Betty with me:—it was Betty's first affair—and she enjoyed it in truth—H——'s Falstaff is entirely original—and I think as great as his Shylock;—he kept the house in a continual roar of laughter:—in some things he falls short of Quin—in many I think him equal.—When I saw Quin play, he was at the height of his art, with thirty years judgement to guide him. H——, in seven years more, will be all that better—and confessedly the first man on the English stage, or I am much mistaken.

I am reading a little pamphlet, which I much like: it favours an opinion which I have long indulged—which is the improbability of eternal Damnation—a thought which

almost petrifies one—and, in my opinion, derogatory to the fullness, glory, and benefit of the blessed expiation of the Son of the Most High God—who died for the sins of all—all—Jew, Turk, Infidel, and Heretic;—fair—fallow—brown—tawney—black—and you—and I—and every son and daughter of Adam.—You must find eyes to read this book—head and heart—with a quickness of conception thou enjoyest—with many—many advantages—which have the love—and envy almost of yours,

I. SANCHO.

Respects in folio to Mrs. H——.

LETTER XLIX.

TO MR. R——.

August 27, 1777.

DEAR FRIEND,

WHETHER this finds your officially parading on Newmarket turfs—or in the happier society of the good geniuses of B—— house—may it find you well—in good joyous spirits—gay, debonnair—happy at heart—happy as I have seen my meaning expressed in the countenance of my friend Mrs. C——, where humanity—humility—and goodwill—have outshone beauty—in one of the finest faces of your country—but this between ourselves;—and pray how does the aforefaid lady do?—does she ride, walk, and dance, with moderation?—and can you tell me that she continues as well as when she first went down—and still finds good from her western expedition?—And the little Syren Miss C——?—Have there no letters, sent by Cupid's post, stick-

ing on the arrow's point, been picked up about your grounds, blown by western breezes across the country?—Tell her nothing can ever hurt her but Love and Time.—May Love bring her happiness, and Time honour!—As to wealth—may she have no more than she can manage with comfort and credit!—Monsieur L——'s letter is a good one—and I think it would make one laugh even in the gout.—God bless this old boy—for he is a true type of beggarly pride—cunning—narrow-hearted—vain and mean—one of Satan's dupes—who do his dirty work for a little worldly trash—and cheat themselves at last.—I know a man who delights to make every one he can happy—that same man treated some honest girls with expences for a Vauxhall evening.—If you should happen to know him—you may tell him from me—that last night—three great girls—a boy—and a fat old fellow—were as happy and pleas'd as a fine evening—fine place—good songs—much company—and good music—could make them.—Heaven and Earth!—how happy, how delighted, were the girls!—Oh! the plea-

fures of novelty to youth!—We went by water—had a coach home—were gazed at—followed, &c. &c.—but not much abused.—I must break off before I have half finished—for Mr. ——— is just come in—you are not the first good friend that has been neglected for a fop.

IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER L.

TO MR. M———.

September 3, 1777.

I FEEL it long since I heard from you—very long since I saw you—and three or four days back had some notion, I should never, in this paltry world, see thee again—but (thanks to the Father of Mercies!) I am better, and have a higher relish of health and ease, from contrasting the blessings with the pains I have endured.—Would to God you could say that your dizzy dismal headaches were flown to the moon, or

embarked for Lapland—there to be tied up in a witch's bag—and sold to Beelzebub with a cargo of bad winds—religious quarrels—politics—my gout—and our American grievances!—But what are you about in your last (where you dropt the candid friend and assumed the flatterer)?—You hinted as if there was a chance of seeing you in Charles Street: I wish it much.—My friend, I have had a week's gout in my hand, which was by much too hard for my philosophy.—I am convinced, let the Stoics say what they list—that pain is an evil;—in short, I was wishing for death—and little removed from madness—but (thank Heaven)! I am much better—my spirits will be mended if I hear from you—better still to see you.—I find it painful to write much, and learn that two hands are as necessary in writing as eating.—You see I write, like a lady, from one corner of the paper to the other.—My respects—and love—and admiration—and compliments—to Mrs. —, and Mrs. and Miss —. Tell M——l, he kept his word in calling to see us before he left town!—I hope—confound the ink!—what a

blot! Now don't you dare suppose I was in fault—no, Sir, the pen was disabled—the paper worse—there was a concatenation of ill-forted chances—all—all—coincided to contribute to that fatal blot—which has so disarranged my ideas—that I must perforce finish before I had half disburthened my head and heart:—but is N—— a good girl?—and how does my honest George do? Tell Mrs. H—— what you please in the handsome way of me.—Farewell, I will write no more nonsense this night—that's flat.

IGN. SANCHO.

How do you like the print:—Mr. D—— says, and his wife says the same—that you are exceedingly clever—and they shall be happy to do any thing which is produced by the same hand which did the original—and if Mr. D—— can be of any service to you in the etching—you may command him when you please.

LETTER LI.

TO MR. M——.

September 16, 1777.

SIR, he is the confounded'st dunderhead—fapscull—looby—clodpate, nincompoop—ninnyhammer—booby-chick—farcical—loungeibuffs—blunderbuffs—this good day in the three kingdoms!—You would bless yourself, were it possible for you to analyze such a being—not but his heart is susceptible of a kind of friendly warmth—but then so cursed careless—ever in a hurry—ever in the wrong, at best but blundering about the right.—Why now, for example, when you sent the ——, I can make oath, if need be—that the dunce I speak of longed more for a letter than the animal. The basket was searched with hurry—not care;—no letter? well, it can't be help'd—his head ach'd—he had not time, &c. &c.—the P—— was disengaged from the basket—the straw consigned to the chimney:—this being rather a coolish morning, a little fire was thought necessary—

and in raking up the loose dirty waste stuff
 under the grate, there appeared a very bloody
 letter, which seemed unopened:—your hand-
 writing was discernible through the dirt and
 blood;—curiosity and affection ran a race to
 pick up and examine it—when, behold, it
 proved to be the companion of the P——,
 but so effaced with blood—that very—very
 little of my friend's good sense could be made
 out.—Your poor letter is a type of what
 daily happens—merit oppressed and smothered
 by rubbish.—Alas, poor letter! it shared the
 fate the poor world, which we inhabit, will
 hereafter undergo:—one bright gleam of
 imitation of the mind that dictated it—some
 few sparks.—Alas! alas! my poor letter—pass
 but a few years—perhaps a few months—thy
 generous friendly compost may—thy friend
 whose heart glows while he writes—who
 feels thy worth—yea, and reveres it too.—
 Nonsense, why we know the very hinges of
 our last cradles will rust and moulder;—
 and that, in the course of another century,
 neither flesh, bone, coffin, nor nail—will be
 discernible from mother earth.—Courage—
 while we live, let us live—to Virtue—

Friendship—Religion—Charity—then drop
 (at death's call) our cumbrous (you are thin)
 load of flesh, and mount in spirit to our
 native home.—Bless us, at what a rate have
 I been travelling!—I am quite out of breath
 —Why! my friend, the business was to
 thank you for the pig.—Had you seen the
 group of heads—aye, and wife ones too—
 that assembled at the opening of the fardel
 —the exclamations—Oh! the finest—fattest
 —cleanest—why, Sir, it was a pig of pigs;
 —the pettitoes gave us a good supper last
 night—they were well dressed—and your pig
 was well eat—it dined us Sunday and Mon-
 day.—Now, to say truth, I do not love pig
 —merely pig—I like not—but pork corned
 —alias—salted—either roast or boiled—I will
 eat against any filthy Jew naturalized—or
 under the bann.—On Saturday night the
 newsman brought me two papers of J—
 13th and 20th;—right joyful did I receive
 them:—I ran to Mrs. Sancho—with, I beg
 you will read my friend's sensible and spirited
 defence of—of, &c.—She read—though it
 broke in upon her work—she approved;—
 but chance or fortune—or ill-luck—or what

you ever mean by accident—has played us a
 confounded trick;—for since Saturday they
 have—both papers—disappeared—without
 hands—or legs—or eyes—for no one has
 seen them;—bureau—boxes—cupboards—
 —drawers—parlour—chamber—shop—all—
 all has been rummaged—pockets—port-folio
 —holes—corners—all been searched;—Did
 you see them?—did you?—where can they
 be?—I know not—nor I—nor I—but God
 does!—Omnipotence knoweth all things.—
 It has vexed me—fretted dame Sancho—
 teased the children—but so it is;—hereafter
 I suppose they will be found in some ob-
 vious (though now unthought of) place, and
 then it will be, Good Lord, who could have
 thought it!

Where is the *Jack-ass* business?—do not
 be lazy—I feel myself a party concerned—
 and when I see you, I have a delicious
 morsel of true feminine grace and generosity
 to shew you.—I shall not apologize for this
 crude epistle;—but mark and remark—I do
 thank you in the name of every Sancho but
 self—they eat, and were filled;—I have
 reason to thank you;—but as I do not affect

pig—in a piggish sense—I hold myself excepted;—and, although I did eat—and did also commend, yet I will not thank you, that's pofs.

I. SANCHO.

The papers are found, as you will fee:—here is one and a piece; it has suffered through ignorance;—but what cannot be cured, must be endured.

L E T T E R LII.

TO MR. R.—.

September 17, 1777.

MY RESPECTED FRIEND,

I FEEL myself guilty of an unmannerly neglect, in delaying to give my good Mrs. C—— some account of the little commissions she honoured me with.—You must exert your friendly influence, in making my peace with her;—not but that I well know mercy has the blest preponderancy in her scale—nor can kindness or mercy be

lodged in a fairer breast;—in faith, I am
 scarce half alive;—yet what really is alive
 about me—hungers to hear news from
 B——: first, how Mrs. C—— got down—
 and her good companion;—how her health
 is: tell her, I hope she left all her pains be-
 hind her;—if so, I believe I have taken
 possession of them all. Alas, my friend, I
 never was but half so bad before;—both feet
 knocked up at once; plenty of excruciating
 pains, and a great lack of patience.—Mrs.
 Sancho has had a blessed week of it;—for
 my companion did not contribute much to
 the sweetening my temper—it was the wash-
 ing-week, which you know made it a full
 chance and half better.—she was forced to
 break sugar, and attend shop.—God bless
 her, and reward her!—she is good—good in
 heart—good in principle—good by habit—
 good by Heaven! God forgive me, I had
 almost sworn.—Tell me how the ladies got
 down—how they do; and what they do;—
 how you do;—and how —— feels, now the
 broom is hung on his door top.—The
 certainty that B—— and his connexions are
 all alive and merry—will be a cure for my

gout—and thou shalt be sole doctor, as well as first friend, to thy ever obliged true friend.

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LIII.

TO MR. M——.

September 20, 1777

“What Reason warrants, and what Wisdom guides,
“All else is tow’ring frenzy, or rank folly.”

SO says Addison—

—And so well knoweth my friend I. M——.
Well, and what then? why it follows of course—that, instead of feeling myself delighted and gratefully thankful, for—I will and must speak out—yet if these kindnesses cost the pocket of my friend—they are not kindnesses to the Sanchos.—For innate goodness of heart—greatness of spirit—urbanity—humanity—temperance—justice—with the whole sweet list of heaven-born manly virtues.—I do, without flattery, give thee (and with

pride do I avouch it) credit—I respect thy
 person, and love thy principles;—but, my
 good M——, there is a prior duty—which I
 dare believe you will never willingly be de-
 ficient in—and yet your generosity of soul
 may let even such a worm as I break into it;
 —now, that should not be—for—take me
 right—I do not mean any thing derogatory
 to your rank in the world—or to the
 strength of your finances—what Sterne said
 of himself that think I of you—that you are
 as good a gentleman as the King—but not
 quite so rich.—I honor thy feelings—and
 am happy that I can honestly say, that I
 conceive them;—the joy of giving and mak-
 ing happy is almost the attribute of a God—
 and there is as much sweetness conveyed to
 the senses by doing a right well-natured deed,
 as our frame can consistently bear—*So much*
for chastisement—a pretty way of thanking!—
 Well, I have critically examined thy song—
 some parts I like well—as it is a maidenhead,
 it should be gently treated—But why N——
 Oh! Nature! A true passion is jealous even
 of the initials of its mistress's name.—Well,
 N——let it be—I will certainly attempt giv-

ing it a tune—such as I can—the first leisure—but it must undergo some little pruning when we meet.—I have had another little visit from the gout—and my hand yet remembers the rough salute; my spirits have been rather low.—Young's ninth night, the Consolation, has been my last week's study. It is almost divine;—how many times has it raised, warmed, and charmed me!—and is still new. I hope you found your mother and honest George as well as you wished—and had the full enjoyment of maternal and filial affections.—The girls are rampant—well—and Billy gains something every day.—The rogue is to excess fond of me—for which I pity him—and myself more.—My respects and kind enquiry to your old horse.—Tell him, I wish him better—and am a real friend to honest brutes—some I could almost envy.—To say I am rejoiced to hear you are better, is telling you no news—be but as well as I wish you—as rich—and as good—Sampson, Solomon, and the Duke de Penthievre, will never be comparisons more.—Adieu.

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

I am as melancholy—as a tea-kettle when it sings (as the maidens calls it) over a dead fire.

Oh!—but is it N—— indeed?—now don't you be after humming me; believe me, honey—if I never find out the truth, I shall know it for all that.

L E T T E R LIV.

TO MR. S——.

October 24, 1777.

I DENY it. That I ought to have acknowledged your favour two weeks ago I confess—but my silence was not so long—nor broad—nor rusty—nor fusty as yours.—Blithe health—festive hours—and social mirth—be thine, my friend! Thy letter, though late, was truly welcome—it unbended the brow of care—and suspended, for some hours, disagreeable thoughts.—By St. Radagunda! quoth I—(ramming my nostrils with Hardham) he has caught the mantle.—Alas, poor Yorick! oh! that thou

hadst, by divine permission, been suffered a little—little longer, amongst the moon-struck children of this namby-pamby world! Father of light and life! thy will be done;—but surely—half the wit—half the good sense—of this present age—were interred in Sterne's grave. His broad philanthropy—like the soul-cheering rays of the blessed sun, invested his happy spirit, and soared into Heaven with it—where, in progressive rise from bliss to bliss, he drinks in large draughts of rapture, love, and knowledge, and chants the praises of redeeming love, with joy unbounded, and unceasing vigour.—Your invocation has mounted me, Merry-Andrew like, upon stilts.—I ape you as monkeys ape men, by walking upon two.—That you have recovered the true tone of your health and spirits, I rejoice—to be happy in despite of fortune, shews the Philosopher—the Hero—the Christian. I must confess, my fortitude (which is wove of very flimsy materials) too oft gives way in the rough and unfriendly jostles of life:—Madam Fortune, who by the way is a bunter (and such I love not), has been particu-

larly cross and untoward to me since you left us. They say she is fond of fools—'tis false and scandalous—she hates me—and I have the vanity to say and believe—that if folly, sheer folly, had any charms—I should stand as fair in her esteem—as A. B. C. D. E. F—or any of Folly's family through the whole alphabet.—You halted at Burleigh—you did just what I wished you to do—and left it, I trust, as well in health as you entered that sweet mansion—stopp'd at Retford—and found your venerable parents well—and contributed to their happiness—increased their felicity by the many nice little attentions of filial love—which the good heart delights in—and even angels approve.—And how do the worthy souls of Hull and its environs?—Do they credit themselves by esteeming a good-enough kind of mortal?—You cannot imagine what hold little Billy gets of me—he grows—prattles—and every day learns something new—and by his good-will would be ever in the shop with me. The monkey! he clings round my legs—and if I chide him or look sour—he holds up his little mouth

to kiss me;—I know I am the fool—for parent's weakness is child's strength:—truth orthodox—which will hold good between lover and lovee—as well as
----- Mrs. Sancho and her virgins are so, so. Mr. Sancho, the virgins, well as youth and innocence, souls void of care and consciences of offence, can be.—Dame Sancho would be better if she cared less.—I am her barometer—if a sigh escapes me, it is answered by a tear in her eye;—I oft assume a gaiety to illumine her dear sensibility with a smile—which twenty years ago almost bewitched me;—and *mark!*—after twenty years enjoyment—constitutes my highest pleasure!—Such be your lot—with a competency—such as will make œconomy a pleasant acquaintance—temperance and exercise your chief physician—and the virtues of benevolence your daily employ—your pleasure and reward! And what more can friendship wish you?—but to glide down the stream of time—blest with a partner of congenial principles, and fine feelings—true feminine eloquence—whose very looks speak

tendernefs and fentiment.—Your infants
 growing—with the rofeate bloom of health
 —minds cultured by their father—expand-
 ing daily in every improvement—bleft little
 fouls!—and happy—happy parents!—fuch
 be thy lot in life—in marriage;—but take a
 virgin—or a maiden—to thy arms;—but—
 be that as thy fate wills it.—Now for news.
 —Two hours ago (in tolerable health and
 cheary fpirits) confidering his journey not
 fo fatigued as might be expected—followed
 by four fuperb carriages—their Royal High-
 nefses the Duke and Dutcheffs of Gloucefter
 arrived in town. As to America, if you
 know any thing at Hull, you know more
 than is known in London.—Samuel Foote,
 Efq; is dead—a leg was buried fome years
 fince—and now the whole *foote* follows.—
 I think you love a pun.—Colman is the
 gainer, as he covenanted to give him 1600*l.*
per annum, for his patent;—in fhort, Colman
 is happy in the bargain—and I truft Foote
 is no lofer.—I have feen poor Mr. de
 Groote but once—and then could not at-
 tend to fpeak with him, as I had customers
 in the fhop.—I waited by appointment for

Mr. ———, to get your honor's address—
and then three weeks before I could get
the franks—a fortnight since for Mr. ———
writing to you—I call this a string of beg-
garly apologies.—I told M——— you ex-
pected a line from him—he wanted faith.—
I made him read your letter—and what
then? “truly he was not capable—he had
no classical education—you write with ele-
gance—ease—propriety.”——Tut, quoth I,
pr'ythee give not the reins to pride—write
as I do—just the effusions of a warm though
foolish heart:—friendship will cast a veil of
kindness over thy blunders—they will be
accepted with a complacent smile—and read
with the same eye of kindness which in-
dulges now the errors of his sincere friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

A true Genius will always remember to
leave a space unwritten—to come in contact
with the wax or wafer—by which means the
reader escapes half an hour's puzzle to make
out a sentence;—and ever while you live—
never omit—no—not that—what?—what!
—dates! dates!—am not I a grocer?——Pun
the Second.

L E T T E R LV.

TO MRS. C——.

Charles Street, Nov. 5 1777.

NOW, whether to address—according to the distant, reserved, cold, mechanical forms of high-breeding—where polished manners, like a horse from the manage, prances fantastic—and, shackled with the rules of art, proudly despises simple nature;—or shall I, like the patient, honest, sober, long-ear'd animal, take plain Nature's path, and address you according to my feelings?—My dear friend—you wanted to know the reason I had never addressed a line to you;—the plain and honest truth is, I thought writing *at*—was better than writing *to* you;—that's one reason:—now a second reason is—I know my own weakness too well to encounter with your little friend—whom I fear as a critic—and envy as a writer:—another reason is—a case of conscience—which some time or other you may have explained:—reason the fourth—a secret—and so must

be—till the blessed year 1797 ;—and then, if you will deign to converse with an old friend—you shall know all.—Kitty sends her respects to Nutts—and her duty to her god-mother.—Billy looks wisely by turns—and will speak for himself—if you should ever come to town again.—The girls all improve in appetite. Mrs. Sancho is tolerably well—and I am yours very seriously,

I. SANCHO.

P. S. I wrote to my friend R——, and then made some modest demands upon your good-nature—There are a sort of people in the world (one or two in a large extent of country) rare enough to meet with—and you are one whom nature hath left entirely defenceless to the depredations of knaves ;—for my part, I own I have no remorse when I tax your good-nature—which proceeds from your having obliged me so much—that I think with the street paupers—when they cry —“ Good your Ladyship, give me something—you always used to remember your poor old woman !”—Well but to conclude

—we courtiers are all alive upon this great good news—the Queen, God bless her—safe;—another Princess—Oh the cake and cawdle!—Then the defeat of Washintub's army—and the capture of Arnold and Sullivan with seven thousand prisoners;—thirteen counties return to their allegiance;—all this news is believed—the delivery of her Majesty is certain—pray God the rest may be as certain—that this cursed carnage of the human species may end—commerce revive—sweet social peace be extended throughout the globe—and the British empire be strongly knit in the never-ending bands of sacred friendship and brotherly love!—Her good Grace of P———— is just arrived:—the gardens would look as they were wont—but for you. But to conclude—the little dance (which I like because I made it)—I humbly beg you will make Jacky play—and amongst you contrive a figure.—The Dutchess of ——— visits the Queen this evening—which being a piece of news you may credit—and of the utmost consequence—I close my very sensible decent epistle with—And so God bless you!—Pray tell Mr. K—— my thanks

for his obliging letter—and that I join him and all his friends in honest gladness—upon his brother's account.—I fear, also, he has had, and still has, too much practice.—I have this opinion of him, that his humanity will ever be found equal to his skill—and that he will be a credit to his profession—as well as a blessing to his patients.—My humble respects and best wishes attend Miss—— and Messieurs B—— and S——, &c.

The grand news is not yet officially authenticated—as no express is yet arrived from the Howes—the Isis man of war, which is supposed to have the dispatches, not being got in;—but the K——— and Cabinet believe the news to be true, though brought by hear-say—at sea.

L E T T E R LVI.

TO MR. S——.

December 20, 1777.

W I T H the old story of the Season, &c. &c. most sincerely, and amen.

When Royal David—in the intoxication
 of success and fullness of pride—imprudently
 insisted upon the numbering of his people—
 we are told, the Prophet was sent to announce
 the Divine displeasure—and to give him the
 choice of one of the three of the Almighty's
 heaviest punishments:—in his choice—he
 shewed both wisdom and true piety—you
 know the rest. — Now, my friend — thou
 knowest my weakness;—I sincerely believe
 the Sacred Writ—and of course look upon
 war in all its horrid arrangements as the bit-
 tereft curse that can fall upon a people; and
 this American one—as one of the very worst
 —of worst things:—that it is a just judge-
 ment, I do believe;—that the eyes of our
 rulers are shut, and their judgements stone-
 blind, I believe also.—The Gazette will give
 you a well-drest melancholy account—but
 you will see one thing in it which you will
 like—and that is, the humane solicitude of
 General Burgoyne—for the safety and good
 treatment indiscriminately of all his camp-
 artificers and attendants:—he is certainly a
 man of feeling—and I regard him more for
 the grandeur of his mind in adversity—than

I should in all the triumphal pomp of military madness.—But let me return, if possible, to my senses:—for God's sake! what has a poor starving Negroe, with six children, to do with kings and heroes, and armies and politics?—Aye, or poets and painters!—or artists—of any sort? quoth Monsieur S——. True—indubitably true.—For your letter, thanks—It should have come sooner—better late, &c. &c.—What have I to do with your good or evil fortune—health or sickness—weal or woe?—I am resolved from henceforth to banish feelings—Misanthrope from head to foot!—*Apropos*—not five minutes since I was interrupted, in this same letter of letters, by a pleasant affair—to a man of no feelings.—A fellow bolted into the shop with a countenance in which grief and fear struggled for mastery.—“Did you see any body go to my cart, Sir?”—“No, friend, how should I? you see I am writing—and how should I be able to see your cart or you either in the dark?”—“Lord in heaven pity me! cries the man, what shall I do? oh! what shall I do?—I am undone!—Good God!—I did but go

into the court here—with a trunk for the lady at Captain G———'s (I had two to deliver), and somebody has stole the other;—what shall I do?—what shall I do?”—“Zounds, man!—who ever left their cart in the night with goods in it, without leaving some one to watch?”—“Alack, Sir, I left a boy, and told him I would give him something to stand by the cart, and the boy and trunk are both gone!”—Oh nature!—oh heart!—why does the voice of distress so forcibly knock at the door of hearts—but to hint to pride and avarice our common kindred—and to alarm self-love?—Mark, I do think, and will maintain it—that self-love alone, if rightly understood, would make man all that a dying Redeemer wills he should be.—But this same stolen trunk;—the ladies are just gone out of my shop—they have been here holding a council—upon law and advertisements;—God help them!—they could not have come to a worse—nor could they have found a stupider or forrier adviser:—the trunk was seen parading between two in the Park—and I dare say the contents by this time are pretty well gutted.—Last Sunday I met, coming from church,

Mr. C——; he looks well, better than when you left him.—I took occasion, as we were prating about and about your worship—to pin Mr. de Groote's interest upon the skirts of his feelings:—he desired, when I saw him next, I would send him into Crown-street—which I religiously performed, but have not seen Mr. de Groote since;—in truth, there is (despight of his nose) so much of the remains of better times—somewhat of the gentleman and artist in ruins—something creative of reverence as well as pity—that I have wished to do more than I ought—though at the same time too little for such a being to receive without insult from the hands of a poor Negroe—(pooh, I do not care for your prancings, I can see you at this distance).—We have agreed upon one thing;—which is, I have undertaken to write to Mr. G—— for him, in the way of local relief;—I will wager a tankard of porter I succeed in some sort;—I will aim at both sides of him—his pity and his pride—which, alas!—the last I mean, finds a first floor in the breast of every son of Adam. S—— called on me this day, and left a picture for

you at your lodgings—and a very spirited head in miniature, of your own doing, with me—which I like so well—you will find it difficult to get it from me—except you talk of giving me a copy—Self-love again!—How can you expect business in these hard times—when the utmost exertions of honest industry can scarce afford people in the middle sphere of life daily provisions?—When it shall please the Almighty that things shall take a better turn in America—when the conviction of their madness shall make them court peace—and the same conviction of our cruelty and injustice induce us to settle all points in equity—when that time arrives, my friend, America will be the grand patron of genius—trade and arts will flourish—and if it shall please God to spare us till that period—we will either go and try our fortunes there—or stay in Old England and talk about it.—While thou hast only one mouth to feed—one back to cloath—and one wicked member to indulge—thou wilt have no pity from me—excepting in the argument of health. May that cordial blessing be thine—with its sweet companion ease!—Peace follows recti-

tude—and what a plague would'st thou have more?—Write soon if thou dar'st—retort at thy peril—boy—girls—and the old Duchefs, all pretty well—and fo, fo, is yours,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R LVII.

TO J. S———, Esq.

Charles Street, December 26, 1777.

I HAD the favor of a letter—replete with kindness which I can never deserve—and have juſt now received the valuable contents—of which ſaid letter was harbinger—without either ſurprize or emotion—ſave a kind of grateful tickling of the heart—the child of reſpect—and I believe twin-brother of gratitude.—Now had I heard of an A—hb—p (at this ſacred ſeaſon eſpecially)—gladdening the hearts of the poor, aged and infirm—with good cheer—informing the minds of the young with Chriſtian precepts, and re-

forming his whole See by his pious example—that would have surprized me:—had I been informed of a truly great man—who, laying aside party and self-interest, dared to step forth the advocate of truth, and friend to his country; or had any one told me of a lord—who was wise enough to live within bounds—and honest enough to pay his debts—why it would have surpriz'd me indeed.—But I have been well informed there is a Mr. S—— at Bury—and I think I have seen the gentleman—who lives in a constant course of doing beneficent actions—and, upon these occasions, the pleasure he feels constitutes him the obliged party.—You, good Sir, ought of course to thank me—for adding one more to the number you are pleased to be kind to—so pray remember, good Sir, that my thanks—(however due in the eye of gratitude) I conceive to be an act of supererogation—and expect that henceforth you will look upon the Sancho's—as a family that have a rightful call upon your notice.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in repetition of the customary wishes.—Give me credit for having a heart which feels your kindness as it

ought.—That Heaven may lengthen your days for the good of mankind—and grant every wish of your heart—is the true conclusion of

Your greatly obliged

and respectful humble servant,

B. SANCHO.

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO MR. F——.

Charles Street, January 27, 1778.

FULL heartily and most cordially do I thank thee, good Mr. F——, for your kindness in sending the books—that upon the unchristian and most diabolical usage of my brother Negroes—the illegality—the horrid wickedness of the traffic—the cruel carnage and depopulation of the human species—is painted in such strong colours—that I should think would (if duly attended to) flash conviction, and produce remorse, in every

enlightened and candid reader.—The perusal affected me more than I can express;—indeed I felt a double or mixt sensation—for while my heart was torn with the sufferings which—for aught I know—some of my nearest kin might have undergone—my bosom, at the same time, glowed with gratitude and praise toward the humane—the Christian—the friendly and learned Author of that most valuable book.—Blest be your sect!—and Heaven's peace be upon them!—I, who, thank God! am no bigot—but honour virtue and the practice of the great moral duties equally in the turban or the lawn-sleeves—who think Heaven big enough for all the race of man—and hope to see and mix amongst the whole family of Adam in bliss hereafter—I with these notions (which, perhaps, some may style absurd) look upon the friendly Author—as a being far superior to any great name upon your continent.—I could wish that every member of each house of parliament had one of these books.—And if his Majesty perused one through before breakfast—though it might spoil his appetite—yet the consciousness of having it in his power to

facilitate the great work—would give an additional sweetness to his tea.—Phyllis's poems do credit to nature—and put art—merely as art—to the blush.—It reflects nothing either to the glory or generosity of her master—if she is still his slave—except he glories in the *low vanity* of having in his wanton power a mind animated by Heaven—a genius superior to himself. The list of splendid, titled, learned names, in confirmation of her being the real authoress, alas! shews how very poor the acquisition of wealth and knowledge are—without generosity—feeling—and humanity.—These good great folks all knew—and perhaps admired—nay, praised Genius in bondage—and then, like the Priests and the Levites in sacred writ, passed by—not one good Samaritan amongst them.—I shall be ever glad to see you—and am, with many thanks,

Your most humble servant.

IGNATIUS SANCIO.

L E T T E R LIX.

TO MR. W——E.

Charles Street, March 12, 1778.

WILL you forgive me—if I take the liberty to trouble you with getting my enclosed plan inserted in the General Advertiser, or Morning Intelligencer, as speedily as they conveniently can, if after you have perused it, you think it admissible?—if not, destroy it; for I have not yet vanity sufficient to think whatever I privately approve must of course be approveable.—I send you the copy of what real affection made me draw up for the late unfortunate Dr. Dodd * (which, as it never was inserted, I must believe the learned editor thought it too insignificant for the laudable service it was

* Mr. Sancho also wrote to Dr. Dodd when in prison.

meant to help).—My respects attend your whole family.—I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

I prefer Mr. Parker's paper for many reasons;—let me have your opinion of my plan—for, in serious truth, I think it ought to be put in execution.

For THE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Palace Yard, March 12, 1778.

S I R,

THE Romans were wont to decree public honors on the man who was so fortunate as to save the life of a citizen; a noble act of policy, founded on true humanity, to stimulate the endeavours of every individual towards acts of benevolence and brotherly regard to each other. Actuated by zeal to my prince, and love to my coun-

try—I mean to deserve well of both, by publishing, through the channel of your paper, a plan for greatly diminishing the national debt; or, in case a war with the House Bourbon should be inevitable, for raising three or four years supplies, without oppressing the merchant, mechanic, or labouring husbandman; in short, without abridging one needful indulgence, or laying any fellow-subject under the least self-denying restraint.

Mr. Editor, we all know that in noble families plate is merely ideal wealth—and in very many houses of your first connexions and over-grown fortunes, there are vast quantities of it old and useless, kept merely for the antiquity of its fashion, and the ostentatious proof of the grandeur of ancestry. Our neighbours the French (if I mistake not) in the last war had the spirit (when the treasures of their Grand Monarque were nearly exhausted) to send their plate generously to the mint, in aid of national honour and security. Their churchmen have often shewn the laity the glorious example of aiding the state. We, to our immortal honour, have never yielded them the

palm in courage, wisdom, or gallantry. Let every gentleman, whose landed property exceeds 500*l. per annum*, give up, without reserve, his useful family plate, all except knives, forks, and spoons, which may be deemed useful and necessary. I trust, such is the exalted spirit of the British nobility and gentry, that they will resign with chearfulness what they can so well do without. Should this meet (as I hope it will) with the chearful assent of the public, let the quantities, so nobly given, be printed against the names of the patriotic donors, as a lasting testimony of their zeal for the public good, and a glorious proof of the internal riches of this queen of isles!

AFRICANUS.

To the Editor of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

I AM one of the many who have been often edified by the graceful eloquence and truly Christian doctrine of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.—As a Divine, he had, and still has, my love and reverence; his faults I regret; but, alas! I feel myself too guilty to cast a stone: justice has her claims;—but Mercy, the anchor of my hope, inclines me to wish he might meet with Royal clemency—his punishments have already been pretty severe!—the loss of Royal favor—the cowardly attacks of malicious buffoonry—and the over-strained zeal for rigid justice in the prosecution.—Oh! would to God the reverend bishops, clergy, &c. would join in petitioning the Throne for his life!—it would save the holy order from indignity, and even the land itself from the reproach of making too unequal distinctions in punishments. He might, by the rectitude of his future life, and due exertion of his

matchless powers, be of infinite service—as chaplain to the poor convicts on the river, which would be a punishment, and, at the same time, serve for a proof or test of his contrition—and the sincerity of a zeal he has often manifested (in the pulpit) for the service of true Religion—and he may rise the higher by his late fall—and do more real service to the thoughtless and abandoned culprits, than a preacher, whose character might perhaps be deemed spotless. If this hint should stimulate a pen, or heart, like the good B——p of Chester's, to exert itself in the behalf of a man who has formerly been alive to every act of heaven-born charity—the writer of this will have joy, even in his last moments, in the reflection that he paid a mite of the vast debt he owes Dr. Dodd as a preacher.

I——— S———,

L E T T E R L X.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, April 9, 1778.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE to thank you for repeated favors—and I do most sincerely.—You have a pleasure in doing acts of kindness—I wish from my soul that your example was more generally imitated.—I have given to the care of Mr. W—— one of Giardini's benefit-tickets—which I present not to you, Madam, but to Mr. H——, that he may judge of fiddlers' taste and fiddlers' consequence in our grand metropolis—the ticket was a present from the great Giardini to the lowly Sancho—and I offer it as a tribute of musical affection to thy worthy partner—and with it, to both, the sincerest best wishes and respects of their much obliged servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. J——W——E.

May 4, 1778.

MY DEAR W——E,

YOUR short letter gave me much pleasure—which would have been enlarged, had your epistle been longer;—but I make allowances—as I ought—for the number of friends who wish equally with me—and expect to be gratified. You are greatly fortunate in enjoying your health—for which I doubt not but you are truly thankful to the Almighty Giver.—As to your success, it is the best comment upon your conduct;—for rectitude of principle and humble deportment, added to strict attention and good-nature, must make even fools and knaves wish you well—though envy will mix itself with the transient kindness of such—but with such noble natures as you went out happily connected with, you are every day sowing the good seeds of your future

fortune.—I hope to live to see you return—the comfort and honor of your good father and family;—but observe—I do not wish you half a million, clogged with the tears and blood of the poor natives;—no—a decent competence got with honesty—and that will keep increasing like the widow's cruse, and descend down to posterity with accumulated blessings.—You desire to transfer your share in me to your brother Joe;—now be it known to you—Joe has interest sufficient in his own natural right with me, to secure him every attention in my poor power. But you flatter, my good friend—though your flattery carries a good excuse with it—you flatter the poor.

I say nothing of politics—I hate such subjects;—the public papers will inform you of mistakes—blood—taxes—misery—murder—the obstinacy of a few—and the madness and villainy of a many.—I expect a very, very long letter from you—in answer to a sermon I wrote you last year.—Miss —— is still divinely fair;—she is a good girl, but no match for Nabobs.—Mrs. C—— is as handsome as ever—and R—— as friendly.

God bless them! feasting or fasting! sleeping or waking! May God's providence watch over and protect them—and all such!—Your brother Frank is a sweet boy—a painter, who would wish to draw a cherub, will find no fitter subject.—The C——ds—but what have I to do with good people, who will of course all write for themselves?—so let them.—Your father—Oh Jack! what a cordial!—what a rich luxury is it to be able to contribute, by well-doing, to a father's, nay a whole family of kindred love, and heart-felt affection! what a bliss to add to all their happiness—and to insure your own at the same time!—May this high pleasure be thine! and may the God of truth and fountain of all good enrich thy heart and head with his spirit and wisdom—crown your labours with success—and guard you from avarice—ambition—and every Asiatic evil—so that your native land may receive you with riches and honor—your friends with true joy—heightened with sincere respect! So wishes—so prophecies—thy true friend and obliged servant,

I. SANCHO.

IGNATIUS SANCHO. 171

L E T T E R LXII.

Charles-Street, May 9, 1778.

TO MISS C——.

TH E Sanchos—in full synod—humbly present their respectful compliments to the good Mrs. C—— and Miss —— (what a C——!) are happy in hearing they got well into Suffolk—that they continue so—and enjoy the beauties of this sweetest of seasons—with its attendant dainties—fresh butter—sweet milk—and the smiles of boon nature—on hill and dale—fields and groves—shepherds piping—milk-maids dancing—and the chearful respondent carolings of artless joy in the happy husbandmen.—Should you perchance rise early in pursuit of May dew—I earnestly make it my request—you will save—and bring to town a little bottle of it for my particular use.—Happy—

thrice happy nymphs—!—be merciful to the poor hapless swains. The powerful little god of mischief and delight now—at this blest season—prunes his beauteous wings—new feathers and sharpens his arrows—tight strings his bow—and takes too sure his aim.—Oh! lads, beware the month of May. For you, blest girls—nature, decked out as in a birth-day suit, courts you with all its sweets where-e'er you tread—the grass and wanton flowerets fondly kiss your feet—and humbly bow their pretty heads—to the gentle sweepings of your under-petticoats—the soft and amorous southern breezes toy with your curls, and uncontroll'd steal numberless kisses—the blackbirds and thrushes suspend their songs—and eye beauty and humanity with pleasure;—and, could their hearts be read, thank most sincerely the generous fair hands that fed them in the winter;—the cuckoo sings on every tree the joys of married life—the shrubbery throws out all its sweets to charm you—though, alas! an unlucky parclipsepliviamontis seizes my imagination—my brains are on the ferment—Miss C—— will excuse me.—Make my

best wishes to Mrs. C——, tell her I hope she rides and walks in moderation—eats heartily, and laughs much—sleeps soundly, dreams happily—that she—you—my R—— and your connxions—may enjoy the good of this life without its evil—is the true Black-amoor wish of

I. SANCHEO.

Now mark, this is not meant as a letter—no—it is an address to the ladies.—Pray our best respects to Mr. and Mrs. B——; it is an address to Spring-birds and flowers—and when you see Johnny, our loves—it is a caution to the swains against the popery of Love.—The K—— and Q—— are just now returned from Portsmouth.—I said nothing in regard to the month by way of advice to the ladies.—The Spectator—blessings on his memory—has.—They say the Royal chaise was covered with dirt—even the very glasses.—Quistus Quirini—was found very late last night.—Nothing broke—except the hemmings of advantage.—They say the Queen never looked better.—But what amaz'd most people—both the Royal postillions rode the off-horses—which it is ex-

pected the Gazette of this night will explain—Adieu.

Is not that—a good one.

From the PUBLIC ADVERTISER of
May 13th, 1778.

Inserted unknown to Mr. Sancho.

TO MR. B——.

DEAR SIR,

I COULD not see Mr. de Groote till this morning—he approached the threshold—poor man—in very visible illness;—yet, under the pressure of a multitude of infirmities—he could not forget his recent humane benefactor. With faltering speech he enquired much who you were;—and, in the conclusion, put up his most earnest petitions to the Father of Mercies in your behalf—which (if the prayers of an indigent genius have as much efficacy as those of a fat bishop).

I should hope and trust you may one day be the better for.—He is in direct descent from the famous Hugo Grotius by the father's side.—His own mother was daughter to Sir Thomas Hesketh. He married the widow Marchioness de Melaspina.—His age is 86; he had a paralytic stroke—and has a rupture.—His eyes are dim, even with the help of spectacles.—In truth, he comes close to Shakspeare's description in his last age of man—"Sans teeth—sans eyes—sans taste—
"sans every thing."

He has the honour to be known to Dr. Johnson—and the luck to be sometimes remembered by Mr. Garrick.—If you help him—you do yourself a kindness—me a pleasure—and he, poor soul, a good—which he may one time throw in your teeth—in that country where good actions are in higher estimation than stars—ribbons—or crowns.

Yours, most respectfully,

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

He lodges at N^o 9, New Pye-Street, Westminster.

LETTER LXIII.

TO MR. R——.

MY good friend, take my thanks for your kind attention;—and, believe me, I am exceedingly mortified at being thus thrust forward in the public prints.—You may observe, by what has happened to me, how very difficult it is to do even a right thing, so as to escape uneasiness.—Trust me, this same letter (though wrote, I dare say, with the kindest intention imaginable) will do me hurt in the opinion of many;—I therefore repeat, I like it not—and dare own to my friend R—— it hurts my pride.—You may laugh—but it's truth.—The drawing was gone to my friend S——, but I recovered it in time.—Hope the ladies are well—and that it will amuse them for a few moments. The young man who invented the design is no artist—but I think he has genius.

LETTER LXIV.

TO MISS C——.

May 14, 1778.

WHAT terms shall I find to express my gratitude to the obliging, the friendly Miss C——, for the pleasure we enjoyed from the contents of the best letter that has been wrote this good year?—You, who delight to please, will also feel high satisfaction in knowing you have succeeded.—We hope the change of weather has had no ill effect upon our friend—and that she will adhere to her promise in remembering how ill she has been—and that it is too probable any cold got by over-exertion or fatigue may occasion a relapse. We have had much thunder and rain this morning—and, if old saws say true, we are to expect a continuance of about thirty-seven days good ducking.

weather;—we will leave it to the all-wise Disposer of events, with this comfortable reflection—that whatever he wills—is best. —We are happy to hear such an account of the ———; she especially, as very likely a good course of fatigue, sweetened with gain, may contribute as much to her health as her pleasure, and re-establish her perfectly.—We have nothing stirring in the news way, or any other way:—the town is literally empty, saving a few sharks of both sexes, who are too poor to emigrate to the camps or watering-places, and so are forced to prey upon one another in town.—I protest, it is to me the most difficult of things to write to one of your female geniuses;—there is a certain degree of cleverality (if I may so call it), an easy kind of derangement of periods, a gentleman-like — fashionable — careless — seesaw of dialogue—which I know no more of than you do of cruelty.—I write as I think—foolishly—and you write well—why?—because you think well.—So much for praise—compliment—flattery, &c.—My respects attend Mr. B—— and Mrs. S—— and Mrs. ———. Tell Miss A——s, one of us will come to see

her—perhaps.—I have received a kind letter from my good friend the doctor—and one also for the surgeon to the guards, dated New York, June 12:—he thinks the commissioners might have saved themselves the trouble, as they are like to come back just as wise as they went.—The Panton-Street good folks are well, for what I know—not having seen them since I last had the honor of addressing Mrs. C——. Adieu.—Our best respects—with Kitty's and Billy's in particular—attend Monsieur Nuts*;—pray tell him so—with all civility;—he deserves it on the score of his own merits—were it not even so—yet surely, I think, we should regard him for the sake of our friend.

Mrs. Sancho joins me, in every thing to Self and Co.

Yours, dear Miss C——,

with zeal and esteem,

IGN. SANCHE.

* A favourite Spaniel.

L E T T E R L X V.

TO MR. I——.

May 22, 1778.

DEAR SIR,

I CLAIM your indulgence—and modestly insist upon your help.—The companions to this billet are the hobby-horses of a young man that I respect.—Darley has used him with less attention than he ought—having kept the press affair above a month—and done nothing—so he is (of course) out of favor.—I want first your approbation—that gained, I wish your interest, to get them speedily into the world;—there are some inaccuracies in both—which any regular artist will amend.—As my friend is self-taught, his errors must be excused.—I wish I could wait upon you;—but my stiff joint—my leg—is so unwell, that at present I must give up any hopes of that pleasure.—I hope Mrs.

I——'s health is perfectly restored.—I should wish to win her over to our interests in the affairs before you: in good faith, I like the subject myself—and can fancy I discern something like wit in both of them.—Forgive and assist yours faithfully,

SANCHEO the Big.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR. H——.

Charles Street, Westminster, May 31, 1778.

THE Sanchonian chapter of enquiries, dictated by an esteem nearly bordering upon affection (perhaps as warmly sincere as most modern friendships), runs thus—How do you do? Are you the better for your journey? Did the exercise create any amendment of appetite? Was your travelling party agreeable? And how did you find the good couple?—The sweet sensations arising from the sight of those we love, the reviewing the places, either houses, fields, hedges,

stiles, or posts, of our early morn of life acquaintance, the train of pleasurable ideas awakened, are more salutary than the college of grave faces.—Tell me much about yourself—and more about your honored parents, whom I hope you found as well as you wished—your kindred at Lancaster, to whom my hearty wishes—and to all who have charity enough to admit dark faces into the fellowship of Christians.—Say much for me to your good father and mother—in the article of respect thou canst not exaggerate;—excepting conjugal, there are no attentions so tenderly heart-soothing as the parental.—Amidst the felicity of thy native fields, may'st thou find health, and diffuse pleasure round the respectable circle of thy friends!—No news—but that Keppel is in chace of de-Chartres.

Yours truly,

I. SANCHO.

If you can afford a line, inclose it in the inclosed.—Mrs. Sancho and girls wish you every pleasure.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. M——.

June 10, 1778.

“ ’Tis with our judgements as our watches—none

“ Go just alike—yet each believes his own.”

POPE.

SO, my wise critic—blessings on thee,—
and thanks for thy sagacious discovery!—
Sterne, it seems, stole his grand outline of
character from Fielding—and who did Field-
ing plunder? thou criticizing jack-ape!—
As to S——, perhaps you may be right—
not absolutely right—nor quite so very *alto-*
gether wrong—but that’s not my affair.—
Fielding and Sterne both copied Nature.—
their palettes stored with proper colours of
the brightest dye—these masters were both
great originals—their outline correct—bold.
—and free—Human Nature was their sub-
ject—and though their colouring was widely
different, yet *here* and there some features in
each might bear a little resemblance—some.

faint likenesses to each other—as for example—in your own words—Toby and Allworthy—the external drapery of the two are as wide as the poles—their hearts—perhaps—twins of the same blessed form and principles ;—but for the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ*, you must strain hard, my friend, before you can twist them into likenesses sufficient to warrant the censure of copying.—Parson Adams is yet more distant—his chief feature is absence of thought. The world affords me many such instances—but in the course of my reading, I have not met with his likenesses, except in mere goodness of heart—in that, perhaps, Jack M—— may equal him—but then he is so confounded jingle-headed !—Read, boy, read—give Tom Jones a second *fair* reading !—Fielding's wit is obvious—his humour poignant—dialogue just, and truly dramatic—colouring quite nature—and keeping chaste.—Sterne equals him in every thing; and in one thing excels him and all mankind—which is the distribution of his lights; which he has so artfully varied throughout his work, that, the oftener they are examined, the more beautiful they

appear.—They were two great masters, who painted for posterity—and, I prophesy, will charm to the end of the English speech.—If Sterne has had any one great master in his eye—it was Swift, his countryman—the first wit of this or any other nation;—but there is this grand difference between them—Swift excels in grave-faced irony—whilst Sterne lashes his whips with jolly laughter.—I could wish you to compare (after due attentive reading) Swift and Sterne—Milton and Young—Thomson and Akenfide—and then give your free opinion to yours ever.

I. SANCHE.

I want a handful or two of good fresh peach leaves—contrive to send me them when opportunity serves—and word, at the first leisure period, how Miss *Anne Sister-like*—George *Grateful-look*—Mrs. &c. &c.—and how your worship's hip does.—You had set up my bristles in such guise—in attacking poor Sterne—that I had quite forgot to give you a flogging for your punning grocery epistle—but omittance is no quittance.—Swift and Sterne were different in this—Sterne was truly a noble philanthropist—Swift

was rather cynical;—what Swift would fret and fume at—such as the petty accidental *sour-ings* and *bitters* in life's cup—you plainly may see, Sterne would laugh at—and parry off by a larger humanity, and regular good-will to man. I know you will laugh at me—do—I am content;—if I am an enthusiast in any thing, it is in favor of my Sterne.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR. J—— W——.

1778.

YOUR good father insists on my scribbling a sheet of absurdities, and gives a notable reason for it—that is, ‘Jack will be pleased with it.’—Now be it known to you—I have a respect both for father and son—yea, for the whole family, who are every soul (that I have the honour or pleasure to know any thing of) tinctured and leavened with all the obsolete goodness of old times—so that a man runs some hazard, in being seen in the W——e’s society, of being biaſſed to Christianity.—I never see your poor father—but his eyes betray his feelings—for the hopeful youth in India—a tear of joy dancing upon

the lids—is a plaudit not to be equalled this
 side death!—See the effects of right-doing, my
 worthy friend; continue in the tract of recti-
 tude—and despise poor paltry Europeans—
 titled Nabobs.—Read your Bible—as day
 follows night, God's blessing follows virtue;
 —honour and riches bring up the rear—and
 the end is peace.—Courage, my boy—I have
 done preaching.—Old folks love to seem
 wise—and if you are silly enough to corre-
 spond with grey hairs—take the consequence.
 —I have had the pleasure of reading most of
 your letters, through the kindness of your
 father.—Youth is naturally prone to vanity:
 such is the weakness of human nature, that
 pride has a fortress in the best of hearts.—I
 know no person that possesses a better than
 Johnny W.—;—but although flattery is
 poison to youth, yet truth obliges me to con-
 fess that your correspondence betrays no
 symptom of vanity—but teems with truths of
 an honest affection—which merits praise—
 and commands esteem.

In some of your letters which I do not
 recollect, you speak (with honest indigna-
 tion) of the treachery and chicanery of the

natives *.—My good friend, you should remember from whom they learnt those vices : —the first Christian visitors found them a simple, harmless people —but the cursed avidity for wealth urged these first visitors (and all the succeeding ones) to such acts of deception—and even wanton cruelty—that the poor ignorant natives soon learnt to turn the knavish and diabolical arts which they soon imbibed—upon their teachers.

I am sorry to observe that the practice of your country (which as a resident I love—and for its freedom, and for the many blessings I enjoy in it, shall ever have my

* Extracts of two letters from Mr. W——e to his Father, dated Bombay, 1776 and 1777.

“ 1776. I have introduced myself to Mr. G—, who
 “ behaved very friendly in giving me some advice, which
 “ was very necessary, as the inhabitants, who are chiefly
 “ Blacks, are a set of canting, deceitful people, and of
 “ whom one must have great caution.”

“ 1777. I am now thoroughly convinced, that the ac-
 “ count which Mr. G——— gave me of the natives of
 “ this country is just and true; that they are a set of de-
 “ ceitful people, and have not such a word as Gratitude in
 “ their language, neither do they know what it is;—and
 “ as to their dealings in trade, they are like unto Jews.”

warmest wishes—prayers—and blessings ;) I say, it is with reluctance that I must observe your country's conduct has been uniformly wicked in the East—West Indies—and even on the coast of Guinea.—The grand object of English navigators—indeed of all Christian navigators—is money—money—money—for which I do not pretend to blame them.—Commerce was meant, by the goodness of the Deity, to diffuse the various goods of the earth into every part—to unite mankind in the blessed chains of brotherly love—society—and mutual dependence:—the enlightened Christian should diffuse the riches of the Gospel of peace—with the commodities of his respective land.—Commerce, attended with strict honesty—and with Religion for its companion—would be a blessing to every shore it touched at.—In Africa, the poor wretched natives—blessed with the most fertile and luxuriant soil—are rendered so much the more miserable for what Providence meant as a blessing:—the Christians' abominable traffic for slaves—and the horrid cruelty and treachery of the petty Kings—encouraged by their Christian customers—

who carry them strong liquors, to enflame their national madnefs—and powder and bad fire arms, to furnish them with the hellish means of killing and kidnapping.—But enough—it is a subject that fours my blood—and I am fure will not please the friendly bent of your focial affections.—I mention thefe, only to guard my friend againft being too hafty in condemning the knavery of a people, who, bad as they may be—poffibly were made worfe by their Chriftian vifitors.—Make human nature thy ftudy wherever thou refideft—whatever the religion or the complexion, ftudy their hearts.—Simplicity, kindnefs, and charity, be thy guide;—with thefe, even Savages will refpect you—and God will blefs you!

Your father—who fees every improvement of his boy with delight—obferves that your hand-writing is much for the better;—in truth, I think it as well as any modeft man can wifh:—if my long epiftles do not frighten you—and I live till the return of next fpring—perhaps I fhall be enabled to judge how much you are improved fince your laft favour.—Write me a deal about the natives—

the soil and produce—the domestic and interior manners of the people—customs—prejudices—fashions—and follies.—Alas! we have plenty of the two last here—and what is worse, we have politics—and a detestable Brothers war—where the right hand is hacking and hewing the left—whilst Angels weep at our madness—and Devils rejoice at the ruinous prospect.

Mr. R—— and the ladies are well.—Johnny R—— has favoured me with a long letter; he is now grown familiar with danger—and can bear the whistling of bullets—the cries and groans of the human species—the roll of drums—clangor of trumpets—shouts of combatants—and thunder of cannon—all these he can bear with soldier-like fortitude—with now and then a secret wish for the society of his London friends—in the sweet blessed security of peace and friendship.

This, young man, is my second letter;—I have wrote till I am stupid, I perceive—I ought to have found it out two pages back.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in good wishes—I

join her in the same ;—in which double sense believe me,

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

Postscript.

(Very short.)

It is with sincere pleasure I hear you have a lucrative establishment—which will enable you to appear and act with decency ;—your good sense will naturally lead you to proper œconomy—as distant from frigid parsimony, as from a heedless extravagancy ;—but as you may possibly have some time to spare upon your hands for necessary recreation—give me leave to obtrude my poor advice.—I have heard it more than once observed of fortunate adventurers—they have come home enriched in purse—but wretchedly barren in intellects :—the mind, my dear Jack, wants food—as well as the stomach ;—why then should not one wish to increase in knowledge as well as money ?—Young says —“ Books are fair Virtue’s advocates and friends :”—now my advice is—to preserve about 20/ a year for

two or three seasons—by which means you may gradually form a useful, elegant, little library.—Suppose now the first year you send the order and the money to your father—for the following books—which I recommend from my own superficial knowledge as useful.—A man should know a little of Geography—History, nothing more useful, or pleasant.

Robertson's Charles the Fifth, 4 vols.

Goldsmith's History of Greece, 2 vols

Ditto, of Rome, 2 vols.

Ditto, of England, 4 vols.

Two small volumes of Sermons—useful—and very sensible—by one Mr. Williams, a dissenting minister—which are as well as fifty—for I love not a multiplicity of doctrines—a few plain tenets—easy—simple and directed to the heart—are better than volumes of controversial nonsense.—Spectators—Guardians—and Tatlers—you have of course.—Young's Night-Thoughts—Milton—and Thomson's Seasons were my summer companions for near twenty years—they mended my heart—they improved my veneration

to the Deity—and increased my love to my neighbours.

You have to thank God for strong natural parts—a feeling humane heart;—you write with sense and judicious discernment. Improve yourself, my dear Jack, that if it should please God to return you to your friends with the fortune of a man in upper rank, the embellishments of your mind may be ever considered as greatly superior to your riches—and only inferior to the goodness of your heart. I give you the above as a sketch—your father and other of your friends will improve upon it in the course of time—I do indeed judge that the above is enough at first—in conformity with the old adage——“A few Books and a few Friends, and those well chosen.” Adieu. Yours,

H. SANCHO.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

TO MR. R——.

July 16, 1773.

DEAR M——,

S*** is a riddle—I will serve him if I can—were I rich, he should have no reason to despise me—but he must learn to try to serve himself—I wish you would throw your good sense upon paper for him—advice from one of his own years would sink deeper than the fusty phlegmatic saws of an old man—do, in charity, give him half an hour's labour—I do really think that you and S*** have sense enough for a dozen young fellows—and if it pleased God it were so divided—they would each be happier, wiser, and richer, than S*** or M——. And this by the way of thanking you—pooh—will do that when I see you—and if that never happens, a good action thanks itself.—Mr. Garrick called upon S—— on Tuesday night, and won his heart; he called to pay poor de

Groote's lodgings, sat with him some time, and chatted friendly.

I admire your modesty in grudging me two letters for one—and greasing me with the fulsoms of sneering praise—Sirrah, be quiet—what, you Snoodle-poop! have you any care—wife—or family? You ought to write volumes—it gives expansion to your thoughts—facility to your invention—ease to your diction—and pleases your Friend,

SANCHO.

Write, Knave—or—or—or—

L E T T E R L X I X .

TO MRS. C——.

July 23, 1778.

DEAR MADAM,

S H A L L I acknowledge myself a weak superstitious Fool? Yes, I will tell the honest truth—you have this foolish letter in consequence of a last night's dream—Queen Mab has been with me—aye, and with Mrs.

Sancho too—for my part, I dare not reveal half my dream—but upon telling our night's visions over the tea-table at breakfast—it was judged rather uncommon for us all to dream of the same party.—Now, I own, I have great reason to dream of you waking—for you have been a true and uncommon friend to me and mine—neither have I the least objection to these nightly visits, so as I have the pleasure to meet you (though but in vision) in good health. Thy health is the very thing that I doubt about—therefore graciously let us know by the next post that you are well, and mean to take every prudent step so to continue. That you have left off tea, I do much approve of—but insist that you make your visitors drink double quantity—that I may be no loser. I hope you find cocoa agree with you—it should be made always over-night, and boiled for above fifteen minutes; but you must caution Miss C—not to drink it—for there is nothing so fattening to little folks. The R—ns waylaid my friend R—, and pressed Dame Sancho and self into the service last Sunday—we had a good and social dinner; and Mrs.

Sancho forced me to stay supper—I think the Doctor looks as well as I ever saw him—indeed I could read in his chearful countenance that he left you well—I do not doubt but you have paid a visit to the camp—and seen brother O—— in his glory—I hope he will have regard to his health, and for profit I do think it must answer better to him than to (almost) any other man in the country. Pray be so kind to make our best respects to Miss A——s, and to every one who delighteth in Blackamoor greetings. — We have no news but old lies—scoured and turned like misers coats which serve very well. We gape and swallow—wonder and look wise—conjurers over a news-paper, and blockheads at home.—Adieu! let me hear that you are very well; it will please Mrs. Sancho; and, if I know any thing of her husband, it will be no less pleasing to your much obliged humble servant and friend,

IGN. SANCHO.

N. B. I walk upon two legs now.

Our best respects to Miss C——, hope she is intent upon camp fashions; but cau-

tion her, in my name, to be on her guard. Cupid resides in camp by choice. Oh, Miss C——! beware—beware of the little God.

I. S.

Now this is writing to Miss C——.

L E T T E R LXX.

TO MR. K——.

July 23, 1778.

I RECEIVED yours with satisfaction, as it gave me a certainty of your being (upon the whole) much better. As to your saying you are not girlishly inclined—why, I give you credit for it.—Thou must watch—and pray—for Satan is artful, and knoweth all our weak parts—and that dirty little blind feathered-shouldered scoundrel of a boy, master Cupid—lurks couchant—in the pupil of an eye—in the hollow of a dimple—in the cherry-ripe plumpness of a pair of lips—in the artfully timid pressure of a fair hand—in the complimentary squeeze of a

farewell—in short, and in one word, watch—watch.

So you forgot all I said about Charles the Fifth—well, you gave your reasons—but when you have got through your sugar-works—I hope you will give due attention to Robertson:—his first volume is the most learned, and the driest, yet absolutely necessary to be read with great attention—as it will render the other much more easy, clear, and intelligible—make yourself tolerably acquainted with the feudal system of Europe, which you will find explained in his first volume—the rest will amply reward you.—I recommend to you to make extracts upon the passages which strike you most—it will be of infinite use to you—as I trust you will find it as much a history of Europe during two centuries, as of Charles the Fifth.—After all, I shall fume and scold if you do not read this work—and abuse you if you do not relish it.—You flatter my vanity very agreeably—in ever supposing that any hints of mine should conduce to the culture of your little farm:—be that as it may—I am happy in the certainty of never intentio-

nally misleading or misadvising any male youth—I wish I could say, Virgin!—Farewell! read, reflect! then write, and let me have your opinions.

Yours sincerely,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. R——.

July 31, 1778.

DEAR FRIEND,

THANKS for your very valuable letter, and its obliging companion:—your brother writes in good spirits—but I fear the m—n—ty members were right in their predictions of the success of the commissioners. —Alas! what desolation, destruction, and ruin, bad hearts or bad heads have brought upon this poor country!—I must, however, give Mr. J— R—— another letter, he fluctuates so terribly in his opinions—as you will see by the contents of his letter to

me, which I hope you will soon enable me to shew you.—Yes, I must and will give him a flogging, which you will say is extremely grateful, and a civil return for his kindness in thinking of me.—I have had a very kind and good letter from the little wren ;—we were pleased to hear Mrs. C—— had enjoyed so great a share of health ;—she, who is lovely even in sickness, with the additional roseate bloom of health and flow of spirits, will be almost too much for meer mortals to bear :—tell her from me, to get sick before she comes up, in pity to the beaux.—Mrs. Sancho is better ;—poor Kitty goes on after the old sort ;—the happiest, my R——, in this life, have something to sigh for !—alas ! I have enough !—I feel much pleasure in the happy view Mr. and Mrs. R——n have before them ;—I have no sort of doubt but they will be successfully happy —I should have true pleasure to see my friend Mr. J. R—— in as likely a road. —I have spoke and wrote to Mr. W—— to look out sharp.—Time, which ripens revolutions, and murders empires—Time will, I hope, produce happiness and content to

us all.—Your coming to town will give me spirits; for, large as the town is, I cannot say I have more than one friend in it:—come, you and I shall be rich indeed; for, I believe, few of the sons of Adam can boast of having more than two real friends.—The best respects to Mrs. C——, and the amiable little C——, from

Yours, &c.

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

L E T T E R LXXII.

TO MISS C——.

Sept. 4, 1778.

FOR this month past, we have wished to hear something about you;—and every day, for these two past weeks, have I had it in serious contemplation to put the question not to the amiable Miss C——, but to my friend R——, who, notwithstanding your friendly excuse, is, I do think, rather culpa-

ble for his silence.—But hang recrimination; your goodness is more than sufficient to exculpate a thousand such finners. We thank you, with heart-felt pleasure, for the information of our and your dear friend Mrs. C——'s health, which I hope she will be careful of, for our and many sakes.—I have a favour to beg of her, through your mediation, which is this—I have a pair of Antigua turtles—the gift of Mr. P——, who kindly burthened himself with the care of them. The true property is vested in Kitty;—but so it is—we having neither warmth nor room, and Kitty's good godmother having both, and that kind of humanity withal which delighteth in doing good to orphans—I, in the name of Kate and her doves, do through you—our trusty council—petition Mrs. C—— in behalf of said birds.—Were I poetically turned—what a glorious field for fancy flights—such as the blue-eyed Goddess with her flying carr—her doves and sparrows, &c. &c.—Alas! my imagination is as barren as the desert sands of Arabia;—but, in serious truth, the shop (the only place I have to put them

in) is so cold, that I shall be happy to billet them to warmer quarters, which shall be done as soon as Mrs. C—— announces her consent, and empowers Molly to take them in.—As to news—we have none worth heeding!—your camps have ruined all trade—but that of hackney-men. You much surprize us in the account of your late fair visitant—but pleased us more in the account of O——’s success: the season has been, through God’s blessing, as favourable as his friends;—he is a lucky soul.—The S——s are both well, I hope, to whom pray be so kind to remember us:—as to friend R——, tell him, that whatever censure his omissions in writing may draw upon him, when the goodness of his heart, and urbanity of soul, is flung into the other scale, the faulty scale kicks the beam—we forgive, because we love—and love sees no faults.

Mrs. Sancho joins me in love and good wishes to both of you.—Kitty has been very poorly for above a month past, and continues but very so, so.—Betsey mends fast;—Billy needs no mending at all—the rest are

well—and all join in respects and compliments to Nutts.

I am,

Dear Miss C— and Co's

Most obliged,

humble servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

TO MR. M——.

Sept. 16, 1778.

DEAR M——,

YOURS just received—and by great good luck I have found Mr. B—'s list, which I inclose—and God speed your labours! Poor —— sets off this evening for ——, to take one parting look of his ——, and on Monday sets off fresh for ——. Mr. H—'s anxieties end in good luck at last; he also on Monday enters in one of the best houses in the city. —On Thursday I hope you will succeed in your affair—and then my three Geniuses will

be happy ;—I have had plague and perplexity enough with two of you.—When do you think of coming to town? In my last was some of the best poetry—that has—or was—aye, aye. Pray, Sir, read it over once more. Well, what do you, or can you, say to it? Oh, envy—envy!—but, Mr. Monkey, the wit and true poetry of that billet must make amends for the shortness of it.—This is Saturday night—consequently it must be esteemed a favour that I write at all:—my head aches—and, though my invention teems with brilliancies, I can only remember that I am very much

Yours,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MISS C——.

October 1, 1778.

IT is recorded of some great personage, I forget who, that they had so pleasing a manner in giving a refusal, that the *Refused*

has left *them* with more satisfaction under a rejection — than many have experienced from receiving a *favour* conferred with perhaps more kindness than *grace*.—So it fares with me—I had anticipated the future happiness of my new friends—the comforts of warmth—the pleasures of being fed and noticed, talked to and watched by the best heart and finest face within a large latitude—but I am content—I am certain of the *inconveniency*—and my best thanks are due, which I pray you make with our best wishes.—I am sorry, both for O—— and my friend's sake, that the camp breaks up so soon—as to brother O——, his harvest has, I hope, been plentiful and well got in—my friend poor S——, like most modest men of merit, is unlucky—he set out before I got either my friend R——'s or your letter—his best way is to turn about—and may good luck over take him—detain him—fill his pockets—and send him in glee home again!—This is more to be wished than expected.—If he falls in your way, I shall envy him—he will meet Hospitality and the Graces.—Betsey and Kitty are both invalids—Mrs. Sancho is

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well, and joins me in every good wish.—
Next month I hope brings you all to town—
bring health and spirits with you.—We have
no news—no trade! consequently no money
or credit.

Give Mr. R—— my thanks for his
friendly letter in your kindest manner—and
say all to our worthy esteemed friend Mrs.
C—— that gratitude can conceive and friend-
ship dictate—in the names of all the Sanchos,
and at the head place

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R LXXV.

TO MR. S——,

Yours just received, Thursday,
Oct. 4, 1778.

“Whatever—is—is right—the world, ’tis true,

“Was made for Cæsar—and for Billy too.”

P O V E R T Y and Genius were coupled
by the wisdom of Providence, for wise and
good ends no doubt—but that’s a mystery.—

I feel for and pity you.—A pox upon pity and feelings—say I, they neither fill the belly, nor cloath the body—neither will they find lodging or procure an inside birth in a rascally stage—Thee and I too well know all this—but as I am at this present moment, thank fortune! not quite worth ten shillings, pity—curfed foolish pity—is, with as silly wishes, all I have to comfort you with.—Were I to throw out my whole thoughts upon paper, it would take a day's writing, and thou would'st be a fool to read it—one dawn of hope I enjoy from the old saw—that “gloomy beginnings are for the most part blessed with bright endings:”—may it be so with you, my friend!—at the worst, you can only face about—and your lodgings and old friends will cordially receive you—for my part, I have use for every mite of my philosophy—my state at present is that of suspense—God's will be done!

This letter will reach you by the hands of a friend indeed—the best and truest I ever found—a man who, if the worth of his heart were written in his face, would be esteemed by the whole race of Adam—he will greet

you kindly from the benevolence of his nature—and perhaps will not dislike you the more for the attachment which for thee is truly felt by thy sincere friend,

I. SANCHE.

Mrs. Sancho is well—Kitty mends very flow—Billy improves in sauciness—the girls are pretty good—Monsieur H—— rides uneasily—his saddle galls him—his beast is restive—I fear he will never prosecute long journeys upon him—he is for smoother roads—a pacing tit—quilted saddle—snaffle bridle with filken reins—and gold stirrups.—So mounted we all should like; but I query albeit, though it might be for the ease of our bodies, whether it would be for the good of our souls! Adieu.

Should you be so lucky to see B——, the house of the worthy Baronet Sir C—— B——, mind I caution thee to guard thy heart; you will there meet with sense that will charm exclusive of beauty—and beauty enough to subdue even were sense wanting—add to this good-nature and all the charities in one fair bosom.—Guard! guard thy heart!

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MR. S——.

October 15, 1778.

YOU want a long letter—where am I to find subject? My heart is sick with untoward events—poor Kitty is no better—the Duke of Queensbury ill, dangerously I fear—the best friend and customer I have. M—— is just now come in—nay he is at my elbow—you know I wish you well—and that we all are well, Kitty excepted—so let M—— conclude for your loving friend,

I. SANCHO.

The above you are to consider as bread and cheese. M—— will give you goose stuffed with grapes*. Mr. H—— called here last night, and read yours:—he is worked sweetly—what with his office late hours, and his family's odd humours—but all is for the best.

* Alluding to Mr. S——'s last letter, wherein he had informed Mr. Sancho, that that epicurean morsel was one of the many dishes with which he had been regaled at a place where he had lately dined.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

TO MR. R——.

October 16, 1778.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCEPT my thanks—my best thanks—for your kind readiness in obliging and serving my friend S——. He has sense, honour, and abilities—these we should naturally suppose would insure him bread—but that is not always the case:—in the race of fortune, knaves often win the prize—whilst honesty is distanced—but then mark the end—whilst the knave full often meets his deserved punishment, Honesty yoked with Poverty hugs Peace and Content in his bosom.—But truce with moralizing—though in serious truth my heart and spirits are low—the noble and good Duke of Queensbury is, I fear, very dangerously ill: exclusive of gratitude for past favours, and my own interest in the hope of future, I grieve for the public loss in him—a man who ennobled his titles, and made greatness lovely by

uniting it with goodness:—if he dies—his gain is certain, for he has served a Master who will not wrong him—but the world will lose a rare example, and the poor a friend! He never knew a day's illness till now for fifty years past—his regularity of life and serenity of mind are in his favour—but his advanced life is against him—80 odd—the great fear is a mortification in his leg—The K—g and Q—n paid him a visit, as the prints must have informed you—he came to town on purpose to present himself at the levee—to thank them for the honour done him—he was taken ill the Sunday after their Majesties visit—and came to town the Tuesday after. I have been or sent daily to enquire about him—and was there about two hours ago. The faculty are pouring in the bark—and allow his Grace strong wines as much as he can drink.—*God's will be done!*

Mr. S——n writes in raptures of you all.—I wonder not at him—I only wish, for the good of mankind, such characters as B——house contains were more plenty.—Poor

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Kitty continues much the same—the rest are, thank God, well.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in cordial wishes to self and ladies. Adieu,

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

TO MR. S——.

October 22, 1778.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE you never beheld a bust with double—no, not double—but with two very different profiles—one crying, and one laughing?—That is just my situation at present:—for poor de Groote—huzza!—is presented to the Charter-house—by—blefs him!—the good Archbishop of Canterbury;—but, by a standing law, he cannot be admitted till a fresh quarter begins—and, as he says, he may be dead by that time;—we will hope not;—well,

this is the laughing side.—The Duke of Queensbury died this morning:—Alas! “I ne’er shall look upon his like again!”—the clearest head, and most humane of hearts:—I have in common with many—many—a heavy loss—I loved the good Duke—and not without reason:—he is gone to reap a reward—which St. Paul could not conceive in the flesh—and which, I will be bold to say, they both perfectly enjoy at this moment.—God of his mercy grant!—that thee and I—and all I love—yea—and all I know—may enter eternity with as promising hopes—and realize the happiness in store for such as the Duke of Queensbury!

Lord Lincoln died on his passage;—the news came last night; but he has left a son and daughter.

T—— is well—but still plagued with his uncouth kinsfolk.

Adieu, Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

Kitty very poorly, the rest all well.

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LETTER LXXIX.

TO MR. S——.

Charles Street, Nov. 29, 1778.

DEAR S——,

YOURS, dated from Madras, came safe to hand.—I need not tell you that your account pleased me—and the style of your letter indicated a mind purged from its follies, and a better habit of thinking, which I trust happily preceded a steadier course of action.—I know not whether or not Providence may not, in your instance, produce much good out of evil.—I flatter myself you will yet recover, and stand the firmer in your future life, from the reflection (bitter as it is) of your former.—I have no doubt but you received my letter charged with the heavy loss of your great, your noble, friendly benefactress and patroness, the good Dutchess of Q——y: she entered into bliss, July 17, 1777, just two days after you sailed from

L

Portsmouth.—I have now to inform you, that his Grace followed her October 21st this year; just fifteen months after his good Dutcheſs, full of years and honors: he is gone to join his Dutcheſs, and ſhare in the rewards of a righteous God, who alone knew their merits, and alone could reward them.

Thus it has pleaſed God to take your props to himſelf;—teaching you a leſſon, at the ſame time, to depend upon an honeſt exertion of your own induſtry—and humbly to truſt in the Almighty.

You may ſafely conclude now, that you have not many friends in England:—be it your ſtudy, with attention, kindneſs, humility, and induſtry, to make friends where you are.—Induſtry, with good-nature and honeſty, is the road to wealth.—A wiſe œconomy—without avaricious meanneſs, or dirty rapacity—will in a few years render you decently independent.

I hope you cultivate the good-will and friendſhip of L——. He is a jewel—prize him—love him—and place him next your heart;—he will not flatter or fear you—ſo

much the better—the fitter for your friend:—he has a spirit of generosity—such are never ungrateful;—he sent us a token of his affection, which we shall never forget.—Let me counsel you, for your character's sake, and as bound in honour, the first money you can spare, to send over 20 l. to discharge your debt at Mr. P——'s the sadler:—it was borrowed money, you know.—As for me, I am wholly at your service to the extent of my power;—but whatever commissions you send over to me, send money, or I stir none;—thou well knowest my poverty—but 'tis an honest poverty—and I need not blush or conceal it.—You also are indebted to Mr. O——, Bond-street:—what little things of that kind you can recollect, pay as soon as you are able;—it will sponge out many evil traces of things past from the hearts and heads of your enemies—create you a better name—and pave the way for your return some years hence into England with credit and reputation.—Before I conclude, let me, as your true friend, recommend seriously to you to make your-

self acquainted with your Bible:—believe me,
 the more you study the word of God, your
 peace and happiness will increase the more
 with it.—Fools may deride you—and wanton
 youth throw out their frothy gibes;—but
 as you are not to be a boy all your life—
 and I trust would not be reckoned a fool—
 use your every endeavour to be a good man
 —and leave the rest to God.—Your letters
 from the Cape, and one from Madeira, I
 received; they were both good letters, and
 descriptions of things and places.—I wish to
 have your description of the fort and town
 of Madras — country adjacent—people —
 manner of living—value of money—religion
 —laws—animals—fashions—taste, &c. &c.
 —In short, write any thing—every thing
 —and, above all, improve your mind with
 good reading—converse with men of sense,
 rather than the fools of fashion and riches—
 be humble to the rich—affable, open, and
 good-natured to your equals—and compas-
 sionately kind to the poor.—I have treated
 you freely in proof of my friendship.—Mrs.
 S——, under the persuasion that you are
 really a good man, sends her best wishes—

when her handkerchief is washed, you will send it home—the girls wish to be remembered to you, and all to friend L——n.

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LXXX.

TO MR. I——.

Jan. 1, 1779.

IN compliance with custom, I beg leave to wish Mr. and Mrs. I—— happy years—many or few, as the Almighty shall think fit—but may they be happy! As I wish it sincerely, their obligation is of course the greater—and, to oblige them yet more, I will put it in their power to oblige me, which they can do by lending me the volume of Annual Registers (I think it is that of 1774) which has Goldsmith's Retaliation in it.—I hope Mr. and Mrs. I—— have

no complaints but the general one, extreme coldness of the weather, which though happily exempted themselves from much suffering, by good fires and good cheer, yet I am sure their sympathizing hearts feel for the poor.—I find upon inquiring, that ten o'clock in the morning will best suit Mr. L——; I will be in Privy Gardens just five minutes before Mr. and Mrs. I—— and Mr. Mortimer.—I hope Mrs. I—— will not pretend to repent—Sunday is a lazy morning. If Mrs. I—— has not read Ganganelli, it is time she should. I therefore take the liberty to send them—*them*, Mr. I—— will say, is bad grammar—he is, madam, a good natured critic—I address myself to you therefore, because my heart tells me you will be a successful advocate for the blunders of a true Blackamoor.—I have had the confidence to mark the passages that pleased me most in my post-haste journey through the good Pontiff's letters—and I shall be vain, if Mrs. I—— should like the same passages, because it would give a sanction to the profound judgement of her most obedient servant,

Note, The sixteenth letter, 1st verse, is a kind of stuff which would almost turn me to the Romish—there is every thing in it which St. Paul had in his heart.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Jan. 1779.

“ Beyond the fix’d and settled rules
 “ Of Vice and Virtue in the schools,
 “ Beyond the letter of the Law,
 “ Which keeps mere formalists in awe,
 “ The better sort do set before ’em
 “ A Grace—a manner—a decorum;
 “ Something that gives their acts a light;
 “ Makes ’em not only just—but bright,
 “ And sets ’em in such open fame,
 “ Which covers—*quality*—with shame.”

JUDICIOUSLY elegant Prior has befriended me—and described my honoured friend Mr. S——. I wish I knew which way to shew my gratitude—the only method I think of is to enjoy the benefits with a

thankful heart, and leave God in his own good time to reward you.

I should last night have gratefully acknowledged the receipt of your letter and note—but I hoped for a frank—I am disappointed, and a long delay would be unpardonable.—Be assured, dear Sir, I shall (with all the alacrity of a heavy man) bestir myself in the execution of your generous order.—I hope Mrs. S——, and every one of your family, enjoy health and every good.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in respects and thanks to Mrs. S—— and yourself.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very obliged

and faithful servant,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

TO MR. F——.

Jan. 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received your favour of the 20th instant. As to the letters in question; you know, Sir, they are not now mine, but the property of the parties they are addressed to.—If you have had their permission, and think that the simple effusions of a poor Negro's heart are worth mixing with better things, you have my free consent to do as you please with them—though in truth there wants no increase of books in the epistolary way, nor indeed in any way—except we could add to the truly valuable names of Robertson — Beattie — and Mickle — new Youngs—Richardsons—and Sternes.—Accept my best thanks for the very kind opinion you are so obliging to entertain of me

L 5

—which is too pleasing (I fear) to add much to the humility of,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO MRS I——.

Charles Street, Jan. 22, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

MY wife wishes to see Cymon—and my wishes (like a civil husband) perfectly correspond with hers.—I had rather be obliged to you than any good friend I have;—for I think you have an alacrity in doing good-natured offices—and so I would tell the **Q**—n if she dared dispute it: you are not so great indeed—but I am sure you are as good—and I believe her to be as rich in goodness as she is high in rank. If my re-

quest is within the limits of your power, you will favour us with the order soon in the day. I have looked abroad for the wonder you wished to be procured for you—but have met with nothing likely hitherto.

Yours most gratefully,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, Feb. 9, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

I FELICITATE you in the first place—on the pleasing success of your maternal care in restoring your worthy son to good health—he looks now as well, fresh, and hearty, as love and friendship can wish him.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in hearty thanks for your kind attention to our well-doing—and

your goodness in the very friendly order, which I have endeavoured to execute with attention and honesty.—As to news, there is none good stirring—trade is very dull—money scarce beyond conception—fraud! perfidy! villainy! from the highest departments to the lowest. The K—g, God blefs him, is beset by friends, which he ought to fear.—I believe he has one true friend only; and that is the Q—n, who is the ornament and honour to the sex. Pray, dear Madam, make my best respects to your good son and daughter, Mr. J——, and all I have the honour to know; our best thanks and wishes attend Mr. H—— and yourself; and believe me

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO MR. G——.

Feb. 1779.

SIR

THE very handsome manner in which you have apologized for your late lapse of behaviour does you credit.—Contrition—the child of conviction—serves to prove the goodness of your heart—the man of levity often errs—but it is the man of sense alone who can graciously acknowledge it.—I accept your apology—and, if in the manly heat of wordy contest aught escaped my lips tinged with undue asperity, I ask your pardon, and hope you will mutually exchange forgiveness with

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

March 9, 1779.

IT has given me much concern, dear Sir, the not having it in my power to make my grateful acknowledgements sooner, for your very kind letter, and friendly present which accompanied it.—My first thanks are due to Heaven, who, for the example as well as service of mortals, now and then blesses the world with a humane, generous Being.—My next thanks are justly paid to you, who are pleased to rank me and mine in the honourable class of those you wish to serve.—For these six past weeks, our days have been clouded by the severe illness of a child, whom it has pleased God to take from us: and a cowardly attack of the gout at a time when every exertion was needful.—I have as yet but very little use of my hand;—but I am thankful to have sufficient to exculpate me from the vice of ingratitude—which my long silence might lay me under

the imputation of.—Mrs. Sancho begs me to express her sense of your kindness; and joins me cordially in the most respectful sensations and best wishes to Mrs. S—— and yourself. I am, dear Sir,

(and with very great reason)

Your much obliged

humble servant,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO MR. S——.

March 11, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours about three hours since.—I give you due credit for your sympathizing feelings on our recent very distressful situation—for thirty nights (save two) Mrs. Sancho had no cloaths off;—but you know the woman. Nature never formed a tenderer heart—take her for all in

all—the mother—wife—friend—she does credit to her sex—she has the rare felicity of possessing true virtue without arrogance—softness without weakness—and dignity without pride:—she is ——'s full sister, without his foibles—and, to my inexpressible happiness, she is my wife, and truly best part, without a single tinge of my defects—Poor Kitty! happy Kitty I should say, drew her rich prize early—with her joy! and joy to Mortimer! He left life's table (before he was cloyed or surfeited with dull sickly repetitions) in prime of years, in the meridian of character as an artist, and universally esteemed as a man:—he winged his rapid flight to those celestial mansions—where Pope—Hogarth—Handel—Chatham—and Garrick, are enjoying the full sweets of beatific vision—with the great Artists—Worthies—and Poets of time without date.—Your father has been exceeding kind—this very day a Mr. W——, of Retford, called on me, a goodly-looking gentleman: he enquired after you with the anxious curiosity of a friend;—told me your father was well, and, by his account, thinks

by much too well of me.—Friend H—— shall produce the things you wot of—and brother O—— bring them in his hand: H—— is a very filly fellow—he likes filly folks; and, I believe, does not hate Sancho.—To-morrow night I shall have a few friends to meet brother O——; we intend to be merry:—were you here, you might add to a number, which I think too many for our little room.—So I hear that the—— No, hang me! if I say a word about it.—Well, and how do you like the company of Monsieur Le Gout? Shall I, in compliance with vulgar custom, wish you joy? Pox on it, my hand aches so, I can scrawl no longer.—Mrs. Sancho is but so, so;—the children are well.—Do write large and intelligible when you write to me. I hate fine hands and fine language;—write plain honest nonsense, like thy true friend,

I. SANCHEO.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO MR. W——E.

Charles Street, March 31, 1779.

YOU wish me to writ a consolatory letter to Mrs. W——e. My good friend, what can I possibly write but your good sense must have anticipated? The soul-endearing soothing of cordial love have the best and strongest effects upon the grief-torn mind:—you have of course told her that thanks are due, greatly so! to a merciful God, who might have bereaved her of a child, instead of a worthy cousin;—or that she ought to feel comfort—and to acknowledge divine mercy—that it was not her husband:—that to lament the death of that amiable girl, is false sorrow in the extreme:—why lament the great blifs and *choice prize* of what we love?—what is it she has not gained by an early death?—You will say—she was good—and will suppose that in the tender connexions of wife—friend—and mother—she

would have been an honoured and esteemed example.—True, she might—and it is as true, she might have been unhappily paired, ill-matched to some morose, ill-minded, uneven bashaw;—she might have fell from affluence to want—from honour to infamy—from innocence to guilt:—in short, we mistake too commonly the objects of our grief;—the living demand our tears—the dead (if their lives were virtuous) our gratulations;—in your case, all that can be said is—earth has lost an opening sweet flower (which, had it lasted longer, must of course soon fade)—and heaven has gained an angel, which will bloom for ever—so let us hear no more of grief. We all must follow.—No! let us rejoice, with your worthy friend Mrs. ——. *. Joy to the good couple! May they each find their respective wishes! May he find the grateful acknowledgement of obliged and pleasing duty!—and she, the substantial, fond, solid rewards due to a rectitude of conduct, marked strongly with kindness and wisdom!

* This union was remarkable for disparity of years; the bridegroom being 78, the bride in the bloom of youth.

And may you, my friend!—but my leg aches—my foot swells—I can only say, my love to the C—ds, and to poor Joe and Frank.—Read this to Mrs. W——e. My silly reasoning may be too weak to reach her;—but, however, she may smile at my absurdities;—if so, I shall have a comfort—as I ever wish to give pleasure to her dear sex—and the pride of my heart is ever to please one—alas!—and that one a wife.—So writes thy true friend,

I. SANCHO.

Mr. W——e comes as far as P—— Gardens—but cannot reach Charles Street.

How's that?

I hear my scheme of taxation was inserted directly, and should be glad to see the paper if easily got.

Vanity.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO MR. L——.

May 4, 1779.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I AM truly sorry to address this letter to you at this season in the English Channel.—The time considered that you have left us, you ought in all good reason to have been a seasoned Creole of St. Kitt's;—but we must have patience:—what cannot be cured, must be endured.—I dare believe, you bear the cruel delay with resignation—and make the best and truest use of your time, by steady reflection and writing.—I would wish you to note down the occurrences of every day—to which add your own observation of men and things—the more you habituate yourself to minute investigation, the stronger you will make your mind;—ever taking along with you in all your researches the word of God—and the operations of his divine providence.—Remember, young man—nothing happens

by chance.—Let not the levity of frothy wit, nor the absurdity of fools, break in upon your happier principles, your dependence upon the Deity—address the Almighty with fervor, with love and simplicity—carry his laws in your heart—and command both worlds ;—but I meant mere fatherly advice, and I have wrote a sermon.—Dear boy, 'tis my love preaches ; N—— begged me to write a line for him, as he said you wanted news—I have none but what you know as well as myself—such as the regard and best wishes of Mrs. Sancho—the girls and myself—such as wishing a happy end to your long-protracted voyage—and a joyful meeting with your worthy and respectable family ;—and in order to leave room for friend N——, I here assure you I am your affectionate friend,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XC.

TO MR. R——.

May, 1779.

MY DEAR WORTHY R——,

Y OUR letter was a real gratification to a something better principle than pride—it pleased my self-love—there are very few (believe me) whose regards or notice I care about—yourself, brother, and O——, with about three more at most—form the whole of my *male* connexions.—Your brother is not half so honest as I thought him—he promises like a tradesman, but performs like a lord.—On Sunday evening we expected him—the hearth was swept—the kettle boiled—the girls were in print—and the marks of the folds in Mrs. Sancho's apron still visible—the clock past six—no Mr. R——. Now to tell the whole truth, he did add a kind of clause, that in case nothing material happened of hospital business, he would surely do him-

self the—&c. &c. &c.—So, upon the whole, I am not quite clear that he deserves censure—but that he disappointed us of a pleasure, I am very certain.—You don't say you have seen Mr. P——. I beg you will, for I think he is the kind of soul congenial to your own.—Apropos, the right hand side (almost the bottom) of Gray Street, there is a Mrs. H——, an honest and very agreeable northern lady, whom I should like you to know something of—which may easily be done—if you will do me the credit just to knock at her door when you go that way—and tell her, there is a Devil that has not forgot her civilities to him—and would be glad to hear she was well and happy.—Mr. R—— called on me in the friendly style—when I say that, I mean in the R—— manner—he asked a question—bought some tea—looked happy—and left us pleased:—he has the Graces.—The gout seized me yesterday morning—the second attempt—I looked rather black all day:—tell Mrs. C——, I will lay any odds that she is either the handsomest or ugliest woman in Bath—and among the many trinkets she means to bring with her

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—tell her not to forget health.—May you all be enriched with that blessing — wanting which, the good things of this world are trash!—You can write tiresome letters! Alas! will you yield upon the receipt of this?—if not —that palm unquestionably belongs to your friend,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER XCI.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, June 16, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I N truth, I was never more puzzled in my life than at this present writing—the acts of common kindness, or the effusions of mere common-will, I should know what to reply to—but, by my conscience, you act upon so grand a scale of urbanity, that a man should possess a mind as noble, and a heart as ample, as yourself! before he attempts even

M.

to be grateful upon paper.—You have made me richer than ever I was in my life—till this day I thought a bottle of good wine a large possession. Sir, I will enjoy your goodness with a glad heart—and every deserving soul I meet with shall share a glass with me, and join in drinking the generous donor's health. Mrs. Sancho's eyes betray her feelings—she bids me think for her—which I do most sincerely, and for myself,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R XCII.

TO MR. H——.

June 17, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR son, who is a welcome visitor wherever he comes, made himself more welcome to me by the kind proof of your regard he brought in his hands.—Souls like yours, who delight in giving pleasure, enjoy a heaven on earth; for I am convinced that the disposition of the mind in a great measure

orms either the heaven or hell in both worlds.
 —I rejoice sincerely at the happiness of Mrs.
 W——, and may their happiness increase
 with family and trade!—and may you both
 enjoy the heartfelt delight of seeing your
 children's children walking in the track of
 grace!—I have, to my shame be it spoken,
 intended writing to you for these twelve
 months past—but in truth I was deterred
 through a fear of giving pain: our history
 has had little in it but cares and anxieties—
 which (as it is the well-experienced lot of
 mortality) we struggle with it, with religion
 on one hand, and hope on the other.

Mr. W——, whose looks and address be-
 speak a good heart and good sense, called on
 me.—I will not say how much I was pleased
 —pray make my kindest respects to your
 good partner, and tell him, I think I have a
 right to trouble him with my musical non-
 sense.—I wish it better for my own sake—
 bad as it is, I know he will not despise it,
 because he has more good-nature:—I hear a
 good report of Mr. S——, and that his hu-
 manity has received the thanks of a com-
 munity in a public manner.—May he! and

you! and all I love, enjoy the blissful feelings of large humanity!—There is a plaudit—as much superior to man's as heaven is above earth! Great God, in thy mercy and unbounded goodness, grant that even I may rejoice through eternity with those I have respected and esteemed here!—Mrs. Sancho joins me in love to yourself and Mr. H——. Your son Jacob is the delight of my girls—whenever he calls on us, the work is flung by, and the mouths all distended with laughter: he is a vile romp with children.—I am, dear Madam, with true esteem and respect,

Your obliged servant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XCIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

June 29, 1779.

A LITTLE fish—which was alive this morn—sets out this eve for Bury—ambitious of presenting itself to Mrs. S——: if it

should come good, the Sancho's will be happy;—in truth, Mr. S—— ought not to be displeased—neither will he, I trust, if he considers it as it really is—a grain of salt, in return for favors received of princely magnitude, and deeply engraven in the hearts of his much obliged and faithful servants,

He and She SANCHE'S.

LETTER XCIV.

TO MR. M——.

August 1, 1779.
Coat and Badge.

BR A V O! So you think you have given me the retort-courteous—I admit it.—Go to! you are feedy, you are fly—true son, in the right direct line, of old Gastphorious Sly.—Your letter to S—n makes ample amends for your impudence in presuming to mount my hobby:—yes, I do affirm it to be a good, yea, and a friendly letter.—The leading-string thought is new, and almost

M 3

poetic ;—I watched him while he read it ;—he read it twice.—I judge he felt the force of your argumentation.—May he avail himself of your friendly hints ! and may you have the heart-felt satisfaction of finding him a wiser being than heretofore ! How doth George's mouth ?—I honour you for your humane feelings—and much more for your brotherly affection ;—bnt do not Namby-Pamby with the manly exertions of benevolence :—what I mean is—ah me ! poor George—to be sure 'tis well its no worse ;—but the loss of a tooth and a scar are so disfiguring !—Pooh, simpleton, if his heart is right, and God blesses him with health—his exterior will ever be pleasing, in spite of the gap in his gums, or scar above his chin. G—— is likely—the rogue has a pleasing cherry phiz : neither so old nor so mouldy as some folks, not having been rocked in the cradle of flattery—he has consequently more modesty than his elders.—I could easily fill the sheet in contrasting the merits of the two lads ;—but then it would (I plainly foresee) turn out so much to the advantage of Prince Jacky—that in mere charity I forbear—and shall conclude with wishing both your heads to agree, as

well in good health, as in the many good qualities which I have not time to enumerate.

Mrs. Sancho is pretty well—the girls and Billy well;—I am sometimes better—sometimes so, so.—I should have answered you sooner; but yesterday was obliged to write all day—though fast asleep the whole time:—perhaps you will retort—that it is the case with me at this present writing. False and scandalous! I declare I was never more awake.—Remember me to Mr. S——, the ladies, and to thyself, if thou knowest him.

Farewell. Thine, &c. &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XCV.

TO MR. I——.

August 3, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I MUCH wish to hear that Mrs I—— is quite recovered—or in the best possible way towards it. I have next to thank you for

your princely present—and to say I feel myself rich and happy in the splendid proofs I have of your regard.

You love a pun almost as well as Dennis.—I shall contrive to be in your debt as long as I live—and settle accounts hereafter—where, I know no more than the Pope ;—but you, Sterne, and Mortimer, are there, sure I am, it will be the abode of the blest.—But to business—I am commissioned to get as good an impression as possible of St. Paul preaching to the Britons :—shall esteem it a fresh obligation, if you will be kind enough to chuse one, and send by the bearer.—I return faith for pudding—and Mr. Sharpe's strictures upon Slavery ;—the one may amuse, if not edify—the other I think of consequence to every one of humane feelings.—Do, pray, let me know how Mrs. I—— does ;—with thanks, respects ; and why not friendship?

I am dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XCVI.

TO MR. M——.

August 14, 1779.

YOU kindly gave me liberty to bring Mrs. S——: the proposal did honour to your heart—and credit to your judgement;—but an affair has rendered that part of your invitation inadmissible.—Now pox take bad quills—and bad pen-makers!—Sir, it was fifty pound to a bean-shell, but that you had had a blot as big as both houses of parliament in the very fairest, yea and handsomest, part of this epistle:—my pen, like a drunkard, sucks up more liquor than it can carry, and so of course disgorges it at random.—I will that ye observe the above simile to be a good one—not the cleanliest in nature I own—but as pat to the purpose as dram-drinking to a bawd—or oaths to a serjeant of the guards—or—or—dullness to a Black-a-moor;—good—excessive good:—and pray what—(oh, this confounded pen!)

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what may your Worship's chief employ have been?—You have had your Devil's dance—found yourself in a lazy fit—the ink-stand, &c. staring you full in the face—you yawned—stretched—and then condescended to scold me for omitting what properly, and according to strict rule, you should have done yourself a month ago.—Zounds!—God forgive us!—this thought oversets the patience—coat and lining—of your right trusty friend,

IGN. SANCHE.

L E T T E R XCVII.

TO MR. M——.

August 20 1779.

I N all doubtful cases, it is best to adhere to the side of least difficulty.—Now whether you ought to have shewn the *politesse* of the *Ton* in making enquiry after my Honour's health and travels—or whether my Honour should have anticipated all enquiry—by sending a card of thanks for more than friendly

civilities—is a very nice point, which, for my part, I willingly leave to better casuists;—and as I honestly feel myself the obliged party—so I put pen to paper as a testimonial of the same.—I will suppose your head improved—I mean physically: I will also hope your heart light—and all your combustible passions under due subordination;—and then adding the fineness of the morning—from these premises I will believe that my good friend is well and happy.

I hope George effected his wish in town: if he has to do with people of feeling—there is a something in his face which will command attention and love—the boy is much handsomer than ever you were; and yet you never look better than when you look on him:—would to God you were as well settled!

The stage contained five good souls, and one huge mass of flesh *:—they, God bless them, thought I took up too much room—and I thought there was too little:—we looked at each other, like folks dissatisfied with their company—and so jolted on in sullen silence for the first half hour;—and had there been

* Mr Sancho was remarkable for corpulency.

no ladies, the God or Goddeſs of ſilence would have reigned the whole way:—for my part, quoth I to myſelf, I have enjoyed true pleaſure all day—the morning was bright, reſreſhing, and pleaſant; the delicious bowl of milk, the freſh butter, ſweet bread, cool room, and kind hoſteſs—the friendly converſe, the walk—the animated flow of ſoul in I— M——; the little but elegant treat, high-ſeaſoned with welcome.—Oh, Sancho, what more could luxury covet, or ambition wiſh for? True, cries Reaſon—then be thankful:—Hold! cries Avarice, with ſquinting eyes and rotten ſtumps of teeth—hungry, though ever cramming;—it coſt thee one ſhilling and nine pence—one ſhilling and nine pence I ſay.—What of that, cries CEconomy, we eat fairly half a crown's worth.—Aye, cries Prudence, that alters the caſe—od-ſo, we are nine pence in pocket, beſides the benefit of freſh air, freſh ſcenes, and the pleaſure of the ſociety we love.—The ſky was cloudleſs, and, to do me a particular favour, the moon choſe to be at full—and gave us all her ſplendor;—but our envious mother Earth (to mortify our vanity) roſe up—rolling the whole way in

clouds of dust.—Contention flew in at the coach-windows, and took possession of both the females:—"Madam, if you persist in drawing up the glass, we shall faint with heat."—"Oh dear! very sorry to offend your delicacy; but I shall be suffocated with dust—and my cloaths—" "I have cloaths to spoil as well as other folks, &c. &c. &c." The males behaved wisely, and kept a stricter neutrality than the French with the Americans.—I chewed the cud of sweet remembrance, and, with a heart and mind in pretty easy plight, gained the castle of peace and innocence about nine o'clock.—Well, Sir, and how do you find yourself by this time?—I sweat, I protest—and then the bright God of day darts his blessings full upon my shop-window—so intensely, that I could fancy myself St. Bartholomew broiling upon a gridiron.

Oh! thou varlet—down—down upon thy knees, and bless thy indulgent stars for the blessings—comforts—beauties, &c. of thy situation—the Land of Canaan in possession milk and honey—shady trees—sweet walks covered with the velvet of nature—pleasant views—cool house—and the superintendency

of the sweet girls—to whom my love and blessings—and, firrah! mark what I say, and obey me without reply: there is a plump good-natured looking soul—I think you called her Patty—my conscience tells me, that I owe her something more than kind words and cool thanks!—therefore tell her, a man that notes particularly the welcome of the eye—and saw plainly good-will and good-nature in the expression of her honest countenance—sends her a dish of tea—which she must sweeten by her cheery acceptance of it—from one who knows not how to return the many, many obligations he has received from the he's and she's of P——house—exclusive of what he owes—and shall be content ever to owe—the saucy rogue he addresses.

Farewell. Yours, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO MRS. C——.

Charles Street, Aug. 25, 1779.

MA CHERE AMIE,

IN the visions of the night—Behold I fancied that Mrs. Sancho was in Suffolk—that she saw strange places—fine sights—and good people—that she was at B—— amongst those I love and honor—that she was charmed and enraptured with some certain good folks who shall be nameless—that she was treated, caressed, and well pleased—that she came home full of feasts, kindness, and camps—and in the conclusion dunned me for a whole month to return some certain people thanks—for what?—why, for doing as they ever do—contrive to make time and place agreeable—truly agreeable to those who are so lucky to fall in their way: in truth, so much has been said, and description has ran so high, that, now I am awake, I long for just such a week's pleasure. But time and

chance are against me.—I awake to fears of invasion, to noise, faction, drums, soldiers, and care:—the whole town has now but two employments—the learning of French—and the exercise of arms—which is highly political—in my poor opinion—for should the military fail of success—which is not impossible—why, the ladies must take the field, and scold them to their ships again.—The wits here say our fleet is outlawed—others have advertised it—the republicans teem with abuse, and the K—g's friends are observed to have long faces—every body looks wiser than common—the cheating shop-counter is deserted, from the gossiping door-threshold—and every half-hour has its fresh swarm of lies—What's to become of us? “We are ruined and sold!” is the exclamation of every mouth—the monied man trembles for the funds—the landholder for his acres—the married men for their families—old maids—alas! and old fusty batchelors—for themselves. For my part, I can be no poorer—I have no quarrel to the Romish religion—and so that you come to town in health and spirits, and occupy the old spot—so that the camp at Cavenham

breaks not up to the prejudice of Johnny O——, and my worthy R—— is continued clerk at ——: in short, let those I love be uninjured in their fortunes, and unhurt in their persons—God's will be done! I rest perfectly satisfied, and very sincerely and cordially,

Dear Madam, Yours,

and my sweet little Miss C——'s

most obedient

and obliged servant,

I. SANCHE.

I should have said a deal about thanks and your kindness—but I am not at all clear it would please you.—Mrs. Sancho certainly joins me in every good wish—the girls are well—and William thrives—our best respects attend Mr. B—— and his good Lady—Mr. and Mrs. S——. Adieu!

Pray make Mr. William Sancho's and my compliments acceptable to Nutts.—We hope he is well, and enjoys this fine weather unplagued by flies, and unbitten by fleas.

LETTER XCIX.

TO MR. S——.

August 31, 1779.

YOU have made ample amends for your stoical silence—infomuch that, like Balaam, I am constrained to bless—where, peradventure, I intended the reverse.—For hadst thou taken the wings of the morning—and searched North, East, South, and West—or dived down into the sea, exploring the treasures of old Ocean—thou could’st neither in art or nature have found aught that could have made me happier—gift-wise—than the sweet and highly finished portrait of my dear Sterne. But how you found it—caught it—or came by it—Heaven and you know best!—I do fear it is not thy own manufacturing.—Perhaps thou hast gratified thy finer feeling at an expence which friendship would blush for.—“But what have you to do with that?” True—it may appear impertinent; but could aught add to the va-

lue of the affair—it would be—its having you—for its father;—but I must hasten to a conclusion.—I meant this—not as an epistle of cold thanks—but the warm ebullitions of African sensibility.—Your gift would add to the pride of Cæsar—were he living, and knew the merits of its original—it has half turned the head of a Sancho—as this scrawl will certify. Adieu! The hen and chicks desire to be remembered to you—as I do—to all!—all!—all!

I. S.

L E T T E R C.

TO MR. I——.

Sept. 2, 1779.

I N truth I know myself to be a very troublesome fellow—but as it is the general fate of good-nature to suffer through the folly they countenance—I shall not either pity or apologize.—I have to beg you just to examine my friend Laggarit's petition: Mr. P—— does not seem to approve of it, but is for ex-

punging almost the best half.—My friend has tried to get the great E—— B——'s opinion, but has met with a negative—he being too busy to regard the distresses of the lowly and unrecommended:—for my part, I have as much faith in Mr. I——'s judgment as in ——, and a much higher opinion of his good-will;—and as Mr. P—— may be partly hurried away by leaning rather too much to republican modes, I dare say, if he finds that your opinion coincides with the sense of the petition as it now stands, he will not be offended at its being presented without his mutilations.—Mr. Laggarit is fearful of offending any way, and has every proper sense of Mr. P——'s zeal and good-will.—I dare say, it will strike you as it does me—that in the petitionary style every term of respect is necessary; and although some of the titles are rather profane, and others farcical, yet custom authorizes the use, and it is a folly to withstand it.

Yours to command,

I. SANCHO.

I hope Mrs. I—— is well as you would wish her.

LETTER CI.

TO MR. S——.

Charles Street, Sept. 2, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU can hardly imagine how impatient I was to hear how they behaved to you at B—h. I must confess, you give a rare account of your travels. I am pleased much with all the affair, excepting the cellar business, which I fear you repented rather longer than I could wish.—I had a letter from my honest L——n, who takes pride to himself in the honour you did him, and says Mr. S—— pleases himself in the hope of catching you on your return—when they flatter themselves the pictures will merit a second review:—but beware of the cellar! —I hope you are as well known at Scarborough as the Wells, and find more employment than you want, and that you get into friendly chatty parties for the evenings. —If I might obtrude my silly advice—it

should be to dissipate a little with the girls—but, for God's sake, beware of sentimental ladies! and likewise be on thy guard against the Gambling Dames, who have their nightly petite-parties at quadrille—and, with their shining faces and smooth tongues, drain unwary young men's pockets, and feminize their manners.—But why do I preach to thee, who art abler to instruct grey hairs than I am to dust my shop?—Vanity, which has gulled mighty statesmen, misled poor me; and for the sake of appearing wiser than I am, I pray you, “set me down an ass!” I inclosed a petulant billet to your Reverend Sire, which I hope he did not send you.—There is no news worth talking about in town, excepting that it rains frequently, and people of observation perceive that the days are shorter.—Mrs. Sancho and children are all well — and, I dare swear, wish you so; in which they are heartily seconded by

Yours sincerely,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

How shall I know whether you get this scrawl, except you send me word?

LETTER CII.

TO MR. M——.

Sept. 4, 1779.

THE *Lamb* * just now kindly delivered to the *Bear* † the *Monkey's* §-letter.—I am glad at heart that the forced exercise did thy hip no hurt—but that M— of thine—I do not like such faces!—if she is half what she looks, she is too good for any place but heaven, where the hallelujahs are for ever chanting by such cherub-faced sluts as she! Thank God! she is neither daughter nor sister of mine—I should live in perpetual fear.—But why do I plague myself about her? She has a protector in you—and foul befall the being (for no man would attempt it) that wishes to injure her!—Mrs. D—— I could like so well, that I wish to know but very little of her!—strange, but true!—and when you have been disappointed in your schemes of domestic happiness, and deceived in your too hasty-formed judgements to

* A Mr. Lamb.

† Meaning himself.

§ Mr. M——, to whom he often gave that title.

the age of fifty, as oft as your friend, you will fully enter into any meaning.

She looks open—honest—intelligently sensible—good-natured—easy—polite and kind;—knowledge enough of the world to render her company desirable—and age just sufficient to form her opinions, and fix her principles;—add to all this an agreeable face, good teeth, and a certain *Je ne sai quoi* (forgive the spelling, and do not betray me):—but I say again, and again—when one has formed a great opinion of either male or female, 'tis best, for that opinion's sake, to look no further—there, rogue!

I shall take no notice of the tricking fraudulent behaviour of the driver of the stage—as *how* he wanted to palm a bad shilling upon us—and *as how* they stopped us in the town, and most generously insulted us—and *as how* we took up a fat old man—his wife *fat* too—and child;—and after keeping us half an hour in sweet converse of the—of the *blasting* kind—how that the fat woman waxed wrath with her plump master, for his being serene—and how that he caught choler at her friction, tongue-wife;—how he ventured his head out of the coach-door, and swore

liberally—whilst his — in direct line with poor S——n's nose—entertained him with *soud* and sweetest of exhalations.—I shall say nothing of being two hours almost on our journey—neither do I remark that S——n turned sick before we left G——, nor that the child p— upon his legs:—in short, it was near nine before we got into Charles Street.

Sir, the pleasures of the day made us more than amends for the nonsense that followed.
—Receipt in full.

I. SANCHE.

My best respects to Mr. Y——; and my love, yea, cordial love to Nancy:—tell her —no, if I live to see her again, I will tell her myself.

Observe, we were seven in the coach;—the breath of the old lady, in her heat of passion, was not rose-scented;—add to that, the warmth naturally arising from crowd and anger—you will not wonder at S—t—'s being sick.—And he, S——, wanted to be in town rather sooner.—My compliments to George.—Mr. L—— is so kind to pro-

mise to call for this scrawl:—thank him for me, as well as for thyself.—Adieu.—Mrs. S——pretty well, the two Fanny's and Kitty but indifferent.

L E T T E R CIII.

TO MRS. W——E.

Charles Street, Sept. 5, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR wonder will be equal to your indignation—when—(after due apologies for the liberty of this address—and a few good-natured protestations of friendship and so forth—with an injunction to strict secrecy) I inform you that it is absolutely necessary for your immediate setting out for Red-lion Court.—Your good man is only running after all the young gypsies about the neighbourhood—all colours—black or fair—are alike;—this is the effect of country air—and your nursing.—The good man made his appear-

ance on Thursday evening last—the glow of health in his face—joy in his eyes.—“ Wife, Joe, and little Frank all well, and myself never better in my life;—a pretty girl he led by the hand—and, as if one petticoat plague was not enough, he insisted upon taking away two of mine—and carried his point against every reasonable odds: away they all went to the play—and God only knows where else—I threatened him with a modest report to Melchbourn, but he seemed to care very lightly about it;—so I humbly advise, as your best method of taming him, either to insist upon his speedily coming down to you—or else your immediate setting out for home:—at present he only attempts our daughters—but, should you be absent a month longer, I tremble for our wives;—for my part, I have some reason, for here both wife and daughters are as fond of Mr. W——e as they dare own—Seriously, I think, you should coax him down, if only for a fortnight; for it is amazing how much better he is for the short time he was absent—and this I take to be the pleasantest and wholesomest time for the country, if the

evening dews are carefully guarded against—I shall advise him strongly to take the other trip—and I trust your documents, with the innocent simplicity of all around him—fine air—exercise—new-milk—and the smell of new hay—will make him ten thousand times worse than he is—you won't like him the worse for that. My love attends cousins I—— and F——.

I am, dear Madam,

most sincerely yours to command,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Mrs. Sancho joins me in every thing but the abuse of Mr. W——e.

LETTER CIV.

TO MR. R——.

Sept. 7, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

WE are all in the wrong—a *little*.—Admiral Barrington is arrived from the West-

India station—and brings the pleasant news, that d'Estaigue fell in with five of our ships of the line with the best part of his fleet. We fought like Englishmen, unsupported by the rest:—they fought till they were quite dismasted, and almost wrecked;—and at last gave the French enough of it, and got away all, though in plight bad enough:—but the consequence was, the immediate capture of the Grenadas.—Add to this—Sir Charles Hardy is put into Portsmouth, or Gosport;—and, although forty odd strong in line of battle ships, is obliged to give up the sovereignty of the channel to the enemy.—L—d S———h is gone to Portsmouth, to be a witness of England's disgrace—and his own shame.—In faith, my friend, the present time is rather *comique*—Ireland almost in as true a state of rebellion as America—Admirals quarrelling in the West-Indies — and at home Admirals that do not chuse to fight—The British empire mouldering away in the West, annihilated in the North—Gibraltar going—and England fast asleep.—What says Mr. B—— to all this?—he is a ministerialist,—for my part, it's nothing to

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me, as I am only a lodger, and hardly that.
—Give my love and respect to the ladies—
and best compliments to all the gentlemen
—with respects to Mr. and Mrs. I——.

Give me a line to know how you all do.
—The post is going—only time to say God
bless you.—I remain

Yours affectionately,

I. SANCHO.

Fast eleven at night.

L E T T E R CV.

TO MISS. L——,

Charles Street, Sept. 11, 1779.

I CANNOT forbear returning my dear
Miss L—— our united thanks for her gene-
rous present—which came exactly in time to
grace poor Marianne's birth-day, which was
yesterday:—the bird was good, and well
dressed; that and a large apple-pye feasted
the whole family of the Sancho's. Miss

L—— was toasted; and although we had
 neither ringing of bells, nor firing of guns,
 yet the day was celebrated with mirth and
 decency—and a degree of sincere joy and
 urbanity seldom to be seen on R——l birth-
 days.—Mary, as queen of the day, invited
 two or three young friends—her breast filled
 with delight unmixed with cares her heart
 danced in her eyes—and she looked the hap-
 py mortal.—Great God of mercy and love!
 why, why, in a few fleeting years, are all
 the gay day-dreams of youthful innocence
 to vanish? why can we not purchase pru-
 dence, decency, and wisdom, but at the ex-
 pence of our peace? Slow circumspect cau-
 tion implies suspicion—and where suspicion
 dwells, confidence dwells not.—I believe I
 write nonsense—but the dull weather, added
 to a dull imagination, must, and I trust
 will, incline you to excuse me:—if I mistake
 not, writing requires—what I could tell you,
 but dare not—for I have smarted once alrea-
 dy.—In short, I write just what I think—
 and you know Congreve says somewhere,
 that

“Thought precedes the will,”

and

“Error lives ere Reason can be born.”

Now Will—Reason—and Gratitude, all three powerfully impel me to thank you—not for your goode—nor for any pecuniary self-gratifying marks of generosity—but for the benevolent urbanity of your nature—which counsels your good heart to think of the lowly and less fortunate.—But what are my thanks, what the echoed praises of the world, to the heart-approving sensations of true charity!—which is but the prelude to the divine address at the last day—“Well done, thou good,” &c. &c.—That you and all I love—and even poor me—may hear those joyful words, is the prayer of

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R C V I.

TO MR. I——.

October 3, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

Y O U will make me happy by procuring me an order from Mr. H—— for three, any night this week—'tis to oblige a worthy man who has more wants than cash;—believe me, there is more of vanity than good-nature in my request—for I have boasted of the honour of being countenanced by Mr. I——, and shall ostentatiously produce your favor, as a proof of your kindness, and my presumption:—thanks, over and over, for Sir H—— Freeman's letters, which I will send home in a day or two:—I return the Sermons, which I like so well, that I have placed a new set of them by Yorick's, and think they will not disagree.—I pray you to send by the bearer the bit of honored Mortimer you promised for friend M——, who, though he called some few mornings since on purpose, yet was so

plagued with the *mauvaise honte* (I believe I spell it Yorkshirely, but you know what I mean), that the youth could not for his foul say what he was looking after:—if you accompany it with the sea-piece you kindly offered me, I shall have employment in cleansing and restoring beauties which have escaped your observation—and I shall consider myself

Your much more obliged,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER CVII.

TO MR. M——.

October 5, 1779.

YOU mistake—I am neither sick—idle—nor forgetful—nor hurried—nor flurried—nor lame—nor am I of a fickle mutable disposition.—No! I feel the life-sweetening affections—the swell of heart-animating ardor—the zeal of honest friendship—and, what's more, I feel it for thee.—Now, Sir, what have you to say in humble vindication of

your hasty conclusions? what, because I did not write to you on Monday last, but let a week pass without saying—what in truth I know not how to say, though I am now seriously set about it? In short, such arts and minds (if there be many such, so much the better), such beings I say, as the one I am now scribbling to, should make elections of wide different beings than Black-a-moors, for their friends:—the reason is obvious;—from Othello to Sancho the big, we are either foolish, or mulish—all, all without a single exception.—Tell me, I pray you—and tell me truly—were there any Black-a-moors in the Ark?—Pooh! why there now—I see you puzzled:—Well—well—be that as the learned shall hereafter decide.—I will defend and maintain my opinion—simply—I will do more—wager a crown upon it—nay, double that—and if my simple testimony faileth, Mrs. Sancho and the children, five-deep, will back me—that Noah, during his pilgrimage in the blessed Ark, never, with wife and six children, set down to a feast upon a bit of finer goodlier—fatter—sweeter—falter—well-fed pork: we eat like hogs.

When do your nobles intend coming home?—The evenings get long, and the damps of the Park after fun-fet—but a word to the wife.

Oh! I had like to have almost forgot—I owe you a dressing for your last letter.—There were some saucy strokes of pride in it—the ebullitions of a high heart—and tenderly over-nice feelings. Go-to—what have I found you? My mind is not rightly at ease—or you should have it—and so you would not give me a line all the week—because—but what? I am to blame—a man in liquor—a man deprived of reason—and a man in love—should ever meet with pity and indulgence:—in the last class art thou!—nay, never blush—plain as the nose in thy face are the marks—refute it if you are able—dispute if you dare—for I have proofs—yea, proofs as undeniable as is the sincerity of the affection and zeal with which thou art ever regarded by thy

IGNATIUS SANCHE.

How do the ladies—and Mr. M—? Mind, I care not about —; so tell her,

and lye.—You may tell George the same story ;—but I should like to hear something about you all.

L E T T E R CVIII.

TO MR. M——.

October 9, 1779.

MY friend Mr. I——, who—*like* a simple fellow with a palish phiz—crazy head—and hair of a pretty colour—an aukward loon—whom I do sometimes care about—who has more wit than money—more good sense than wit—more urbanity than sense—and more pride than some princes—a chap who talks well—writes better—and means much better than he either speaks or indites—a careless son of nature, who rides without thinking—tumbles down without hurt—and gets up again without swearing—who can—in short, he is such an excentric phizpoop—such a vessel !—a new skin full of old wine is the best type of him—know you such a one? No ! I guessed as much—nay—nay—if you

think for a twelvemonth and a day, you will never be a jot the nearer—give it up, man. —Come, I will solve the mystery—his name is ———. I will tell you anon;—but as I was saying—for I hate prolixity—as I was saying above—Mr. I—— (in imitation of the odd soul I have laboured to describe) wishing to do me honour as well as pleasure—came in person twice, to insist on my accompanying *he* and *she*, and two more, to see Mr. H—— take possession of the throne of Richard. Into the boxes (I believe box is properer) we went—the house as full, just as it could be, and no fuller—as hot as it was possible to bear—or rather hotter.—Now do you really and truly conceive what I mean? Alas! there are some stupid souls, formed of such phlegmatic, adverse materials, that you might sooner strike conception into a flannel petticoat—or out of one—(now keep your temper, I beg, sweet Sir) than convince their simple craniums that six and seven makes thirteen.—It was a daring undertaking—and H—— was rather awed with the idea of the great man, whose very robes he was to wear—and whose throne he was to usurp.—

But give him his due—he acquitted himself well—tolerably well;—he will play it much better next time—and the next better still; Rome was not built in fix weeks—and, trust me, a Garrick will not be formed under seven years.—I supped with his Majesty and Mr. and Mrs. I——, where good-nature and good-sense mixed itself with the most chearful welcome.

And pray, how is your head by this time?—I will teach you to wish for pleasure from Black-a-moor dunderheads:—why, Sir, it is a broken sieve to a ragged pudding-bag, by the time you have gone through this scrawl—you will be as flat, dull, and tedious, as a drunken merry-andrew—or a methodist preacher—or a tired poor devil of a post-horse; or, to sum up all in one word, as your most—what you please,

I. SANCHE.

Is peforpher Quidois.

Your true friend, and so forth.

Zounds, Sir! fend me a good handsome epistle—such as you were wont to do in peaceful days, before * * * had warped your

faculties, and made you lazy.—Why you—but I will not put myself in a passion.—Oh! my M——, I would thou wert in town—but it's no matter—I am convinced, in our next habitation there will be no care—love will possess our souls—and praise and harmony—and ever-fresh rays of knowledge, wonder, and mutual communication will be our employ. Adieu.

The best of women—the girls—the boy—all well. I could really write as long a letter on a taylor's measure, as your last hurry-begotten note.

L E T T E R CIX.

TO MR. M——.

October 17, 1779.

N O! you have not the least grain of genius.—Alas! description is a science—a man should in some measure be born with the knack of it. Poor blundering M——, I pity thee: once more I tell thee—thou art a bungler in every thing—ask the girls else.—You

know nothing of figures—you write a wretched hand—thou hast a nonsensical style—almost as disagreeable as thy heart—thy heart, though better than thy head—and which I wish from my soul (as it now is) was the worst heart in the three kingdoms.—Thy heart is a silly one—a poor cowardly heart—that would shrink at mere trifles—though there were no danger of fine or imprisonment:—for example—come, confess now—could you lie with the wife of your friend? could you debauch his sister? could you defraud a poor creditor? could you by gambling rejoice in the outwitting a novice of all his possessions?—No! why then thou art a silly fellow, incumbered with three abominable inmates;—to wit—Conscience—Honesty—and Good-nature—I hate thee (as the Jew says) because thou art a Christian.

And what, in the name of common sense, impelled thee to torment my soul, with thy creative pen—drawing of sweet A—r—bn—s? I enjoyed content at least in the vortex of smog and vice—and lifted up my thoughts no higher than the beauties of

the park or —— gardens.—What have I to do with rural deities? with parterres—fields—groves—terraces—views—buildings—grotts—temples—flopes—bridges and meandering streams—cawing rooks—billing turtles—happy swains—the harmony of the woodland shades—the blissful constancy of rustic lovers?—Sir, I say you do wrong, to awaken ideas of this sort:—besides, as I hinted largely above—you have no talent—no language—no colouring—you do not groupe well—no relief—false light and shadow—and then your perspective is so false—no blending of tints—thou art a sad fellow, and there is an end of it.

S——n, who loves fools (he writes to me) but mum; S——n wishes to have the honour of a line from quondam friend M——: now M—— is an ill-natured fellow, but were it contrariwise—and M—— would indulge him—I would enclose it in a frank—with something clever of my own to make it more agreeable.—Sirrah! refuse if you dare—I will so expose thee—do it—'tis I command you:—S——n only intreats—you have need of such a rough chap as

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Sancho to counterpoise the pleasures of your earthly paradise.—Pray take care of your Eve—and now, my dear M——, after all my abuse, let me conclude

Yours affectionately,

I. SANCHE.

Postscript,

The tree of knowledge has yielded your fruit in ample abundance:—may you boldly climb the tree of life—and gather the fruits of a happy immortality—in which I would fain share, and have strong hope, through the merits of a blessed Redeemer—to find room sufficient for self and all I love—which, to say what I glory in, comprehend the whole race of man—and why not Namby-Pamby M——? I cannot write to S——n till I have your letter to enclose to him—if there is any delay, the fault is not mine.

L E T T E R CX.

TO MR. R——.

October 20, 1779.

ZOUNDS, Sir! would you believe—
Ireland has the * * * to claim the advantages
of a free unlimited trade—or they will join

in the American dance!—What a pack of *** are ***! I think the wisest thing administration can do (and I dare wager they will) is to stop the exportation of potatoes—and repeal the act for the encouragement of growing tobacco ***. It is reported here (from excellent authority) that the people at large surrounded the Irish parliament, and made the members—the courtiers—the formists and non-cons—cats—culls—and pimp-whiskins—all—all subscribe to their—. Well, but what says your brother—no better news I much fear from that quarter.—Oh, this poor ruined country!—ruined by its success—and the choicest blessings the Great Father of Heaven could shower down upon us—ruined by victories—arts—arms—and unbounded commerce—for pride accompanied those blessings—and like a canker-worm has eaten into the heart of our political body.—The Dutch have given up the Serapis and the Scarborough, and detained Paul Jones twenty-four hours after their sailing:—how they will balance accounts with France, I know not; but I do believe the Mynheers will get into a scrape.

Tell Mr. B—— the Pyefleets fluctuate in price like the stocks, and were done this morning at Billingsgate change, at 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *per* bushel; but I have sent them this evening properly directed—also a book of *Cogniscenti dilitanti divertimenti*.—As for the ladies, I cannot say any thing in justice to their merits or my own feelings:—therefore I am silent—write soon—a decent, plain, and intelligible letter—a letter that a body may read with pleasure and improvement—none of your circumroundabouts for

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R CXI.

TO MR. R——.

Nov. 1, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD on Sunday night have acknowledged your kindness, but was prevented by weakness!—idleness! or some such nonsense!—Were you here, Mrs.

Sancho would tell you I had quacked myself to death.—It is true, I have been unwell—from colds and from a purging!—which disorder prevails much in our righteous metropolis—and perhaps from quacking; but of this when we meet.—I was much pleased with my letter from Sir John—in which there is very little news—and less hope of doing any thing to the purpose, either in the conquering or conciliating mode, than in any letter I have been favoured with.—He makes no mention of receiving any packets from me, and I have wrote six or eight times within the last twelve months—so you see plainly the packets are either lost, or his letters stopt.—I shall give him a line by Wednesday's post—and let it try its fortune.—I enclose you some American congress notes—for he does not say he has sent you any—though he mentions the news-papers.

We talk of sending over a vast force next spring. Why G—m—t will so madly pursue a losing game, is amongst the number of things that reason can never account for—and good sense blushes at:—it is reported in the city, that our safety this summer was

purchased of d'Orvilliers and Monsieur Sartin :—it is certain (although a vote of credit was granted for a million) that there is no money in the Exchequer—and that the civil list is 800,000*l.* in arrears.—This looks dark—whilst Ireland treats us rather laconic—Scotland not too friendly—America speaks but too plainly :—But what a plague is all this to you or me? I am doomed to difficulty and poverty for life—and let things go as they will, if the French leave us Newmarket—they will not ruin my friend.—I hope the good ladies are well and preparing for London.—Squire S—— and his good woman well also, he in the enjoyment of his gun—and she in the care of the sweet children.—My best respects to Mr. and Mrs. B——, and I should be a beast to neglect my worthy friend Mr. S——k. Now I have a scheme to propose to the electors of Great Britain, to take Sir C—— and Mr. S——— for their patterns—and at the general election (if they can find as many) to return 300 such—it would immortalize them in the annals of this country for their wisdom of choice—and what's much better,

it would perhaps (with God's blessing) save Old England. We want, alas!—only a few honest men of sound principles and good plain understandings—to unite us—to animate with one mind!—one heart!—one aim!—and to direct the roused courage of a brave people properly—then we might hope for golden times—and the latter end of the present reign emulate the grand close of the last.

I got a very pretty young lady to chuse this inclosed ticket—meaning to baffle ill-luck; for, had I chose it myself, I am certain a blank would have been the consequence. — May it be prosperous! — Mrs. Sancho joins me in every thing—love to O——; the girls giggle their respects to Mr. R——; Billy joins in silence, but his love to Nutts is plain. How does he do?

Yours,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER CXII.

TO MR S——.

Nov. 14. 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOURS by my brother gave me money—and, what was more pleasing to me, a tolerable account of your success—the lateness of the season considered.—Come, brighten up; my brother P—— has left us much happier than he found us.—We have succeeded beyond our expectation—humility is the test of Christianity—and parent of many if not of all the virtues;—but we will talk this over, when you return from grape-stuffed geese and fine girls.—H—— seems to be in better favour with her goddessship Lady Fortune:—his affair will do—he will stand a fair chance of rising.—I wish from my soul something good in the same line was destined for you;—but have courage—time and patience conquer all things.—I hope you will

O

come home soon—and leave a foundation for better fortune next year at B——, and its friendly neighbourhood.—Kitty is very poorly—God's will be done!—I have a horrid story to tell you about the—Zounds! I am interrupted. — Adieu! God keep you!

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHE.

Mrs. Sancho, and girls, and Billy, send their compliments, &c. and pray all our respective loves and best wishes to the friendly circle at B——, and every where else.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MR. S——.

Nov. 16, 1779.

YOU have missed the truth by a mile—aye and more:—it was not neglect—I am too proud for that;—it was not forgetfulness, Sir—I am not so ungrateful;—it

was not idleness, the excuse of fools;—nor hurry of business, the refuge of knaves:—it is time to say what it was.—Why, Mrs. D—— was in town from Tuesday to Monday following—and then—and not till then—gave me your letter—and most graciously did I receive it—considering that both my feet were in flannels, and are so to this luckless minute.—Well, Sir, and what have you to say to that? Friend H—— has paid for them.—I pay him again—and shall draw upon you towards Christmas—never poorer since created—but 'tis a general case;—blessed times for a poor Blacky grocer to hang or drown in!—Received from your good reverend parent (why not honoured father?) a letter, announcing the approach of a hamper of prog, which I wish you was near enough to partake.—Your good father feels a satisfaction in doing—I think a wrong thing—his motive is right—and, like a true servant of Christ, he follows the spirit, not the letter:—he will be justified in a better world—I am satisfied in this—and thou wilt in thy feelings be gratified.—Huzza!—we are all right—but your father pays the

piper. How doth Squire G——? odfo—
and his pretty daughter?—kiss the father for
me—and drink a bottle with the fair lady.
—I mean as I have wrote—so tell them—
and do what's best in thy own and their
eyes.—When you see brother O——, my
love to him and his household.—I have
no spirits when the gout seizes me—pox on
him!—Great news from Sir Charles Har-
dy—huzza for ever!—all mad—nothing but
illuminations;—out with your lights—bells
ringing, bonfires blazing—crackers bounc-
ing—and all for what?—what?—The girls
open-mouthed—Billy stares—Mrs. Sancho
rubs her hands;—the night indeed is cold,
but Billy must go to bed:—the noisy rogues
with the Gazette-extra stun our ears.
Adieu!

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

I should have inclosed a paper, but it
will cost the devil and all.—My family all
join in customary customs.

L E T T E R CXIV.

TO I—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Nov. 21, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

WE are happy to hear, by brother O——, that you and Mrs. S—— enjoy good health—may God preserve it, and increase your every comfort!

I am far from being sorry that you have not been in town this Autumn;—for London has been sickly—almost every body full of complaint; add also that the times are equally full of disease. — Luxury! Folly! Disease! and Poverty! you may see daily riding in the same coach—the doors ornamented with the honours of a virtuous ancestry topped with coronets, surrounded with mantle ermined;—and, alas! Corruption for the supporters.

Now, my good Sir, you can have no real pleasure but what must arise from your own

heart, were you amongst us—and that would be in pitying our weakness, and fighting over distresses your benevolence of heart could not alleviate!—and yet I fear—if you keep from town till times mend—I shall have no chance of seeing you this side eternity.—You should come up for a day or two, were it only to be witness to the roguery of M——rs and lottery-office-keepers—and the madness of the dupes of each.—I have much to thank you for—which I will not forget in a better world, if I see you not in this.—We have eat your turkey to-day;—it is a joke to say it was good—bad things seldom, if ever, come from Mr. S——. Mrs. Sancho joins me in thanks to Mrs. S——, who we hope will not be always unknown.—The customary wishes of the approaching sacred season to you and all your connexions.—Pray excuse blunders; for I am forced to write post, as I expect O—— every moment. As I write first, and think afterwards, my epistles are commonly in the Irish fashion. You, who prefer the heart to the head, will overlook

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the error of the man who is, and ever will
be, very sincerely and gratefully,

Your much obliged

friend and servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

It is expected the whole M——y will
run from their posts before Friday next,
L—d S—h and Lord N—h excepted: Now,
I have a respect for L—d N—h: he is a good
husband! father, friend, and master — a
real *good man*—but, I fear, a bad m——r.

— L E T T E R CXV.

TO THE REV. MR. S——.

Dec. 5, 1779.

REV. AND HON. SIR,

I HAVE just now received your too va-
luable favor:—forgive me, good Sir, if I
own I felt hurt at the idea of the trouble

and cost you (from a spirit too generous) have been put to—and for what, my good Sir? Your son shewed me many kindnesses—and his merits are such as will spontaneously create him the esteem of those who have the pleasure of knowing him—it is honouring me to suppose I could be of service to him.—Accept then, good Sir, of my thanks, and Mrs. Sancho's—and be assured you have sevenfold overpaid any common kindness I could render your deserving son and my friend.—I wish he was here to partake of your bountiful treat—for well do I know his filial heart would exult, and his eyes beam with love and respect.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in respectful acknowledgements and thanks to Mrs. S—— and self.

We are, dear Sir,

Your most obliged servants,

IGN. and A. SANCHE.

LETTER CXVI.

TO MR. S——.

Dec. 14, 1779.

SIR,

I EXPECT an answer.

Yours,

I. S.

Our friend H——'s head and heart are fully occupied with schemes, plans, resolves, &c. &c. in which (to his immortal honour) the weal and welfare of his S—— are constantly considered:—the proposal which accompanies this letter, from what little judgement I have, I think promises fair.—You will, however, give it a fair examination—and of course determine from the conviction of right reason.—If, as a friend, I might presume to offer my weak opinion—I freely say, I think in every light it seems eligible.

The circle of your acquaintance is at present circumscribed—I mean in the artist line:—now in case you connect yourself in a business which requires constant daily perambulation—the chances are on your side for forming acquaintance—perhaps friendships—with men of genius and abilities, which may happily change the colour of your fortunes—the old proverb is on your side—“two heads,” &c.—and very fortunately in your case, where in fact one has *wit*, and the other *judgement*,—the *chair* of *interest* will have its compleat furniture in the two top ornaments—and *honesty* for its *basis*. So much for Monf. H——, and now I have to reckon with you. How could you be so preposterously wrong, to trouble the repose of your worthy father and mother about me? Surely you must think me exceedingly interested—or your heart must be a very proud one; if either—in the first instance you did me a wrong—in the last, perhaps, I may wrong you;—be it as it may—I know it gave me real vexation.—Your father sent such a basket, as ten times repaid the trifling service I had the honour as well

as pleasure in rendering a man of merit, and my friend;—believe me, I never accepted any present with so ill a will;—with regard to them, every thankful acknowledgement was due.—I wrote a very embarrassed letter of thanks—with a resolution to give you a chastisement for laying me under the necessity.—I hear with pleasure that you have enough to do. H—— declares he is sorry for it—as he wants and wishes you in town. Pray give my best wishes to Mess. B—— and S——w, and my love to O——. If you should happen to know a Miss A——, a rich farmer's daughter, remember me to her—were you not widow-witched, she or some other heavy-purged lass might be easily attainable to a man of your—aye, aye, but that, says ——, will not be, I fear.—For I verily believe, that * * * * * for the * * * * * and by the same token do you not * * * * *? But this is matter of mere speculation.—God bless you! Yours sincerely—cordially—and sometimes offensively—but always friendly,

IGN. SANCHE.

L E T T E R CXVII.

TO D—— B——E, ESQ.

Dec. 17, 1779.

GOOD SIR,

A STRANGER to your person (not to your virtues) addresses you—will you pardon the interested intrusion? I am told, you delight in doing good.—Mr. W——e (who honours me with his friendships, by whose persuasion I presume to trouble you) declares,—you are no respecter of country or colours—and encourages me further—by saying, that I am so happy (by the good offices of his too partial friendship) to have the interest and good wishes of Mr. B——.

Could my wish be possibly effected to have the honour of a General post-office settled in my house, it would certainly be a great good.—as (I am informed) it would emancipate me from the fear of serving the parish offices, for which I am utterly unqualified through

infirmities—as well as complexion—Figure to yourself, my dear Sir, a man of a convexity of belly exceeding Falstaff—and a black face into the bargain—waddling in the van of poor thieves and pennyless prostitutes—with all the supercilious mock dignity of little office—what a banquet for wicked jest and wanton wit—as, *Needs must, when, &c. &c.*—Add to this, my good Sir, the chances of being summoned out at midnight in the severity of easterly winds and frosty weather—subject as I unfortunately am to gout six months in twelve—the consequence of which must be death:—death! now I had much rather live—and not die—live indebted to the kindness of a few great and good—in which glorious class, you, dear Sir, have the pre-eminence in the idea of

Your most respectful

and obliged humble servant,

IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO MR. B——.

Charles Street, Dec. 20, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE Park guns are now firing, and never was poor devil so puzzled as your humble Sancho is at this present moment.—I have a budget of fresh news—aye, and that of consequence—and a million of stale thanks, which perhaps you will think of no consequence.—Impelled by two contrary passions, how should a poor Negro know precisely which to obey? Your turkey and chine are absolutely as good, as fine, and as welcome—as nobly given—and as gratefully accepted—as heart can wish, or fancy conceive:—then on the other hand—the news is as glorious—as well timed and authenticated—as pleasing,—as salutary in the ministerial way—as much wanted—and as welcome—as the turkey and chine to a certain sett, I mean—of king's friends and national * * * * *. The

said turkey and chine will keep fresh and good—and chear some honest hearts (I trust) on Christmas-day.—The news, good as it is, may half of it prove false by Christmas—and the true part will be stale news by that time—much of it will be liable to doubt and malicious disquisition:—now, on the other hand, the turkey and its honest fat companion are bettering every day—and feast us by anticipation.—But again, the news will come with a handsome face—attested by a Gazette extraordinary, garnished by the happy flourishes of news-paper invention. Then there is the speech of the noble Sir C——; I meant to say much upon that score; you have read it without doubt—so have I more than once or twice—and I find the same fault with it that the majority and minority do—which is neither more nor less than what's exceeding natural to both parties.—The majority detest it for its truth—the minority would have better liked it, had it not been so d—n'd *honest*. Now (between ourselves) I do confess to you, my worthy friend, strip this famed speech of its truth and honesty, there will very little worth

notice remain, excepting candour, a spice of benevolence, and perhaps too much charity;—but as the above are the vices only of a very few, we may the better endure it in Sir C——. There is certainly an express arrived this day with very comfortable news—plenty of killed and wounded—plenty of prisoners—and (as it always happens) with little or no loss on our side;—but, dear me! how I have run on!—I protest, the sole business of this letter was to ease my mind—by unburthening my head and heart of some weighty thanks, which, for aught I know, except very decently managed, are more likely to give pain than pleasure to some odd-constructed minds, men who fatten upon doing good, and feel themselves richer in proportion to their kindness:—such beings are the S——’s, the B——s; the R——hs, O——ns, &c. &c.—whom God mend—in the next world I mean:—so, wishing you every felicity in this, and every comfort attendant on the approaching festival, with love and good-will to all friends, especially to Mrs. B——n, the worthy Mr. S——’s family, Squire S——ns, and his mate, in

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which Mrs. Sancho claims her full share, I remain, dear Sir, (I fear I tire you)

Your most obliged
humble servant,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER CXIX.

TO MR. B——.

Dec. 24, 1779.

LOSERS have the privilege to rail—I was taking the benefit of the act upon my seeing Johnny O——, when he abruptly (and not disagreeably) stopped my mouth—with saying, he had just loaded a stout lad—in the name of Mr. B——, and dispatched him to Charles Street:—now this same spirit of reparation may suit well with both the in and out side of Mr. B——; and those who know the man will not marvel at the deed. For my own part, I have been long convinced of the blindness, and more than Egyptian stubbornness, of repiners of every sect.—For how can we say but that seeming evils in the seed, with the cultivation of

benevolence — mark that — may yield an abundant crop of real substantial good?— The confounded lurches, and four by honours, trimmed me of ten pieces:—Ten pieces; quoth I as I was preparing for bed —better been at home:—Ten pieces! quoth Prudence, you had no business to play:—So much good money flung away! cries Avarice. —Avarice is a lying old grub—I have pork worth twice the money—and the friendly wishes of a being who looks hospitality and good-will:—The blessings of the season attend you!—May you have the pleasure and exercise of finding out want, and relieving it! and may you feel more pleasure than the benefited!—which I believe is mostly the case in souls of a kind, generous, enlarged structure.—My respects attend the gun and dog of Squire S—, which, being the things of most consequence, I name before Mrs. S— or himself. — They and every one connected with B—— house have my best wishes—and you, my good Sir, the thanks of

Your most humble servant,

I. SANCHO:

LETTER CXX.

TO MRS. M——.

Christmas-day, 1779.

MAY this blest season bring every pleasure with it to my kind and worthy Mrs. M——! and may the coming year bless the good and happy man of her heart with the possession of her person! and may every future one, for a long period of time, bring an increase to her joys and comforts!—So pray the Sancho's—and all join in thanks to Mrs. M—— for her friendly present.—Will Mrs. M—— be so kind to say all that's civil and thankful to Mrs. W——e, for her kindness in sending me a bottle of snuff?—and also make my respectful compliments to Mr. L——? God keep you all!

Yours I remain, much
obliged and thankful,

IGN. SANCHO.

LETTER CXXI.

TO MR. W——E.

Dec. 26, 1779.

IT is needless, my dear Sir, to say how pleasingly the news of your great good fortune affected us:—for my part, I declare (self excepted) I do not know, in the whole circle of human beings, two people whom I would sooner wish to have got it;—neither, in my poor judgement, could it have fallen with a probability of being better used in any other hands. The blessings of decent competency you have been used to from early childhood:—your minds have been well cultivated—virtuous and prudent in your conduct, you have enjoyed the only true riches (a good name) long;—your power of doing good will certainly be amply increased; but, as to real wealth, I will maintain it, you were as rich before.—You must now expect a decent share of envy;—for, as every one thinks pretty handsomely of self, most of

the unfortunate adventurers of your acquaintance will be apt to think how much pleasanter it would have been to have had twenty thousand pounds to themselves.—Avarice will groan over his full bags, and cry, “Well, I never had any luck!” Vanity will exclaim, “It is better to be born lucky than rich!” Whilst Content, sheltered in her homely hovel, will cry, “Blessing on their good hearts! aye, I knew their good parents;—they were eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and made the orphan’s and the widow’s hearts sing for joy; God will prosper the family.”—But, while I am prating away, I neglect to thank you, which was the chief business of this letter—to thank you, and to admire that rectitude of temper which could, in the full tide of worldly good fortune, remember the obscure, the humble old friend.—Accept my thanks, and the plaudit also of a heart too proud to court opulence—but alive to the feelings of truth, sacred friendship, and humanity.—Mine and Mrs. Sancho’s thanks for your genteel present attend you, Mrs. W——, and the worthy circle round!—May every year be

productive of new happiness in the fullest sense of true wisdom, the riches of the heart and mind!—So wishes thy obliged sincere friend,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R CXXII.

TO D. B——E, ESQ.

Dec. 30, 1779.

HONOURED SIR,

PERMIT me to thank you—which I do most sincerely—for the kindness and good-will you are pleased to honour me with.—Believe me, dear Sir, I was better pleased with the gracious and soothing manner of your refusal—than I have been in former times with obligations less graciously conferred.—I should regret the trouble I have given you—but that my heart feels a comfort, and my pride a gratification, from the reflection, that I am cared for—and not

unnoticed—by a gentleman of the first worth
and highest character. I am dear Sir, with
profound respect and gratitude,

Your most obliged
and humble servant,

I. SANCHE.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO MR. I——.

Dec. 1779:

DEAR SIR,

THE bearer of this letter gives himself a
very good report—he is certainly the best
judge—he can cook upon occasion—dress
and shave—handle a falver with address—
and clean it too :—he is but little in make—
and I hope not great in opinion :—examine
his morals—if you can see through so opaque
a composition as a Bengalian.—Was he an
African—but it's no matter, he can't help
the place of his nativity !—I would have

waited upon the worthy circle yesterday ; but the day was so unfriendly, I had not the heart to quit the fire-side.—I hope you and Mrs. I—— have as much health and spirits as you can manage.—I have had a pretty smart engagement with the gout, of which I can give a better account than Sir Charles Hardy can of the combined fleet.—I wish to place you, Sir, in the Censor's chair—for the which purpose, I most pressingly beg the favor of your company to-morrow, Friday the 19th, in the afternoon—to meet a young unfledged genius of the first water—who, as well as myself, is fool enough to believe you possess as much true taste as true worth :—be that as God pleases—if you delight to do me honor, comply with this request, and imagine Sterne would have done as much for

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

TO MR. R——.

Last Day, 1779.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WISH I could tell you how much pleasure I felt in the reading your chearful letter—I felt that you was in good health, and in a flow of chearfulness, which pray God continue to you!——I shall fancy myself amongst you about the time you will get this—I paint in my imagination the winning smiles, and courteously kind welcome, in the face of a certain lady, whom I cannot help caring for with the decent pleasing demure countenance of the little C—— Squire B——, with the jovial expression of countenance our old British freeholders were wont to wear—the head and heart of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley; S—— tipsy with good will, his eyes dancing in his head, considering within his breast every species of

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welcome to do honor to his noble master, and credit to the night; and, lastly, my friend looking more kindness than his tongue can utter and present to every individual, in offices of love and respect. My R——, what would I give to steal in unseen—and be a happy spectator of the good old English hospitality—kept up by so few—and which in former times gave such strength and consequence to the ancestry of the present frivolous race of Apostates!—Honoured and blest be Sir C—— and his memory, for being one of those golden characters that can find true happiness in giving pleasure to his tenants, neighbours, and domestics!—wherever such a being moves—the eyes of love and gratitude follow after him—and infant tongues, joining the voice of youth and maturer years, fill up the grand chorus of his praise.—I inclose without apology a billet for ——: he well knows how prone I naturally am to love him;—but love is untractable, there is no forcing affections—but I, perhaps, too quickly feel coldness. —— has a noble soul—and he has his foibles;—for me, I fling no stone—I dare not; for, of all

created beings, I know none so truly culpable, so full of faults, as is your very sincere friend and obliged servant,

I. SANCHE.

As we commonly wish well to ourselves, you may believe that we cordially join in wishing every good, either in health, wealth, or honour, to the noble owner of B—— Hall; to the thrice dearly respected—guests who!—to you and all—and all and you. Billy loves flesh—Kitty is a termagant—Betsey talks as usual—the Fanny's work pretty hard. Adieu! I conclude 1779 with the harmony of love and friendship.

LETTER CXXV.

TO ——— MR. S———.

1780, January the 4th day.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have here a kind of medley, a heterogeneous, ill-spelt, heteroclite (worse) excentric sort of a—a—; in short, it is a

true Negroe calibash—of ill-sorted, undigested chaotic matter. What an excellent proem! what a delightful sample of the grand absurd!—Sir—dear Sir—as I have a soul to be saved (and why I should not, would puzzle a Dr. Price), as I have a soul to be saved, I only meant to say about fifteen words to you—and the substance just this—to wish you a happy New-year—with the usual appendages—and a long et cætera of cardinal and heavenly blessings:—à propos, blessings—never more scanty—all beggars by Jove—not a shilling to be got in London;—if you are better off in the country, and can afford to remit me your little bill, I inclose it for that good end. H—— is—but he can better tell you himself what he is; for in truth I do think he is in love: which puts the pretty G—— into my head—and she brings her father in view.—My love and respects to each.—Mrs. Sancho joins me; and the girls, her—and God keep you!

Yours sincerely,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO MR. J——W——E.

Charles Street, Jan. 5, 1780.

DEAR W——E,

WERE I as rich in worldly commodity as in hearty will—I would thank you most princely for your very welcome and agreeable letter;—but, were it so, I should not proportion my gratitude to your wants;—for, blessed be the God of thy hope!—thou wantest nothing—more than—what's in thy possession—or in thy power to possess:—I would neither give thee *Money*—nor *Territory*—*Women*—nor *Horses*—nor *Camels*—nor the height of Asiatic pride—*Elephants*;—I would give thee *Books*—

“ *Books*, fair Virtue's advocates and friends;

but you have books plenty—more than you have time to digest:—after much writing—which is fatiguing enough—and under the lassitude occasioned by fatigue, and not

fin—the cool recess—the loved *book*—the sweet pleasures of imagination poetically worked up into delightful enthusiasm—richer than all your fruits—your spices—your dancing-girls—and the whole detail of Eastern, effeminate foppery—flimsy splendour—and glittering magnificence;—so thou thinkest—and I rejoice with thee and for thee. Shall I say what my heart suggests? No, you will feel it praise—and call it flattery. Shall I say, Your worthy parent read your filial letter to me—and embalmed the grateful tribute of a virtuous son with his precious tears?—Will you believe?—he was for some minutes speechless through joy!—Imagine you see us—our heads close together—comparing notes;—imagine you hear the honest plaudits of love and friendship sounding in thy ears;—’tis glory to be proud on such occasions—’tis the pride of merit:—and as you allow me to counsel you with freedom—I do strongly advise you to love praise—to court praise—to win it by every honest, laudable exertion—and be oft, very often jealous of it:—examine the source it proceeds from—and encourage and

cherish it accordingly.—Fear not—mankind are not too lavish of it—censure is dealt out by wholesale—while praise is very sparingly distributed:—nine times in ten mankind may err in their blame—but in its praises the world is seldom, if ever, mistaken.—Mark—I praise thee *sincerely*, for the *whole* and every *part* of thy *conduct* in regard to my two sable brethren *. I was an ass—or else I might have judged from the national antipathy and prejudice through custom even of the Gentoos towards their woolly-headed brethren, and the well-known dignity of my Lords the Whites, of the impropriety of my request.—I therefore not only acquit thee honourably—but condemn myself for giving thee the trouble to explain a right conduct.—I fear you will hardly make out this

* Mr. W——c having wrote word, that if any European in India associated with those of that complexion, it would be considered as a degradation, and would be an obstacle to his future preferment; he laments, in very strong terms the cruelty of such an opinion; hopes not to forfeit Mr. Sancho's good opinion from being compelled to comply with the custom of the country, with repeated assurances of serving them, if in his power, though he must remain unknown to them.

scrawl, although it is written with a pen of thy father's—a present mended from a parcel of old quills by his foreman, or brother C——d.—Your honest brother Joseph came post with your letters—good-will shining in his face—joy in his innocent eyes:—he promises to be as much a W—— as his Indian brother:—you flatter my vanity in supposing my friendship of any utility to Joe;—he has in his good father Moses and the Prophets—which you have had, and availed yourself well of the blessing—and I trust Joe will do the same—besides having precept and example from a worthy and loving brother.—Poor M——, your favourite—I scarce knew her;—she was as pure within, as amiable without:—she enriches the circle of the blest—and you have a friend in heaven.

I hope you sometimes—aye often—consult with Dr. Young's Night Thoughts—carry him in your pockets—court him—quote him—delight in him—make him your own—and laugh at the wit, and wisdom, and fashion of the world:—that book, well studied, will make you know the value of

death—and open your eyes to the snares of life; its precepts will exalt the festive hour, brighten and bless the gloom of solitude, comfort thy heart; and smooth thy pillow in sickness, and gild with lustre thy prosperity—disarm death itself of its terrors, and sweetly soften the hour of dissolution.—I recommend to all young people, who do me the honour to ask my opinion—I recommend, if their stomachs are strong enough for such intellectual food, Dr. Young's Night Thoughts—the Paradise Lost—and the Seasons;—which, with Nelson's Fasts and Fasts, a Bible and Prayer-book, used for twenty years to make my travelling library—and I do think it a very rich one. I never trouble my very distant friends with articles of news—the public prints do it so much better—and then they may answer for their untruths;—for among the multitude of our public prints, it is hard to say which lyes most.

Your enclosed trust was directly delivered to the fair hands it was addressed to:—I have the authority to say, it gave great pleasure to both the ladies and your friend Mr.

R——, who wears the same cordial friendly heart in his breast as when you first knew him.—Your friend Mr. John R—— is still at New York with the guards—where he is very deservedly honoured, loved, and esteemed:—he corresponds with his old acquaintance—and does me the honour to remember me amongst his friends:—our toast in P. Gardens is often the three Johns—R——, W——e, and O——, an honest—therefore a noble triumvirate.

I feel old age intently stealing on me—and, alas! am obliged to borrow the aid of spectacles, for any kind of small print:—Time keeps pacing on, and we delude ourselves with the hope of reaching first this stage, and then the next; till that ravenous rogue Death puts a final end to our folly.

All this is true—and yet I please and flatter myself with the hope of living to see you in your native country—with every comfort possessed—crowned with the honest man's best ambition, a fair character.—May your worthy, your respectable parents, relations, and friends, enjoy that pleasure!

IGNATIUS SANCHO. 323

and that you may realize every fond hope
of all who love you, is the wish of

Your sincere friend;

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Postscript.

This letter is of a decent length—I expect a return with interest.—Mrs. Sanchó joins me in good wishes, love, and compliments.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MR. S——.

Charles Street, Jan. 11, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. R—— faithfully discharged his commission—paid me the defirable—and intrusted me with ten guineas, to pay on demand; and here he comes, faith—as fresh as May, and warm as friendly zeal can make mortality—to demand the two letters, which he will deliver himself, for his own satisfaction.

—I wish from my soul, that Chancellors—Secretaries of State—Kings—aye—and Bishops—were as fond of doing kind things—but they are of a higher order.—Friend R—— is only a Christian.—I give you credit for your promises of reformation in the epistolary way—and very glad am I to hear of your success.—Know your own worth—honour yourself, not with supercilious pride, but with the decent confidence of your own true native merit—and you must succeed in almost any thing you chuse to undertake: so thinks Sancho.—As to what you request me to do by way of inspecting your goods and chattels in your late lodging—I must beg to decline it—as I feel it awkward, to insinuate the least deficiency in point of attention to your interests in such a heart as H—s; a heart, which, to my knowledge, feels every sentiment of divine friendship for you; an heart, animated with the strongest zeal and flowing ardor to serve you, to love you.

The kindness of you and your two friends exceedingly embarrasses me.—I would not wish to appear to any one either arrogant,

vain, or conceited ;—no—nor servile, mean,
 or selfish :—I grant your motive is friendly
 in the extreme—and those of your compa-
 nions as nobly generous ;—but—but what ?
 —Why this—and the truth—were I rich,
 I would accept it, and say “ Thank ye,”
 when I chose it ;—as I am poor, I do not
 chuse to say “ Thank ye”—but to those I
 know and respect. You must forgive me—
 and call it the error of African false principle—
 —call it any thing but coldness and un-
 feeling pride, which is in fact ingratitude in
 a birth-day suit.—As to the grand Turk
 of Norfolk, if it comes—we will devour it
 —and toast Don S—— and the unknown
 giver.—Thou, my S——, hast (oh ! prof-
 trate, and thank the Giver) a noble and
 friendly heart, susceptible of the best, the
 greatest feelings. H—— is thy twin-bro-
 ther—perhaps he has more fire in his com-
 position :—Woman apart, he is a glorious
 fellow ; * * * * apart—alas ! alas ! alas ! * * * *
 * * * * apart, what might not be hoped, expect-
 ed, from * * * * * ! So the poor boy flew
 his kite—but the tail was lost.—Poor H——
 has a book and a fair-one to manage ;—

ticklish—very ticklish subjects—either:—and your worship has a book to castrate—and a Fandango to dance—with a *Tol de le rol, de le rol*.—Your reason for postponing your journey to town is wisely great, or greatly wise;—it does you honour, because it is founded in equity. I am glad to hear the Rev. Mr. S—— is better.—I love and venerate that good man:—not because he begat you, but for his own great parts and many virtues—by the bye, I know more of him than you think for.—Tell brother O—— I am glad to hear he is well, and Mrs. O—— better;—and tell him the name of the Bishop's lady's dog (that was lost, and has been missing these two months) is Sherry *. When you see Mr. S——, the good, the friendly, generous Mr. S——, my and mine make the respects of—we wish him many happy years and his family.—To Mr. G—— and his amiable daughter, say all that's right for me. And now to conclude with thanks, &c. &c. I and we—that's spouse and self—remain, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

* Mr. O—— had promised Mr. Sancho two months before to send him immediately a present of Sherry.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MR. M——.

Charles Street, Jan. 17, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, as you taught me to expect last week, a very fine * * *, and after it as kind a letter—in name of a Mr. E—— W—— of Norfolk, near Houghton-Hall, &c.—I have bespoke a frank, and mean to thank him—as I also thank you, whom I look upon as the grand friendly mover of the generously handsome act.—You have your reward, for you had a pleasure in doing it;—and Mr. W——has his, if he believes me honest.—Could I any way retaliate, I should feel lighter—that's pride, I own it. Humiliy should be the poor man's shirt—and thankfulness his girdle;—be it so—I do request you to thank Mr. W—— for me, and tell him he has the prayers—not of a raving mad whig—nor fawning deceitful tory—but of a coalblack, jolly African, who wishes health

and peace to every religion and country throughout the ample range of God's creation!—and believes a painter may be saved at the last day, maugre all the Miss G——'s and widows in this kingdom. I have done nothing in the shoe affair yet—for which I ought to ask poor C——'s pardon as well as yours:—the rogue has left the court, and gone to live in Fish-market, Westminster-bridge;—I shall ferret him out, and make him bless his old master,

I inclose your receipts in proof of my honesty—a rare virtue as times go!—M—— has wrote to you—left his letter with me—and I, like a what you please, let it slip into the fire—with a handful of company he had no business to be amongst:—he shall write you another—you will both be angry—but you will both forgive, as good Christians ought, accidents.—I am sorry. I will say no more, but God keep you, and direct your goings;

Yours, &c. &c.

I. SANCHO.

When you see the honourable Mr. B——, give our loves and best wishes to him and

Mrs. B——, and Squire S—— and his good dame also.—Salute the home of G—— for me.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO MR. W——E.

Charles Street, March 1, 1780.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I WISH to interest you in behalf of the inclosed book—wrote by a greatly-esteemed friend—a young man of much merit—and a heart enriched with every virtue—the book I beg you will snatch time to read with attention.—It is an answer (as you will see) to a flaming bigoted Mongrel against Toleration.—Swift says, “Zeal is never so pleased as when you set it a tearing.” He says truly. Could you get the pamphlet (whose title I forget), you would be better enabled to judge of the force, truth, and strength of my friend’s answer:—for my part, I love liberty in every sense, whilst connected with honesty.

and truth :—it has been shewn a bookseller, but he happened to be the very man who had just published a flimsy answer to the same; consequently would not encourage my friend's, lest it should injure the sale of his other.—Understand, my good friend, that the author is very ill-calculated for booksellers' and printers' jockeyship; which, to a liberal mind fraught with high and generous ideas, is death and the devil.

I own, I was guilty of teasing him into the finishing this little work, with a view of having it printed.—Now, my friend is not richer than poets commonly are—and, in short, will not run any risks.—I would gladly stand the expence of printing; but I am not richer than he;—I want it printed, and request of you, if, upon perusing it, you do not find it inimical, either to Religion, Country, or Crown, that you contrive to push it into the world without delay; but if, upon mature deliberation, you find it dangerous, with washed hands send it me back, and set me down for an ass, in the trouble I have given thee and myself. — Perhaps, jaundiced by prejudice, I behold it with too

partial eyes; for I verily believe it will not discredit the printer:—suppose you shew it in confidence to the greatly amiable, the good Mr. B——e. I mention him in particular; for sure I am his nobly benevolent soul would start at the bare idea of religious persecution:—he would, I trust, feel the full force of my friend's reasoning—and his good opinion would be the best sanction for endeavouring to push the work forward.

I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman in our street one day last week, who seemed to be so goodly a personage, that I said to myself, There's Sir Charles Grandison! His figure was noble—his eye brightened with kindness—the man of fashion and of sense was conspicuous in him:—think how I stared, when the gentleman accosted me—said, he knew me through my friend W——e;—his name was * * * *. I bowed, and stammered some nonsense—I was taken by surprise.—I am in such a hurry, and the pen is naught, that I fear you will scarcely understand this scrawl.—Remember I give you full powers over this work;—do what

you can, but do it soon, and make your report to your friend,

I. SANCHO *.

L E T T E R CXXX.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, March 25, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

I AND mine have a thousand things to thank you for—shall I say the plain truth, and own I am proud to know that you care for me and my little ones? your friendly attention to our interests proves it—but mortals of your cast are oftener envied than loved:—the majority, who are composed chiefly of the narrow-minded or contracted hearts, and of selfish avidity, cannot comprehend the delight in doing as they would be done by—and consequently cannot love what they do not understand.—Excuse my nonsense, I

* The book alluded to in this letter was printed under the title of, "An Answer to the Appeal from the Protestant Association."

ever write just what I think :—my business was to give you some account why I delayed the teas, and to thank you for your very noble order.—Sir Jacob was here this afternoon, and, if his looks tell truth, he is exceeding well. H—— desires his love to you and the worthy partner of your heart, to whom I join with my spouse in wishing every earthly felicity—heavenly you have both injured, by being faithful stewards.—Sir Jacob sent a parcel—which accompanies the teas—which I hope will reach you safe and right, as they set out to-morrow noon—Tell Mr. H——, I pray you, that the winter has used me as roughly as it has him—I never have been so unwell for these four months past ;—but, alas ! one reason is, I do believe, that I am past fifty ;—but I hope with you, that spring will set us all right.—As to complaints in trade, there is nothing else—we are all poor, all grumblers, all preaching œconomy—and wishing our neighbours to practise it ;—but no one but the quite undone begins at home. We are all patriots, all politicians, all state-quacks, and all fools :—the ladies are turned orators, and declaim in public, ex-

pose their persons, and their erudition, to every Jackanapes who can throw down half a crown:—as to the men, they are past saving;—as I can say no good, I will stop where I am. And is my good friend Mr. S—— unmarried still? Fie, fie upon him! how can he enjoy any good alone? He should take a partner, to lead him gently down the hill of life—to superintend his linen and his meat;—to give sweet poignancy to his beverage—and talk him to sleep on nights.—Pray tell him all I say—and also that the majority are killing up the minority as fast as they can:—nothing but duels, and rumours of duels.—But is it now time to finish? Dear Madam, forgive all my impertinences; and, believe me, dame Sancho and self have a true sense of your goodness, and repeatedly thank you both for your kindness to,

Yours in sincerity,

and greatly obliged friends,

ANNE and IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER CXXXI.

For the GENERAL ADVERTISER.

August 29, 1780.

FRIEND EDITOR,

“IN the multitude of Counsellors there in wisdom,” sayeth the preacher—and at this present crisis of national jeopardy, it seemeth to me besitting for every honest man to offer his mite of advice towards public benefit and edification.—The vast bounties offered for able-bodied men sheweth the zeal and liberality of our wise lawgivers—yet indicateth a scarcity of men. Now, they seem to me to have overlooked one resource (which appears obvious); a resource which would greatly benefit the people at large (by being more usefully employed), and which are happily half-trained already for the service of their country, by being *powder-proof*, light, active, young fellows:—I dare say you have anticipated my

scheme, which is to form ten companies at least, out of the very numerous body of hair-dressers:—they are, for the most part, clean, clever, young men—and, as observed above, the utility would be immense:—the ladies, by once more getting the management of their heads into their own hands, might possibly regain their native reason and œconomy—and the gentlemen might be induced by mere necessity to comb and care for their own heads; — those (I mean) who have heads to care for.—If the above scheme should happily take place, among the many advantages too numerous to particularize, which would of course result from it, one not of the least magnitude would be a prodigious saving in the great momentous article of time; people of the *ton* of both sexes (to speak within probability) usually losing between two or three hours daily on that important business.—My plan, Mr. Editor, I have the comfort to think, is replete with good;—it tends to serve my king and country in the first instance—and to cleanse, settle, and emancipate from the cruel bondage of French, as

well as native friseurs, the heads of my fellow-subjects.

Yours, &c.

AFRICANUS.

LETTER CXXXII.

TO MRS. H——.

Charles Street, May 20, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR goodness is never tired with action!—How many, very many times have I to thank you, for your friendly interesting yourself in our behalf!—You will say thanks are irksome to a generous mind—so I have done—but must first ask pardon for a sin of omission.—I never sent you word that your good son, as friendly as polite, paid me the note directly, and would not suffer it to run its fight:—they that know Sir Jacob will not wonder; for he is a Christian, which means, in my idea,

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a gentleman not of the modern sort.—Trade is at so low an ebb, the greatest are glad to see ready money:—in truth, we are a ruined people—let hirelings affect to write and talk as big as they please! and, what is worse, religion and morality are vanished with our prosperity—every good principle seems to be leaving us:—as our means lessen, luxury and every sort of expensive pleasure increases.—The blessed Sabbath-day is used by the trader for country excursions—tavern dinners — rural walks — and then whipping and galloping through dust and over turnpikes drunk home.—The poorer sort do any thing—but go to church;—they take their dust in the field, and conclude the sacred evening with riots, drunkenness, and empty pockets:—the beau in upper life hires his whisky and beast for twelve shillings; his girl dressed *en militaire* for half a guinea, and spends his whole week's earnings to look and be thought *quite the thing*.—And for upper tiptop high life—cards and music are called in, to dissipate the chagrin of a tiresome, tedious Sunday's evening.—The example spreads downwards from

them to their domestics;—the laced valet
 and the livery beau either debauch the
 maids, or keep their girls:—thus profusion
 and cursed dissipation fill the prisons, and
 feed the gallows.—The clergy—hush! I will
 not meddle with them — God forbid I
 should!—they are pretty much the same
 in all places;—but this I will affirm, where-
 ever a preacher is in earnest in his duty,
 and can *preach*, he will not want for croud-
 ed congregations.—As to our politics—now
 don't laugh at me—for every one has a right
 to be a politician; so have I; and though
 only a poor, thick-lipped son of Afric! may
 be as notable a Negro state-botcher as
 ****, and so on for five hundred:—I do
 not mean B—e, S—le, B—é, nor D—n—
 —g. Mind that —no, nor N—th,
 G—m—e, J—k—n, nor W—dd—ne,
 names that will shine in history when the
 marble monuments of their earthly flatterers
 shall be mouldering into dust.—I have wrote
 absolute nonsense—I mean the monuments
 of N—th, G—m—e, &c. and not of their
 flatterers—but it is right I should give you
 an apology for this foolish letter.—Know

then, my dear Madam, I have been seriously and literally fast asleep for these two months;—true, upon the word of a poor sufferer, a kind of lethargy.—I can sleep standing, walking, and feel so intolerably heavy, and oppressed with it, that sometimes I am ready to tumble when walking in the street.—I am exceedingly sorry to hear Mr. H—— is so poorly — and hope, through God's mercy, the waters will have the wished effect. For my own part, I feel myself ten years older this year than the last.—Time tries us all—but, blessed be God! in the end we shall be an over-match for Time, and leave him, scythe and all, in the lurch—when we shall all enjoy a blessed Eternity.—In this view, and under the same hope, we are as great, yea, as respectable and consequential—as Statesmen! Bishops! Chancellors! Popes! Heroes! Kings! Actors of every denomination—who must all drop the mask—when the fated minute arrives—and, alas! some of the very high be obliged to give place to Mr. and Mrs. H——. May you and yours enjoy every felicity here!

IGNATIUS SANCHE. 34^L

every blessing hereafter! wish thy much obliged friends!

The SANCHOS.

LETTER CXXXIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles-Street, June 6, 1780.

DEAR AND MOST RESPECTED SIR,

IN the midst of the most cruel and ridiculous confusion—I am now set down to give you a very imperfect sketch of the maddest people—that the maddest times were ever plagued with.—The public prints have informed you (without doubt) of last Friday's transactions;—the insanity of Ld. G. G. and the worse than Negro barbarity of the populace; the burnings and devastations of each night—you will also see in the prints;—this day, by consent, was set apart for the farther consideration of the wished-for repeal;—the people (who had their proper cue from his lordship) assembled by ten

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o'clock in the morning.—Lord N—h, who had been up in council at home till four in the morning, got to the house before eleven, just a quarter of an hour before the associators reached Palace-yard:—but, I should tell you, in council there was a deputation from all parties;—the S—— party were for prosecuting Lord G——, and leaving him at large;—the At—y G—— I laughed at the idea, and declared it was doing just nothing;—the M——y were for his expulsion, and so dropping him gently into insignificance;—that was thought wrong, as he would still be industrious in mischief;—the R——m. party, I should suppose, you will think counselled best, which is, this day to expel him the house—commit him to the Tower—and then prosecute him at leisure—by which means he will lose the opportunity of getting a seat in the next parliament—and have decent leisure to repent him of the heavy evils he has occasioned.—There is at this present moment at least a hundred thousand poor, miserable ragged rabble, from twelve to sixty years of age, with blue cockades in their hats—besides half as many wo-

men and children—all parading the streets—the bridge—the park—ready for any and every mischief.—Gracious God! what's the matter now? I was obliged to leave off—the shouts of the mob—the horrid clashing of swords—and the clutter of a multitude in swiftest motion—drew me to the door—when every one in the street was employed in shutting up shop—It is now just five o'clock—the ballad-fingers are exhausting their musical talents with the downfall of Popery, S—h, and N—h. Lord S—h narrowly escaped with life about an hour since;—the mob seized his chariot going to the house, broke his glasses, and, in struggling to get his lordship out, somehow have cut his face; the guards flew to his assistance—the light-horse scoured the road, got his chariot, escorted him from the coffee-house, where he had fled for protection, to his carriage, and guarded him bleeding very fast home. This—this—is liberty! genuine British liberty!—This instant about two thousand liberty boys are swearing and swaggering by with large sticks—thus armed in hopes of meeting with the Irish chairmen and labourers—

all the guards are out—and all the horse ;—the poor fellows are just worn out for want of rest—having been on duty ever since Friday. Thank heaven, it rains ; may it increase, so as to send these deluded wretches safe to their homes, their families, and wives ! About two this afternoon a large party took it into their heads to visit the King and Queen, and entered the Park for that purpose—but found the guard too numerous to be forced, and after some useless attempts gave it up. It is reported, the house will either be prorogued, or parliament dissolved, this evening—as it is in vain to think of attending any business while this anarchy lasts.

I cannot but felicitate you, my good friend, upon the happy distance you are placed from our scene of confusion.—May foul Discord and her cursed train never nearer approach your blessed abode ! Tell Mrs. S——, her good heart would ach, did she see the anxiety, the woe, in the faces of mothers, wives, and sweethearts, each equally anxious for the object of their wishes, the beloved of their hearts. Mrs. Sancho and self both cordially join in love and gra-

titude, and every good wish—crowned with the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, &c.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours ever by inclination,

IGN. SANCHE.

Postscript,

The Sardinian ambassador offered 500 guineas to the rabble, to save a painting of our Saviour from the flames, and 1000 guineas not to destroy an exceeding fine organ: the gentry told him, they would burn him if they could get at him, and destroyed the picture and organ directly. I am not sorry I was born in Afric.—I shall tire you, I fear—and, if I cannot get a frank, make you pay dear for bad news. There is about a thousand mad men, armed with clubs, bludgeons, and crows, just now set off for Newgate, to liberate, they say, their honest comrades.—I wish they do not some of them lose their lives or liberty before morning. It is thought by many who discern deeply, that there is more at the bot-

tom of this business than merely the repeal of an act—which as has yet produced no bad consequences, and perhaps never might.—I am forced to own, that I am for an universal toleration. Let us convert by our example, and conquer by our meekness and brotherly love!

Eight o'clock. Lord G—— G—— has this moment announced to my Lords the mob—that the act shall be repealed this evening:—upon this, they gave a hundred cheers—took the horses from his hackney-coach, and rolled him full jollily away:—they are huzzaing now ready to crack their throats.

Huzza!

I am forced to conclude for want of room—the remainder in our next.

LETTER CXXXIV.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, June 9, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

GOVERNMENT is sunk in lethargic stupor — anarchy reigns—when I look back to the glorious time of a George II. and a Pitt's administration—my heart sinks at the bitter contrast. We may now say of England, as was heretofore said of Great Babylon—"the beauty of the excellency of the Chaldees is no more;"—the Fleet Prison, the Marshalsea, King's-Bench, both Compters, Clerkenwell, and Tothill-Fields, with Newgate, are flung open;—Newgate partly burned, and 300 felons, from thence only, let loose upon the world. Lord M——'s house in town suffered martyrdom; and his sweet box at Caen Wood escaped almost miraculously, for the mob had just arrived, and were beginning with

it, when a strong detachment from the guards and light-horse came most critically to its rescue—the library, and, what is of more consequence, papers and deeds of vast value, were all cruelly consumed in the flames. Ld. N—'s house was attacked; but they had previous notice, and were ready for them. The Bank, the Treasury, and thirty of the chief noblemen's houses, are doomed to suffer by the insurgents. There were six of the rioters killed at Ld. M——'s, and, what is remarkable, a daring chap, escaped from Newgate, condemned to die this day, was the most active in mischief at Ld. M——'s, and was the first person shot by the soldiers; so he found death a few hours sooner than if he had not been released.—The ministry have tried lenity, and have experienced its inutility; and martial law is this night to be declared.—If any body of people above ten in number are seen together, and refuse to disperse, they are to be fired at without any further ceremony — so we expect terrible work before morning.—The insurgents visited the Tower, but it would not do:—

they had better luck in the Artillery-ground, where they found and took to their use 500 stand of arms; a great error in city politics, not to have secured them first.—It is wonderful to hear the execrable nonsense that is industriously circulated amongst the credulous mob, who are told his M——y regularly goes to mass at Ld. P——re's chapel—and they believe it, and that he pays out of his privy purse Peter-pence to Rome. Such is the temper of the times—from too relaxed a government;—and a King and Queen on the throne who possess every virtue. May God, in his mercy, grant that the present scourge may operate to our repentance and amendment! that it may produce the fruits of better thinking, better doing, and in the end make us a wise, virtuous, and happy people!—I am, dear Sir, truly, Mrs. S——'s and your most grateful and obliged friend and servant,

I. SANCHE.

The remainder in our next.

Half past nine o'clock,

King's-Bench prifon is now in flames, and the prifoners at large; two fires in Holborn now burning.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

June 9, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

HAPPILY for us, the tumult begins to fubfide:—laft night much was threatened, but nothing done—except in the early part of the evening, when about fourfcore or an hundred of the reformers got decently knocked on the head;—they were half killed by Mr. Langdale's fpirits—fo fell an eafy conquest to the bayonet and butt-end.—There are about fifty taken prifoners—and not a blue cockade to be feen:—the ftreets once more wear the face of peace—and men feem once more to refume their accuftomed employments.—

The greatest losses have fallen upon the great distiller near Holborn-bridge, and Lord M———; the former, alas! has lost his whole fortune;—the latter, the greatest and best collection of manuscript writings, with one of the finest libraries in the kingdom. Shall we call it a judgement?—or what shall we call it? The thunder of their vengeance has fallen upon Gin and Law—the two most inflammatory things in the Christian world.—We have a Coxheath and Warley of our own; Hyde Park has a grand encampment, with artillery, Park, &c. &c. St. James's Park has ditto—upon a smaller scale. The Parks, and our West end of the town, exhibit the features of French government. This minute, thank God! this moment Lord G. G. is taken. Sir F. Molineux has him safe at the horse-guards. Bravo! he is, now going in state in an old hackney-coach, escorted by a regiment of militia and troop of light horse, to his apartments in the Tower.

“Off with his head—so much—for Buckingham.”

We have taken this day numbers of the

poor wretches, in so much we know not where to place them. Blessed be the Lord! we trust this affair is pretty well concluded.—If any thing transpires worth your notice—
—you shall hear from

Your much obliged, &c. &c.

IGN. SANCHO.

Best regards attend Mrs. S——. His Lordship was taken at five o'clock this evening—betts run fifteen to five, Lord G—G— is hanged in eight days:—he wished much to speak to his Majesty on Wednesday, but was of course refused.

LETTER CXXXVI.

TO J. S——, ESQ.

June 13, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT my poor endeavours have given you information or amusement, gratifies the

warm wish of my heart; for, as I know not the man to whose kindness I am so much indebted, I may safely say, I know not the man whose esteem I more ardently covet and honour.—We are exceeding sorry to hear of Mrs. S——'s indisposition; and hope, ere this reaches you, she will be well, or greatly mended.—The spring with us has been very sickly—and the summer has brought with it sick times;—sickness! cruel sickness! triumphs through every part of the constitution:—the State is sick—the Church (God preserve it!) is sick—the Law, Navy, Army, all sick—the people at large are sick with taxes—the Ministry with Opposition, and Opposition with Disappointment.—Since my last, the temerity of the mob has gradually subsided;—numbers of the unfortunate rogues have been taken:—yesterday about thirty were killed in and about Smithfield, and two soldiers were killed in the affray.—There is no certainty yet as to the number of houses burnt and gutted—for every day adds to the account—which is a proof how industrious they were in their short reign.—Few evils but are productive of some good

in the end:—the suspicious turbulence of the times united the royal brothers;—the two Dukes, dropping all past resentment, made a filial tender of their services;—his Majesty (God blefs him!) as readily accepted it—and on Thursday laſt the brothers met;—they are now a triple cord—God grant a bleſſing to the union! There is a report current this day, that the mob of York city have roſe, and let 3000 French priſoners out of York-caſtle—but it meets with very little credit.—I do not believe they have any thing like the number of French in thoſe parts—as I am informed the priſoners are ſent more to the weſtern inland counties—but every hour has its freſh cargo of lies. The camp in St. James's Park is daily increaſing—that and Hyde Park will be continued all the ſummer.—The K—g is much among them—walking the lines—and examining the poſts:—he looks exceeding grave. Crowns, alas! have more thorns than roſes.

You ſee things, my dear Sir, with the faithful eye which looks, through nature, up to Nature's God—the ſacred page is your ſupport—the word of God your ſhield and

armour—well may you be able so sweetly to deduce good out of evil—the Lord ordereth your goings—and gives the blessings of increase to all your wishes. For your kind anxiety about me and family, we bless and thank you.—I own, at first I felt uneasy sensations—but a little reflection brought me to myself.—Put thy trust in God, quoth I.—Mrs. Sancho, whose virtues out-number my vices (and I have enough for any one mortal), feared for me and for her children more than for herself.—She prayed too, I dare say—and her prayers were heard.

America seems to be quite lost or forgot among us;—the fleet is but a secondary affair.—Pray God send us some good news, to cheer our drooping apprehensions, and to enable me to send you pleasanter accounts;—for trust me, my worthy friend, grief, sorrow, devastation, blood, and slaughter, are totally foreign to the taste and affection of

Your faithful friend

and obliged servant,

I. SANCHE.

Our joint best wishes to Mrs. S——, self, and family.

L E T T E R CXXXVII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

June 15, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM exceeding happy to inform you, that at twelve this noon Lord L—— arrived exprefs from Sir H— C——, with the pleasing news, that, on the 12th of April, Charles Town with its dependencies capitulated to his Majesty's arms, with the loss of 200 men on our side : by which fortunate event, five ships of war, besides many frigates, and one thousand seamen, were captured; and seven thousand military, which compose the garrison.—You will have pleasure, I am sure, in finding so little blood shed—and in the hope of its accelerating the so-much-wished-for peace. Inclosed is a list of the prisoners, which is from Lord Lincoln's account—at least I am confidently told so—and more than that, it is said the late terrible riot was on a

plan concerted between the French and Americans—upon which their whole hope of success was founded—they expected universal bankruptcy would be the consequence, with despair and every sad concomitant in its train. By God's goodness, we have escaped. May we deserve so great mercy!

Prays sincerely yours,

I. SANCHE.

The Gazette will not be out in time, but you shall have one to-morrow without fail.—As soon as this news was announced, the Tower and Park guns confirmed it—the guards encamped in the Parks fired each a grand *feu de joye*—to-night we blaze in illuminations—and to-morrow get up as poor and discontented as ever. I wish, dear Sir, very much to hear Mrs. S—— is quite recovered—it would indicate more than a common want of feeling, were not my wife and self anxious for the health and repose of such very rare friends.—Indulge us, do, dear Sir, with a single line, that we may joy in your joy upon her amendment, or join our wishes with yours to the God of mercy and love,

for her speedy recovery.—I inclose you an evening paper—there is not much in it. Upon consideration, I have my doubts concerning the French and Americans being so deep in the plan of our late riots;—there requires, I think, a kind of supernatural knowledge to adjust their motions so critically—but you can judge far better than my weak intellects;—therefore I will not pretend to affirm any thing for truth, except my sincere desire to approve myself most gratefully

Your obliged servant,

IGN. SANCHO.

L E T T E R CXXXVIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

June 16, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

AS a supplement to my last—this is to tell you a piece of private news — which gives ministry high hopes in the future.

General Washington, who was anxiously watching Sir H. Clinton, no sooner saw with certainty his intention, but he struck his camp, and made the most rapid march to New York—they expected it;—but, as he was in superior force, they felt their danger.—Sir H. Clinton, as soon as he could possibly settle the garrison of Charles Town, embarked with seven thousand men, and got to New York in time to save it;—and if he can possibly bring Washington to a battle, it is thought the fate of America will be soon decided.—Thank God! the sky clears in that quarter—but we look rather lowering at home.—Ministry wish now too plainly to disarm the subjects. Last year, under dread of French invasion, the good people were thanked for their military favour.—Master tradesmen armed their journeymen and apprentices—and the serjeants of the guards absolutely made little fortunes in teaching grown gentlemen of all descriptions their exercise—in fancied uniforms, and shining arms, they marched to the right, wheeled to the left, and looked battle-proof;—but now, it seems, they are

not only useless, but offensive. How the affair will end. God only knows!—I do not like its complexion.—Government has ordered them to give up their arms. If they do, where is British liberty? If they refuse, what is Administration? Many are gentlemen of large property—Inns of Court Members, Lawyers, &c. dangerous people.—Time will unveil the whole—May its lenient powers pour the balm of healing councils on this once glorious spot!—and make it as heretofore the nurse of freedom—Europe's fairest example—the land of truth, bravery, loyalty, and of every heart-gladdening virtue! That you and Mrs. S—— may, surrounded with friends, and in the enjoyment of every good, live to see the completion of my wishes—is the concluding prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Yours ever, &c.

I. SANCHO.

LETTER CXXXIX.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

June 19, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry to hear by brother O—— that Mrs. S—— yet continues but poorly — may she be soon perfectly well — and health attend you both! We remain pretty quiet—the military are so judiciously placed, that in fact the whole town (in despite of its magnitude) is fairly overawed and commanded by them. His M——y went this day to the house—and gave them the very best speech, in my opinion, of his whole life: I have the pleasure to inclose it.—If I err in judgement, I know you more the true candid friend, than the severe critic—and that you will smile at the mistake of the head, and do justice to the heart, of

Your ever obliged,

I. SANCHO.

R

There is a report, that the Quebec fleet, escorted by two frigates, are entirely captured by a French squadron.—I hope this will prove premature.

L E T T E R CXL.

TO MR. J—— W——E.

Charles Street, Westm. June 23, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HOW do you do? is the blessing of health upon you? do you eat moderately? drink temperately, and laugh heartily? sleep soundly? converse carefully with one eye to pleasure, the other fixed upon improvement? The above is the hope and wish of thy friend, friend to thy house, and respecter of its character. — You, happy young man, by as happy a coincidence of fortune, are like to be the head of the W—— family:—may riches visit you, coupled with honour and honesty!—and then sweet peace

of mind shall yield you a dignity—which kings have not power to confer:—then will you experience that the self-ennobled are the only true noble:—then will you truly feel those beautiful lines of Pope:

“ One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 “ Of idle flarers, or of loud huzza’s;
 “ What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards?
 “ Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

Your father, I trust, will send you some public prints, in which he will see the blessed temper of the times:—we are (but do not be frightened), or at least two thirds of us, run mad—through too much religion;—our religion has swallowed up our charity—and the fell demon Persecution is become the sacred idol of the once free, enlightened, generous Britons.—You will read with wonder and horror the sad, sad history of eight such days as I wish from my soul could be annihilated out of Time’s records for ever.

That poor wretched young man I once warned you of is (I find from under his own hand) now resident at Calcutta:—’tis not in the power of friendship to serve a

man who will in no one instance care for himself:—so I wish you not to know him—but whatever particulars you can collaterally glean of him, I shall esteem it a favour if you would transmit them to

Your sincere friend,

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Mrs Sancho joins me cordially in every wish for your good.

L E T T E R C X L I .

TO J—— S———, ESQ.

June 27, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

TH E R E is news this day arrived, which, I believe, may be depended upon—that Rodney brought the French admiral to a second engagement about the 26th of May; it unluckily fell calm, or the affair would have been decisive.—The van of Rodney, however, got up to Monf. Guichen's fleet's rear, and gave it a hearty welcome.—Rodney

still keeps the seas, and prevents the French fleet getting into Martinique.—The account says, the enemy had the advantage of six ships of the line more than Rodney;—and a report runs current, that Walsingham has fallen-in with the Dominica fleet, consisting of thirty merchantmen and two frigates, and taken most of them—but this wants confirmation.—Dear Sir, I hope Mrs. S—— is better than mending—quite well—to whom our most sincere respects.—Your order, good Sir, is compleated, and, please God, will be delivered to to-morrow's waggon.

Excuse my scrawling hand—in truth my eyes fail me; I feel myself since last winter an old man all at once—the failure of eyes—the loss of teeth—the thickness of hearing—are all messengers sent in mercy and love, to turn our thoughts to the important journey which kings and great men seldom think about:—it is for such as you to meditate on time and eternity with true pleasure—looking back, you have very much to comfort you;—looking forward, you have all to hope.—As I have reason to respect you in this life, may I and mine be humble witnesses in the

next of the exceeding weight of blifs and glory poured out without meafure upon thee and thine !

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R CXLII.

TO MR. O——.

July 1, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER,

SHALL I rejoice or condole with you upon this new acquaintance you have made? How the devil it found you out, I cannot imagine—I fuppofe the father of mischief fent it to fome richer neighbour at a greater houfe; but as Johnny O—— was a character better known, and much more efteemed, the gout thought he might as well juft take a peep at F——m, liked the place, and the man of the place—and fo, neftling into your fhoe, quite forgot his real errand:—thy guardian angel watched the whole procedure—quoth he, “ I cannot wholly avert evils—

but I can turn them into blessings.—This transitory pain shall not only refine his blood, and cleanse him from other disorders—it shall also lengthen his life, and purify his heart:—the hour of affliction is the feed-time of reflection—the good shall greatly over-balance the evil.”——As I am unfortunately an adept in the gout, I ought to send you a cart-load of cautions and advice—talk nonsense about tight shoes, &c. with a farrago of stuff more teasing than the pain;—but I hear the ladies visit you—and, what’s better, friendship in the shape of Messieurs S——k and B——n were seen to enter the palace of F——. I supped last night with Dr. R——, where your health was drunk, and your gout pretty freely canvassed.

God orders all for the best.

Yours, &c.

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R CXLIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

July 5, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yours this morning from the hands of a gentleman, who would not stay to be thanked for the invaluable letter he brought me.—You truly say, that cold lowness of spirits engenders melancholy thoughts; for my part, I should be a most ungrateful being to repine—for I have known good health—and even now, though not well, far from being ill, and have the friendship of Mr. S——, and one or two more who do honour to human nature.—But the purpose of this scrawl is to confirm to you a piece of good news this day arrived—which is, that both the Carolinas, and best part of Virginia, are all come in to their allegiance.—The back settlers have rose, and mustered the reluctant:—thus the three

richest and strongest provinces are now in the King's peace—for which, God make us thankful.

Adieu, dear Sir.—Mrs. Sancho (whose eyes kindle with pleasure while she speaks) begs to be joined with me in the most respectful manner to Mrs. S—— and yourself.—hope Mrs. S—— is quite as well as you can wish her.

I am ever yours,

Dear Sir, to command,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER CXLIV.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, August 12, 1780.

MY DEAR AND HON. SIR,

MY long silence was the effect of a dearth of news:—I could have wrote, it's true—but you would have ill relished a mass of

thanks upon favours received.—Minds like yours diffuse blessings around; and, like parent heaven, rest satisfied with the heart.—Your goodness, dear Sir, is registered there—and death will not expunge it.—No; it will travel to the throne of grace, and the Almighty will not wrong you.—I am just risen from table with my friend R——, and we have toasted you most cordially in conjunction with the amiable partner of your heart, whom I hope in some happy time to see—I may say, hunger and thirst to see—it's the wish of my heart.—Providence has indulged me with many, and I will hope for the completion of this.—But to the point:—a gentleman in administration (with whom I am upon good terms) about an hour since called upon me, to give me some fresh news just arrived from Admiral Geary's fleet—an engagement between a new French frigate, pierced for 44 guns, mounting 32, called the *Nymphe*, and the *Flora* English frigate, Capt. Peere Williams*, of 36 guns; the *Flora* was peeping into Brest harbour, when

* Capt. Peere Williams is first cousin to Lady N——; and he will not fare the worse for that.

the Nymphe was coming out full of men;— they were both in the right mind for engagement—to it they went—the Frenchman began the affair at two cables length distance. —Williams reserved his fire till they were within half-cable's length—it lasted with the obstinacy of two enraged lions for above two hours.—A French cutter came up to teaze, but was sent off soon with a belly-full:—at last the French captain, at the head of his men, attempted boarding—when our English hero met him—ran him through the body—drove back his men—put them under hatches—struck the colours—when she was on fire in four different places.—This affair happened the 10th ult. and he has gallantly brought his prize into Plymouth.—This is the greatest affair, take the number of guns, men &c. altogether, that has happened this war. I am sorry to remark, that if the French fleets in general behave so well, it will be a service of danger to meddle with them.

When Capt. Williams had conquered the crew, they found sixty dead upon deck;—the two ships exhibited a scene more like a

slaughter-house, than any thing imaginable—These, oh Christians! are the features of war—and thus Most Christian Kings and Defenders of Faith shew their zeal and love for the dying commands of their Divine Master.—Oh! friend, may every felicity be thine, and those beloved by thee! may the heartfelt sigh arise only at the tale of foreign woes!—May that sacred tear of pity bedew the cheek for misfortunes only such as humanity may soften!—Mrs. Sancho joins me in sincere and grateful respects to Mrs. S—— and self.

Yours truly,

I. SANCHO.

Sancho begs his respects to Mr. and Mrs. C——; love to Sir J— O——, and all who enquire after Blackamoors.

LETTER CXLV.

TO MRS. C——.

Charles Street, Sept. 7, 1780.

MY greatly esteemed and honoured friend, if my pen doth justice in any sort to my feelings, this letter will not be a complimentary one.—I look upon such letters as I do upon the ladies winter nosegays, a choice display of vivid colouring, but no sweetness.—My friend Mr. R—— says, I stand condemned in the opinions of two ladies for an omittance in writing: believe me, my sorrow for incurring the censure is much more real than the crime; for when the heart is overcharged with worldly care, the mind bending also to the pressure of afflictive visitations—add to that the snow-tipt hairs announcing fifty odd—the fire of fancy is quite extinguished.—Alas! alas! such being the true state of the case—I dare abide by the jury of your noble and equitable hearts, to be brought in not guilty.

The shew of hands was greatly in favour of Mr. C—— F—x and Sir G—— R——y; they will carry it all to nothing, is the opinion of the knowing—Lord L—— met with a coarse reception, at which he was a little displeased.—Mr. B—g spoke like the pupil of eloquence;—but the glorious F—x was the father and school of oratory himself—the Friend! the Patron! the Example!—There now.—I attended the hustings from ten to half past two—gave my free vote to the Honourable C—— J—— F—x and to Sir G—— R——y; hobbled home full of pain and hunger.—What followed after, you shall know in my next. At present I have only to declare myself

Yours and Miss C——'s

most obedient, faithful,

humble servant,

IGN. SANCHE.

L E T T E R CXLVI.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Sept. 9, 1780.

WE are all election-bewitched here—I hope Sir C—— B—— meets with no opposition—he is so worthy a character, that, should he be ill supported, it would impeach the good sense and honesty of his constituents.—Mrs. S—— and yourself, I pray God, may both enjoy health and every good.—I here inclose you this evening's paper, by which you will see how the F—x is like to lead Ad——n. He and Sir G—— B—— R—— had my hearty vote, and I had the honour of his thanks personally, and in writing also. I have to thank you for a thousand kind things, which I wish from my soul I could any way ever deserve. May health and every blessing bestrew your paths—and those of all you love!—is the prayer and wish of

Your much obliged
humble servant,

I. SANCHE.

L E T T E R CXLVII.

TO MISS C——.

Saturday, Sept. 9, 1780.

DEAR MISS,

I HAVE the honour to address you upon a very interesting, serious, critical subject.—Do not be alarmed! it is an affair which I have had at heart some days past—it has employed my meditations more than my prayers.—Now, I protest, I feel myself in the most awkward of situations—but it must out—and so let it.—But how does my good, my half-adored Mrs. C——? and how does Miss A——? and when did you see my worthy Mrs. R——? Are they all well, and happy as friendship could wish them? How is the Doctor and Beau S——, all well?—Well, thank God—and you and your dear self are well? Honey, and was not Lord N—— an Irish title? true, but the chield is Scotch born.—Pray give my best affections to Mrs. C——, and acquaint

her with the state of the poll for the ancient city and liberty of Westminster, which I inclose. I would not wish you to mention what I so boldly advanced in the beginning of this letter.—No; let it die away like a miser's hope.

Your most obedient,
most humble servant,
I remain, dear Miss C——,

I. SANCHE.

The remainder in our next.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Sept. 23, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED this evening one of the kindest letters that ever friendship dictated—for which I rejoice that the time draws near, when I shall have the delight to amend my health—and see the few true good friends

—such as my soul delighteth to honour.—
I inclose you an evening paper.—Thank
God! although the people have been a little
irritated, every thing appears quiet, and I
hope will remain so. The week after next,
I hope to see the good Mrs. S—— and your
worthy self, to whom Mrs. Sancho joins
me in best wishes.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

I. SANCHO.

The principal business I had to write
about had like to have escaped me, which
is your kindness in offering your house for
head-quarters; which I would embrace, had
not brother O—— the right of priority.

LETTER CXLIX.

TO DOCTOR N—F—D.

Charles Street, Westm. Oct. 13, 1789.

HONOURED SIR,

WERE I to omit my thanks—poor as they are—for a single post—your honest and more sensible dog would be ashamed of me.

“A merciful man is good to his beasts.”

The friendly hand which strokes and rewards his attentions, that same friendly hand has prescribed for my good—and under God has much benefited my health;—the eye of kindness, which animates the poor animal to deeds almost beyond instinct, hath beamed upon me also, and given me the pleasing assurance of new health.—I wish, dear Sir, for just as much credit in the point of gratitude, as you will allow to fall to the share of any poor honest dog.—For so much, and no more, prayeth, dear Sir,

Your most obedient
and grateful servant,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R C L.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Friday, Oct. 13, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD esteem myself too happy, were I at this moment certain that Mrs. S—— were as much better as I find myself;— but when I consider the professional skill, as well as the interest Dr. N—— has in the welfare of you and yours, I sit down satisfied, in full hope that Mrs. S—— is at this moment better—much better—and, as one spirit animates you both, you are better too. May health diffuse itself throughout thy house! and gladden all around it! I am better, my dear Sir.—Tell my good Mrs. S——, I shall live to see her, and to thank her too most cordially in my child's name: for my part, your liberality in constant flow has tired me out with thank-ye's. Adieu, dear Sir.—I never left a place with so much regret as you made me leave B—— with;— nor

ever met with the whole family of the Charities, but at thy house.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in acknowledgements to self, good Mrs. S ———, and Dr. N—f—d.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours gratefully,

A. I. SANCHO.

LETTER CLI.

TO MR. S ———.

Friday, Oct. 18, 1780.

P OOH, no, thou simpleton ! I tell thee, I got no cold, neither is my breath one jot the worfe.—I wish I knew that you suffered as little from break of rest, and raw air.—I am glad I have left you, for your sake as well as my own, my dear Stee.—The corks flew out of thy bottles in such rapid succession, that prudence and pity held a council upon it.—Generosity stepped in, followed by a pert coxcomb, whom they called Spirit—and

God knows how the affair is to end.—I intend to write a line to the worthies of your town, the good Mr. S— and Dr. N—f—d. O Stee! had I thy abilities, I would say what should credit my feelings, though it fell far short of the merits of such friends to mankind—and

Your ign. SANCHO, in particular.

Love and respects to thy generous scholars—the Greens—the Browns, &c. &c. to reverends Mess. Prettyman, and the other gentleman with pretty wife, whose name is deserted from the silly pate of thy true friend Sancho.—I have not seen Mr. J—— H——; but they are all well, as Mr. Anthony has just announced.

Say handsomely to the Greens—and much as you please to the Prettymans.

L E T T E R CLII.

October 15, 1780.

MY DEAR BOY,

THIS is to thank you kindly for the affectionate mark of your remembrance of your old friend. After a long tedious voyage, you happily reached the haven of your repose—found your friends well—and rejoiced their hearts by presenting, not a prodigal, but a duteous, worthy, and obedient child;—theirs be the joy—but yours will be the gain.—As sure as light follows the rising of the sun, and darkness the setting of it;—so sure is goodness even in this life its own reward of course. You are in the militia—that will do you no harm;—spirit and true courage in defence of our country is naturally and nobly employed.—We are in the upper world playing the old foolish game—in the same foolish way—and with the same foolish set that trod the ministerial boards when you left us. Your friend D—— tries expedients, and gets nothing;—he is vex

deep in my debt; but as he has nothing, I can expect nothing—for I never will consent to do that to others, I would not they should do unto me.—N—— does better, and grows proud—I wish him joy.—My dear youth, be proud of nothing but an honest heart.—Let the sacred oracles be your morn and evening counsellors—so shall you truly enjoy life, and smile at the approach of death.—I have been exceedingly ill since you left us;—but, thank God! I have got a fair fit of the gout, which will, I hope, cleanse me from my whole budget of complaints.—I shall live, I hope, till your good present arrives;—and then I shall live indeed.—Send the girls some cherry nuts, if easy to be procured.—Mrs. S—— joins me in love, good-will, and good wishes for thy peace, health, and prosperity. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

I. SANCHO.

LETTER CLIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Nov. 1, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I TRUST, in God's good providence, this will find Mrs. S— in perfect health; and you so well, that it shall remain a doubt which is heartiest.—I am in the way of being well—the gout in both feet and legs—I go upon all-fours—the conflict has been sharp; I hope the end is near—I never remembered them to have swelled so much.—I believe my preserver, Dr. N—f—d, would allow it to be a decent fit;—my grateful respects attend him: the issue is deferred till the gout subsides, and I find my breath somewhat better; but I can find no position easy.—I inclose you the topic of the day.—Mrs. Sancho joins me in every wish for the felicity of our much-loved friends, yourself, and better self.

IGN. SANCHE.

LETTER CLIV.

TO MRS. O——.

Charles Street, Westm. N^o 19, Nov. 5, 1780.

DEAR SISTER,

I PRAY thee accept the inclosed as a mite of thanks and gratitude for the tender care and true friendly obligingness, which a wife could only equal, and which I never expected to find from home.—I feel and acknowledge your kindness—*that*, and the *uncommon* goodness of some of the best of human nature, shall be cherished in my heart while it continues to beat.—Every body tells me I am better—and what every one says must be true;—for my part, I feel a very slow amendment; my cough is pretty stubborn; my breath very little better; body weak as water—add to this, a smart gout in both legs and feet.—Your sister joins me in love and repeated thanks for all favours to her poor, worn-out, old man,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R C L V .

TO J. S——, ESQ.

Nov. 18, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT is a week this blessed day since that I ought, according to every rule of gratitude, love, and zeal, to have thanked my best friends for a plenty of some of the best wine, which came in the best time true kindness could have contrived it.—I should also have congratulated the many anxious hearts upon the happy recovery of yourself, and my thrice good Mrs. S——. I waited from post to post, to send a tolerable account of myself.—the gout has used me like a tyrant—and my asthma, if possible, worse—I have swelled gradually all over.—What a fight! Dr. J—bb will not suffer me to make an issue yet, as he would not wish to disturb the gout. In truth, my best friend, I never

truly knew illness till this bout.—Your goodness greatly lessened my anxiety.—I find in it the continual flow of more than parental kindness :—as God gave the heart, he must and alone can give the reward !—Our joint best love, and most respectful thanks, attend you both, from

Yours gratefully,

I. SANCHEZ.

L E T T E R CLVI.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Nov. 17, 1780.

MY friend, patron, preserver ! were the mind alone sick, God never created, since the blessed Apostles days, a better physician than thyself—either singly, or in happy *partnership* with the best of women—not only so, but your blessed zeal, like the Samaritan's, forgetful of self-wants, poureth the wine and oil, and binding up the wounds of worldly sickness—then leaving with reluct-

ance the happy object of thy care to the mercy of an interested host, with money in hand you cry—"Call help, spare no expence, and when I return, I will repay you."—Indulge me, my noble friend, I have seen the priest, and the Levite, *after many years knowledge*, snatch a hasty look; then, with averted face, pursue their different routes: and yet these good folks pray, turn up their eyes to that Heaven they daily insult, and take more pains to preserve the appearances of virtue, than would suffice to make them good in earnest.—You see, my good Sir, by the galloping of my pen, that I am much mended.—I have been intolerably plagued with a bilious colic, which, after three days excruciating torments, gave way to mutton-fat-broth clysters.—I am now (bating the swelling of my legs and ancles) much mended—air and exercise is all I want—but the fogs and damps are woefully against me.—Mrs. Sancho, who reads, weeps, and wonders, as the various passions impel, says, she is sure the merits of your house would save B——, were the rest of the inhabitants ever so bad;—she joins me in every grateful

thought.—In good truth, I have not language to express my feelings. Dr. R—— hurries me. Blessed couple, adieu!

Yours,

I. SANCHO.

L E T T E R CLVII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Charles Street, Dec. 1, 1780.

WHY joy in the extreme should end painfully, I cannot find out—but, that it does so, I will ever seriously maintain. When I read the effusions of goodness, my head turned;—but when I came to consider the extensive and expensive weight and scope of the contents, my reason reeled, and idiotism took possession of me—till the friendly tears, washing away the mists of doubt, presented you to me as beings of a purer, happier order—which God in his mercy perhaps suffers to be scattered here and there—thinly—that the lucky few who know them may, at the same time, know

what man in his original state was intended to be.—I gave your generous request a fair hearing—the two first proposed places would kill me, except (and that is impossible) Mrs. Sancho was with me.

Inclination strongly points to the land of friendship — where goodness ever blossoms — and where N—f—d heals. At present I take nothing, but am trying for a few days what honest Nature, unperplexed by Art, will do for me.—I am pretty much swelled still; but I take short airings in the near stages, such as Greenwich, Clapham, Newington, &c. &c. Walking kills me. The mind—the mind, my ever dear and honoured friends—the mind requires her lullaby; —she must have rest ere the body can be in a state of comfort, she must enjoy peace, and that must be found in still repose of family and home. Mrs. Sancho, who speaks by her tears, says what I will not pretend to decypher;—I believe she most fervently recommends you to that Being who best knows you—for he gave you your talents. My most grateful and affectionate respects, joined with Mrs. Sancho's, attend the good

Mrs. S——, thyself, and all thy connexions. I cannot say how much we are obliged to you; but certainly we were never so much nor so undeservingly obliged to any before. God keep you in all your doings—prays thine,

SANCHO.

L E T T E R CLVIII.

TO J—— S——, ESQ.

Dec. 7, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM doubly and trebly happy, that I can in some measure remove the anxiety of the best couple in the universe. I set aside all thanks—for were I to enter into the feelings of my heart for the past and present, I should fill the sheet: but you would not be pleased.—In good truth, I have been exceeding ill—my breath grew worse—and the dropfy made large strides.—I left off medi-

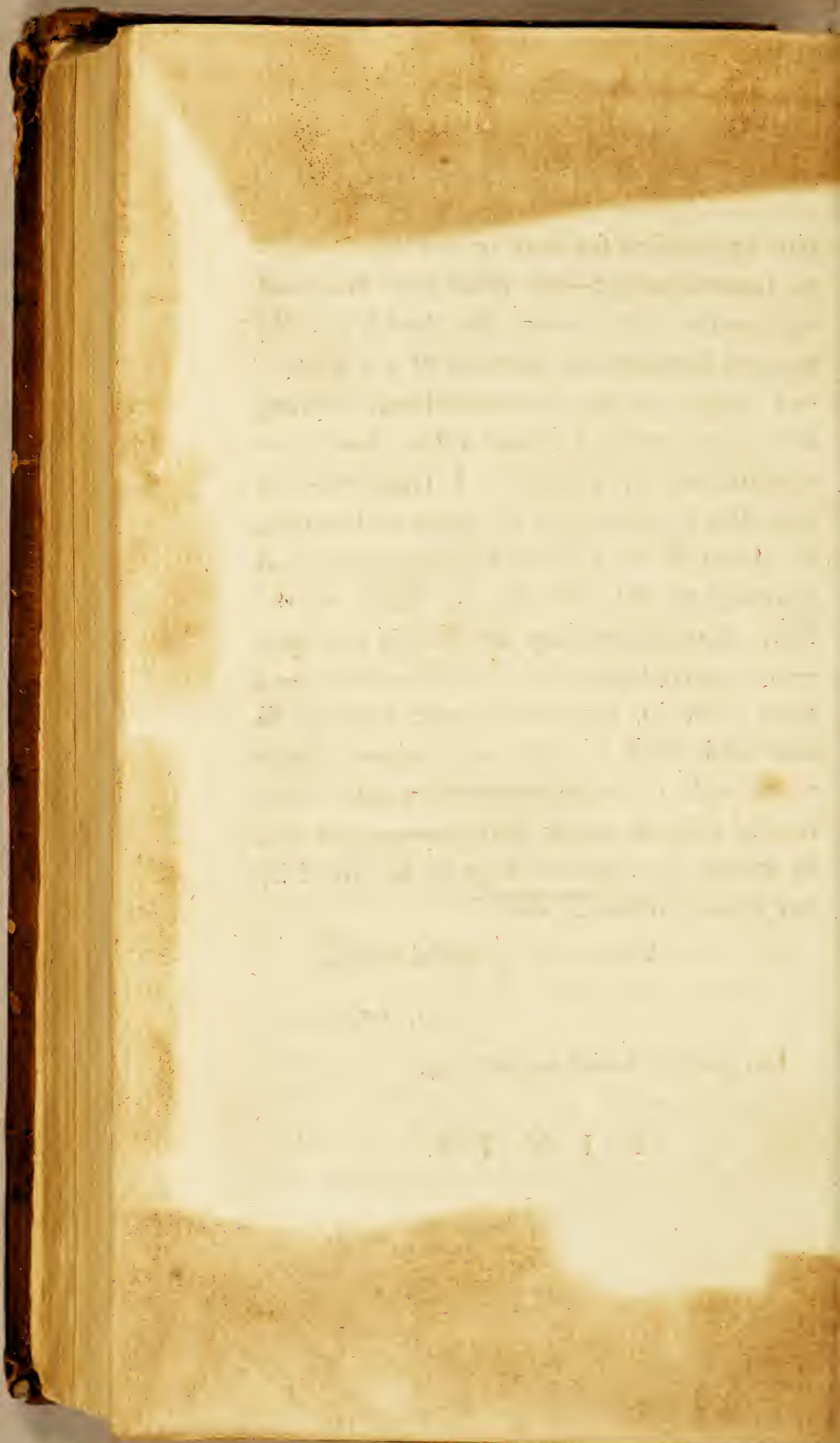
acine by consent for four or five days, swell-
ed immoderately:—the good Dr. N—f—d
eighty miles distant—and Dr. J—bb heartily
puzzled through the darkness of his patient
—I began to feel alarm—when, looking
into your letter, I found a Dr. S—th re-
commended by yourself. I enquired—his
character is great—but for lungs and dropfy,
Sir John E—t, phyfician extraordinary and
ordinary to his Majesty, is reckoned the
first. I applied to him on Sunday morning
—he received me like Dr. N—f—d; —I
have faith in him.—My poor belly is so
distended, that I write with pain—I hope
next week to write with more ease. My
dutiful respects await Mrs. S—— and self,
to which Mrs. Sancho begs to be joined by
her loving husband, and

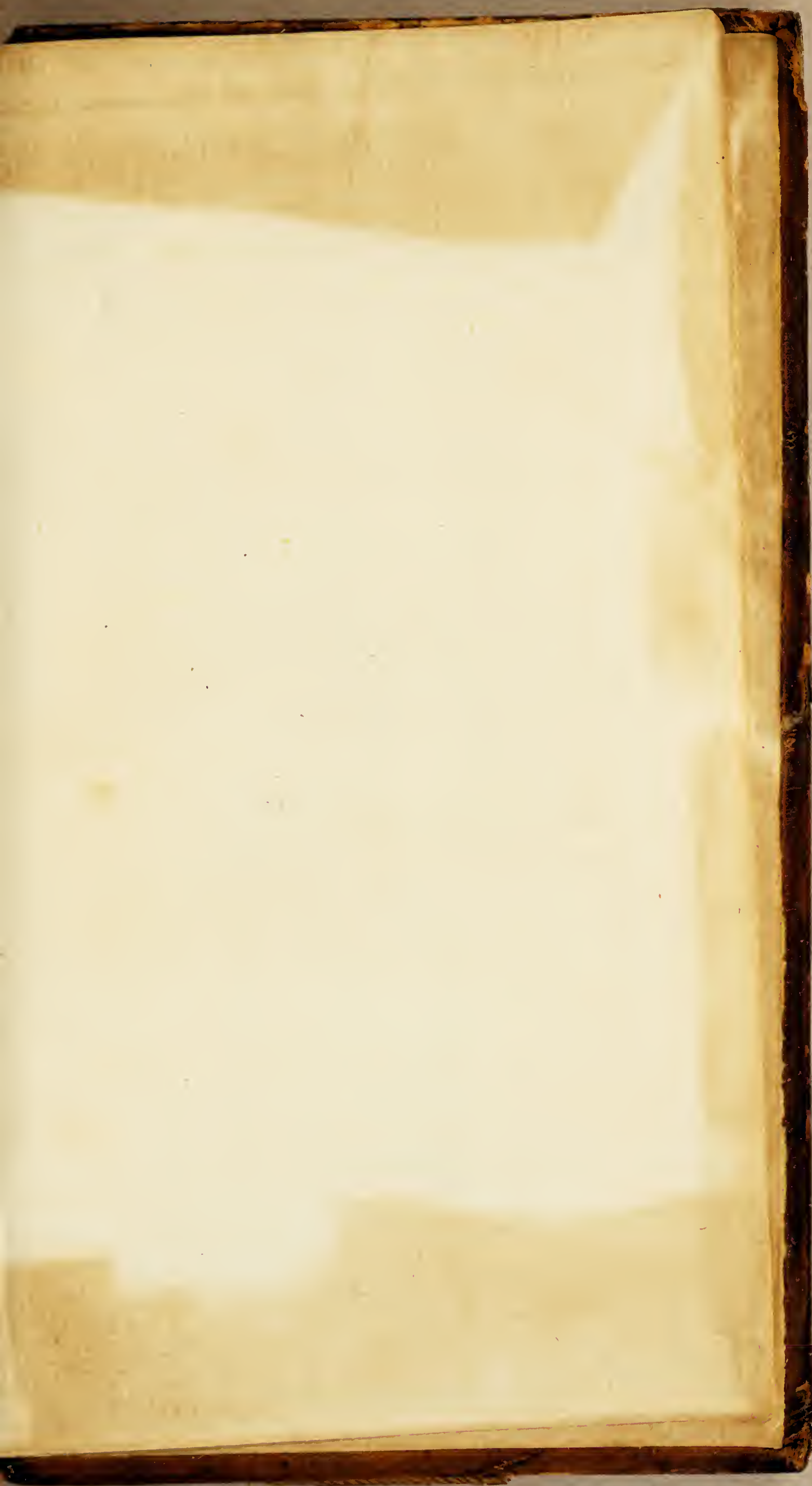
Your most grateful friend,

I. SANCHO.

Mr. Sancho died December 14.

F I N I S.





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